The Saturday Evening
POST
March 31, 1956 — 15¢

MAR 27 '56
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An Ex-Diplomat's Inside Story:
I FOUND RUSSIA CHANGED

WILLIAM SAROYAN'S NEW NOVEL

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25-56

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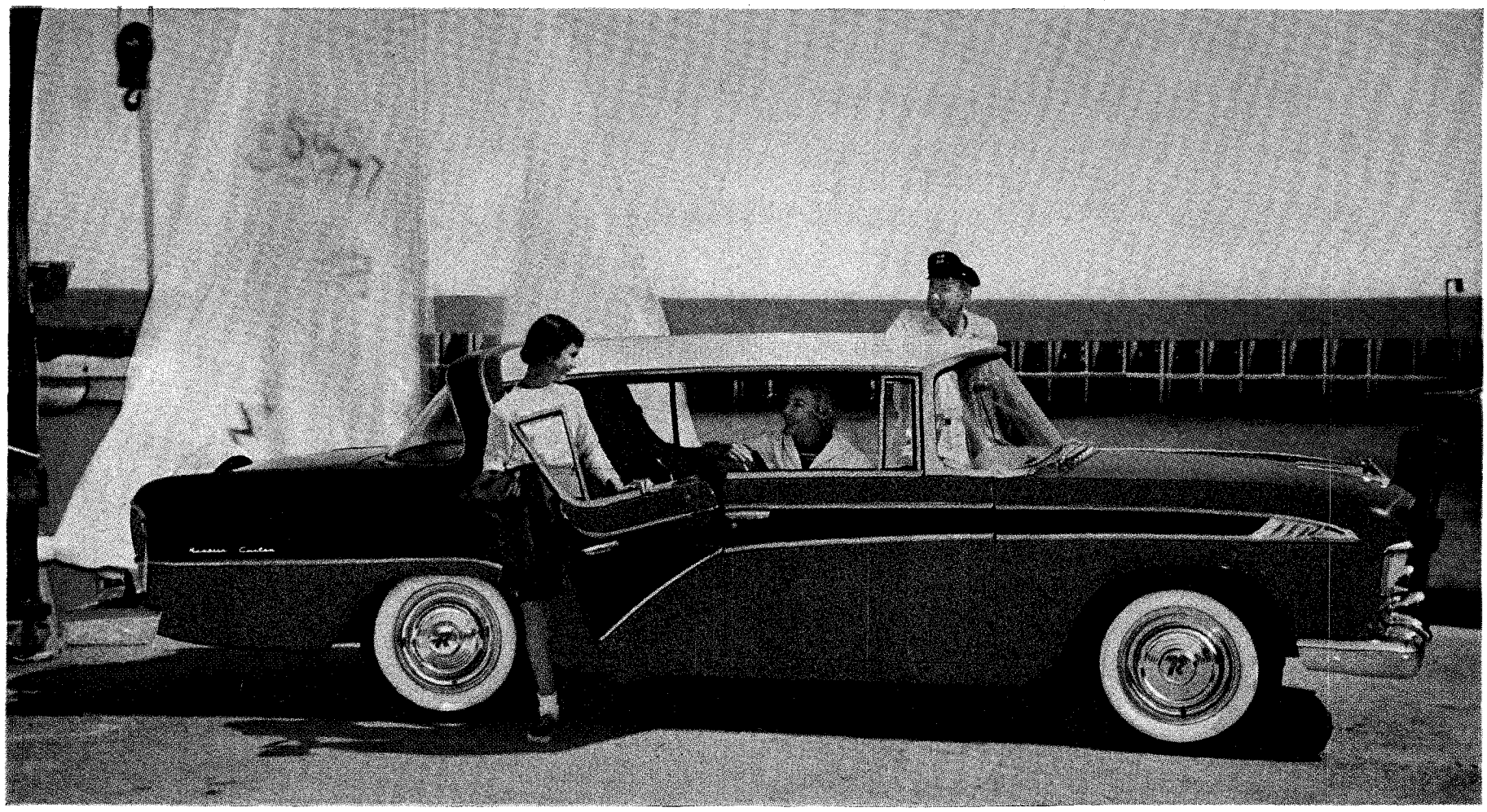
More Fun Per Mile—More Miles Per Dollar!

In the Glamorous All-New Rambler for 1956!



All-New Rambler 4-Door Hardtop

The facts are yours—AT HUDSON DEALERS • AT NASH DEALERS

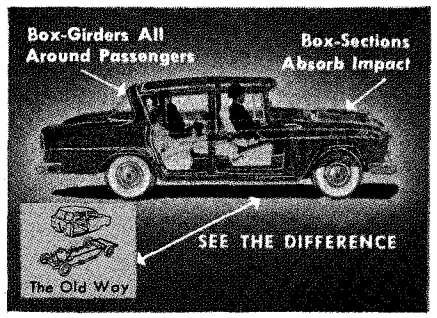
Here is the car that has put fun back into motoring and gives you a bonus in economy!

It's the completely new Rambler for 1956! Where else in the world can you find such a combination of *trim beauty*—spacious *roominess*—*built-in* safety—all in one top luxury car—the smartest, gayest thing on wheels—all at America's *lowest price!*

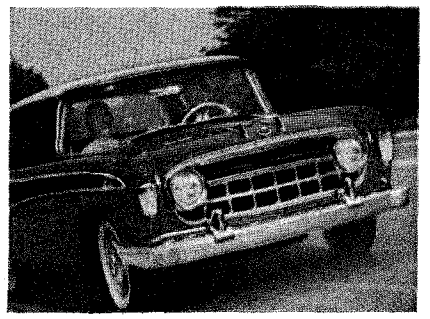
See the widest windshield—the finest visibility in the low-priced field. See shoulder room and headroom greater than some cars costing twice as much—in the Rambler that handles easiest of all!

See the proof at your Hudson dealer or your Nash dealer—never before has a car so fine been priced so low. Make the smart switch for '56—to Rambler.

Make the Smart Switch to Airliner Reclining Seat luxury. You have a nap couch to keep children fidget-free on trips, relax grown-ups. Even a chaise longue!



Make the Smart Switch to Double Safe Single Unit Car Construction. All-welded, twice as rigid with "double lifetime" durability—means higher resale value.



Make the Smart Switch to the car that out-corners, out-parks them all. Entirely new ride—first low-priced car with Deep Coil Springs on all four wheels.

YOU SAVE ON FIRST COST.

Model for model, Rambler is lowest-priced of all, with similar equipment, yet you get luxuries that rival the $5,000 cars—Power Brakes standard on custom models!

YOU SAVE ⅓ ON GASOLINE.

New Typhoon OHV engine, with 33% more power, delivers up to 200 more miles on a tankful than other low-price cars.

YOU SAVE ON AIR CONDITIONING.

All-New, All-Season Air Conditioning cools, warms, dehumidifies, ventilates and filters air—all at the lowest price in America.

YOU SAVE ON TRIPS.

It's a luxurious pullman on wheels with Twin Travel Beds for hunting, fishing or vacation trips. No tents or cots needed.

YOU SAVE ON RESALE VALUE.

Latest figures from N.A.D.A. Official Used Car Guide, show Rambler tops the whole low-price field in resale value. You get more car for your money when you buy a Rambler . . . you get more money for your car when you sell.

New Rambler Cross Country Station Wagon! Enjoy more fun per mile and per dollar in America's lowest-priced four-door Custom Station Wagon.

Drive the smartest, most practical car for work or play on the road today!

DRIVE THE

Rambler

You'll Make the **Smart** Switch for '56

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS

AT ALL **NASH** DEALERS • AT ALL **HUDSON** DEALERS

See Disneyland—great TV for all the family over ABC network.

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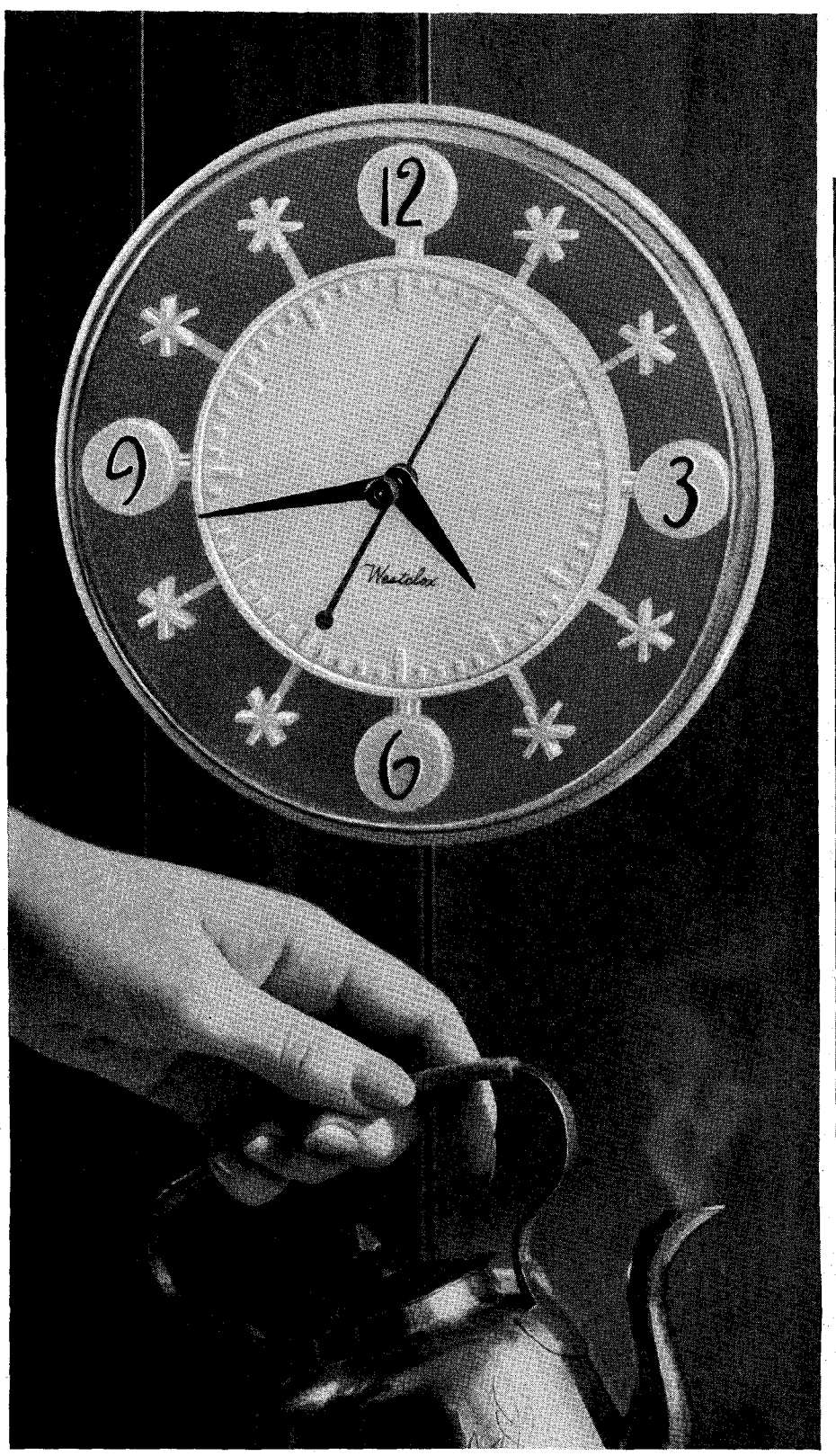
Two new Westclox to brighten your home

. . . the gayest of modern electric wall clocks

. . . a charming "traditional" electric alarm

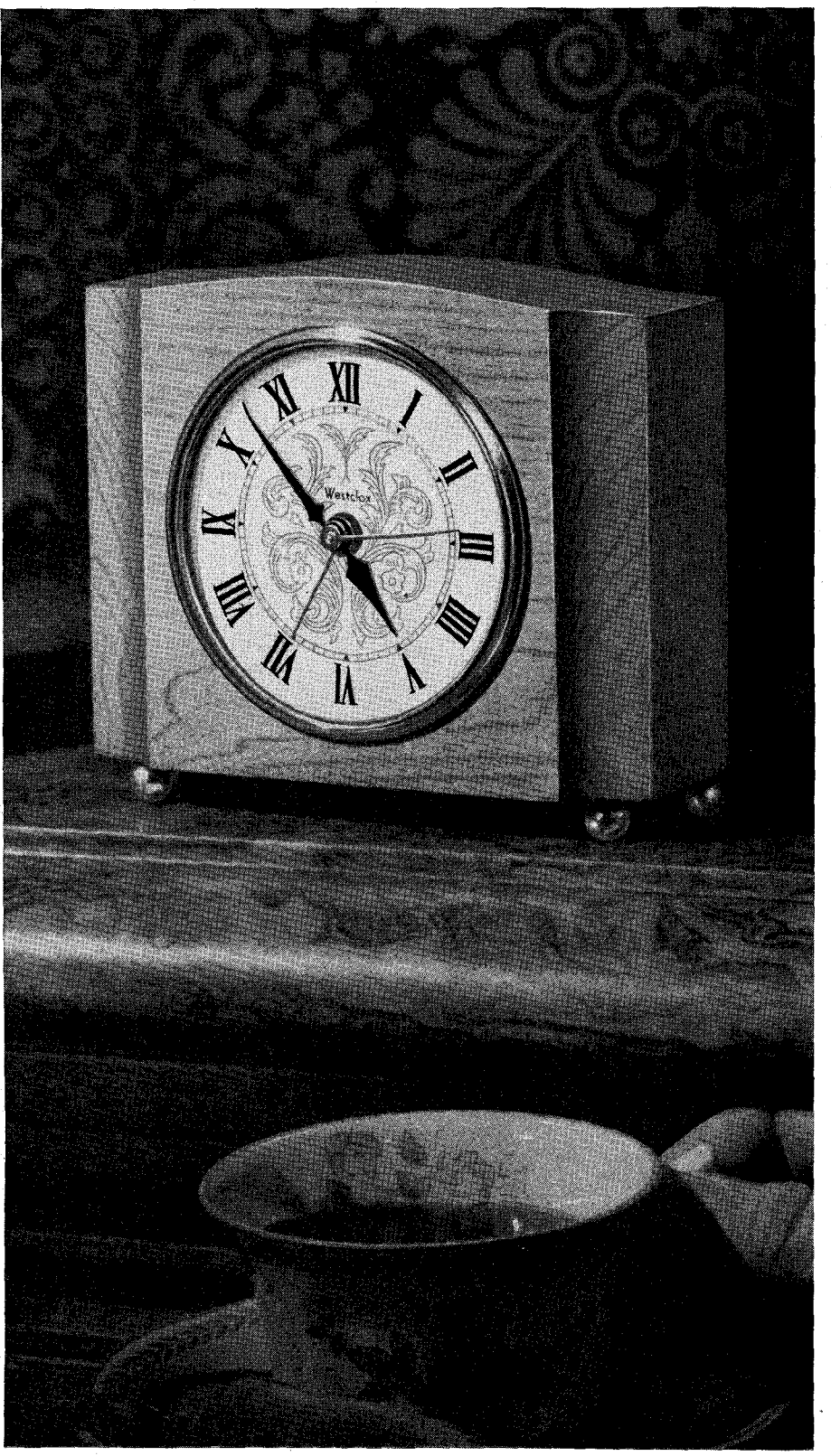


The SNOWFLAKE Electric Wall Clock

New and original design—to add a fresh decorative note to your kitchen, playroom or bathroom. 3-dimensional dial stands out against the colorful plastic case. And with thoughtful foresight, Westclox adds a non-breakable crystal that protects the entire dial. Convenient hand-set knob is centered in front. With Red, Mint Green, Pink or Charcoal case, only **$5.95.**

The SHERATON Electric Alarm

Another triumph of Westclox craftsmen—this beautiful wood case with its graceful lines and satiny fruitwood finish! Traditional design is carried out in the handsome dial and tiny round brass legs. And of course, the Sheraton is true to a Westclox tradition of dependability respected the world over. Has a bell alarm that calls you surely, and so pleasantly. 4½ inches high. **$8.95.**



Electric or Spring **WESTCLOX*** . . . dependable as the day is long

Made by the makers of BIG BEN

PRODUCTS OF GT CENTRAL TIME CORPORATION

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U. S. A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.

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LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD has a tremendous investment in special twin grinding equipment used in the manufacture of plate glass. It is protected by Shell Industrial Lubricants.

...but it's not so funny in your picture window

MIRTH-PROVOKING on the Midway, a distorted image is the last thing you want from the plate glass in your window, showcase, or mirror.

To prevent it, Libbey-Owens-Ford has installed multi-million-dollar twin grinding equipment—first in the country to polish plate glass simultaneously on both sides. It produces plate glass with extraordinary freedom from distortion.

But with this new machine came new problems of lubrication—problems solved successfully by products of Shell Research. In fact, in just one plant, Libbey-Owens-Ford uses Shell Industrial Lubricants that range from steam turbine oils, to multi-purpose greases, to the heavy-duty gear oil required by the twin grinding equipment.

* * *

Solution of special problems of lubrication is another example of Shell leadership in the petroleum industry. Shell Research leads to better products, more for your money, when you buy products bearing the Shell trademark.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to finer Products—
more for your money

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Comes a time to every feminine person when she goes up in the world. Using lofty contraptions under the back of her shoes, touching herself with stiletto heels as if with two magic wands, abracadabra!—she transfigures a tender-age girl into a tender-age woman. Amos Sewell shows the transformation in its first teetering step. Just the way magic slippers didn't make a chic ensemble with Cinderella's awful rags, now they are incompatible with Cynthia's awful shirttails and jeans of blue; so she will suddenly be arrayed in nylons, a cloud-like gown, maybe a flick of lipstick, and will fare forth to bewitch a prince or two. But, mother needn't grieve about losing her little one, for tomorrow, and many tomorrows, Cynthia will youthfully come back down to earth in awful flatties.

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

World's most popular pin-tumbler padlock!

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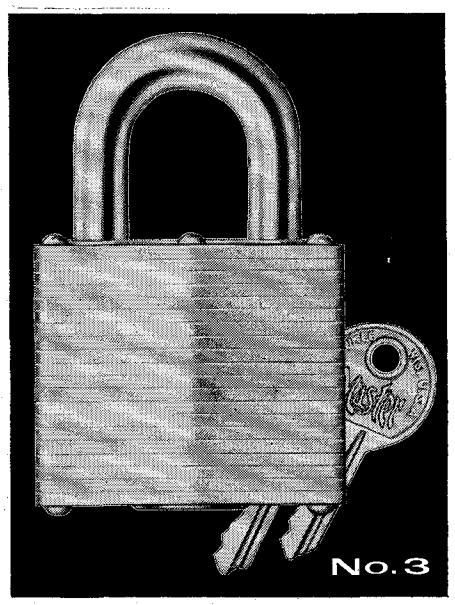

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Master LAMINATED Padlocks

Throughout the United States and in 103 foreign countries, the largest-selling pin tumbler padlock is Master's famous No. 3 "Secret Service". Its heavy laminated case offers powerful protection for only $1.50...at hardware stores and locksmiths everywhere!

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ALWAYS ON GUARD — DAY AND NIGHT
MASTER LOCK CO., Milwaukee 45, Wis.
World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers

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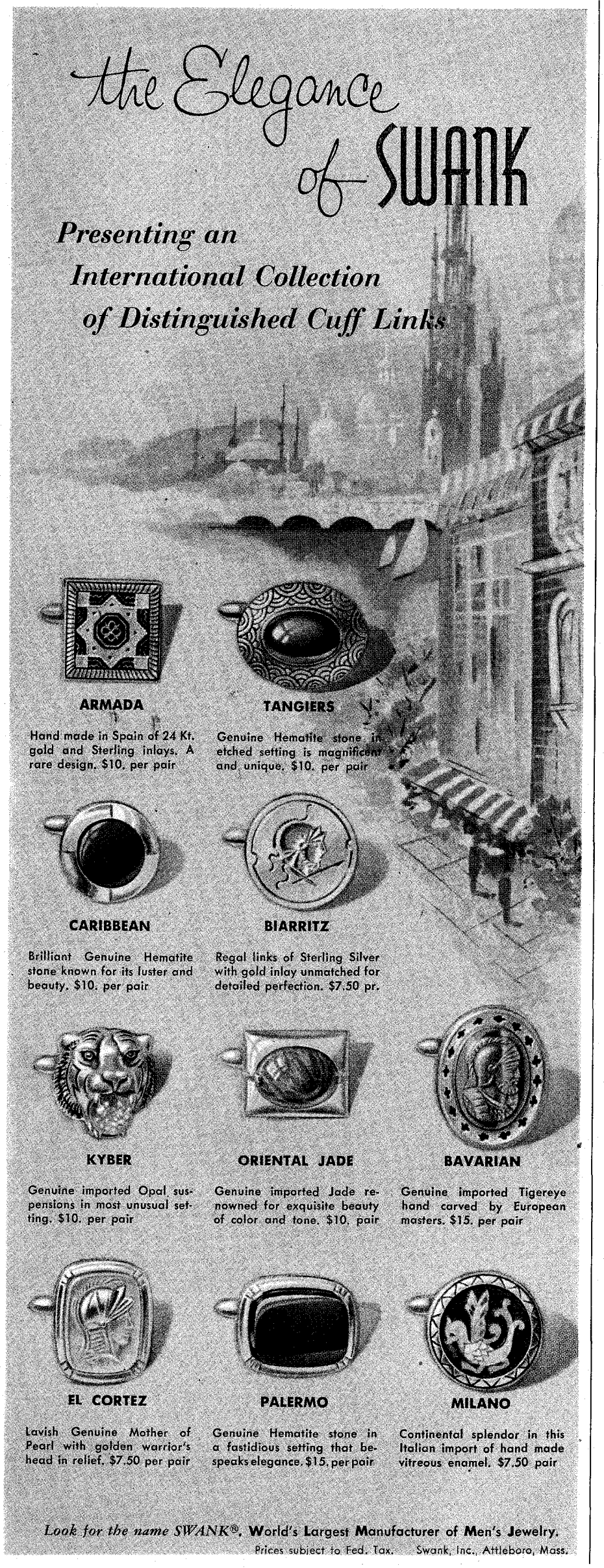
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Presenting an International Collection of Distinguished Cuff Links
ARMADA
Hand made in Spain of 24 Kt. gold and Sterling inlays. A rare design. $10. per pair
TANGIERS
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Regal links of Sterling Silver with gold inlay unmatched for detailed perfection. $7.50 pr.
KYBER
Genuine imported Opal suspensions in most unusual setting. $10. per pair
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Letters

Psychiatric Crisis

Dear Sirs:

Re: WHO CARES ABOUT US? in the February 25 issue. I was moved deeply by the hardships the patient's relatives go through in dealing with doctors. As a psychiatric resident in a large public psychiatric hospital, I am slowly becoming aware of relatives' problems. I am sure that this awareness will be of great help to me in my future private practice.

DR. EDGAR C. STUNTZ
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

. . . In New York City, she would need only to call the police, who in turn are authorized to summon a city ambulance so that the patient can be admitted to a psychiatric observation division. In other communities, health officers and/or welfare officers are required by law to take such an individual into custody, and the statute provides for an emergency commitment known as a "Health Officer's Certificate," which makes it possible for the patient to be admitted to a state hospital for the mentally ill for a period of sixty days, at the end of which time he must either be discharged or regularly certified. . . .

DR. JAMES A. BRUSSEL
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The warning from the Draft Board—4-F on mental grounds—should have been sufficient to save this woman from the grief which she now saddles on the psychiatric profession. It is pathetic and regrettable and must evoke sympathy for her—but it is the old story of laying much of the blame for one's mistakes on someone else. . . .

DR. REUBEN F. ERICKSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The telling blows the tragically laden wife directs against psychiatrists might better have been directed at the public at large. The dilemma in which she finds herself, duplicated throughout the length and breadth of this land, is, in my opinion, due to a calamitous shortage, not of psychiatrists, but of public understanding of our nation's No. I health problem. . . .

JOHN EISELE DAVIS, SC.D.
Advisory Board, Ass'n. for Physical and Mental Rehabilitation
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The doctors who handled this woman and her sick husband early in his illness are to be soundly castigated for their irresponsibility and negligence. No matter how "busy" any man, he owes it to check thoroughly the story of any woman so obviously worried. . . .

GEORGE S. ORAM, JR.
Princeton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I hope a lot of psychiatrists, including Dr. K., etc., read this article and realize that they could have helped commit murder to Jack and his family in not aiding them. . . . Psychiatrists are suppose to help humanity, not just make money. . . .

MRS. HARVEY GLASSMAN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The affair is sad enough, and I cannot help but sympathize, with a man mentally ill to the extent of inflicting bodily harm, his wife nervous, run-down, and distraught from the ordeal—why compound it by bringing into the world children who will inherit this legacy of fear, insecurity, depression and violence? Shameful!!

MRS. LOUISE A. GULICK
Barberton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . I reserve my sympathy in this case wholly for these unfortunate children.

MRS. GLENN HUNTER
Morgantown, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I thought that surely my mother and I were an exception rather than the rule when the questions we had concerning my stepfather's illness were completely ignored by the psychiatrist. . . . Finally we found, as did the author of your article, that the only way we could get any specific information about his condition was to talk to the psychiatric social worker at the hospital. . . .

NAME WITHHELD
Athens, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . Psychiatrists have their place, but there has been entirely too much confidence on the part of the public in their ability to cure all emotional upsets. . . .

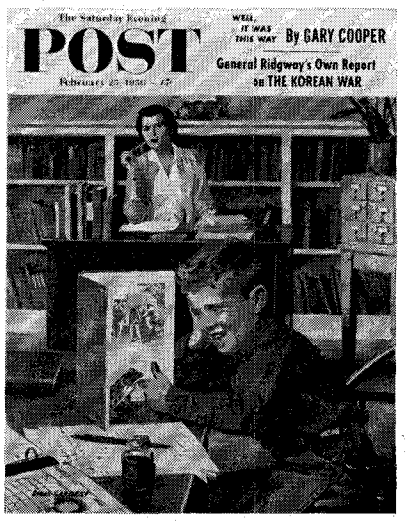
MRS. E. F. DUVALL
Deer Lodge, Mont.

Bookish Frog

Dear Sirs:

I defy anyone to continue feeling like a sad sack while looking at that priceless cover [by Dick Sargent, Feb. 25]. . . .

DAVID Q. HAMMOND
Rutherford, N.J.



Dear Sirs:

. . . That cover was a rare jewel in the traditions of impish boyhood. It revives wistful memories of over fifty years ago.

Heaven bless the old king-size geography books of those days, behind whose sequestered covers many a Thespis of nature has performed. . . .

R. WALDO TYLER
S. Thomaston, Me.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Chances are, should the frog be discovered, Miss Schooley will say, "Class, put away your history books. James has brought something to class which will interest us all." Whereupon she will take the frog and hold it in her *own* hand, assign several children to the encyclopedia,

(Continued on Page 6)

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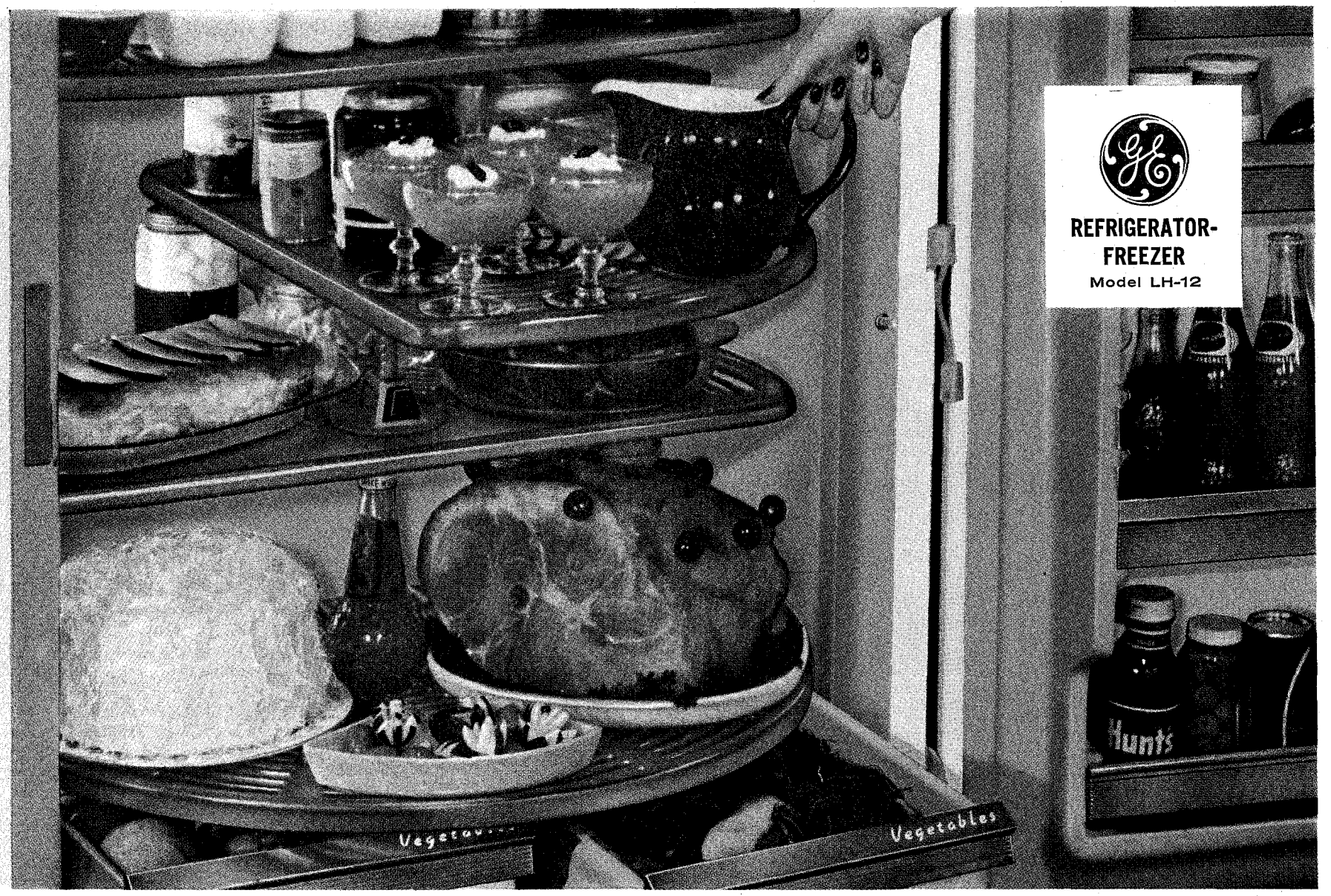
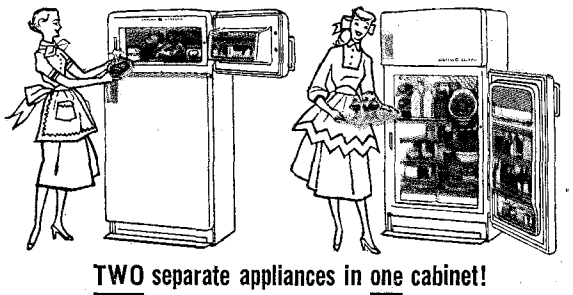


REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER
Model LH-12

Available in G-E Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Cadet Blue, Petal Pink, Woodtone Brown—or White. With left- or right-hand doors.



TWO separate appliances in one cabinet!

The true, zero-degree freezer has its own separate door, and separate refrigerating system. Keeps as many as 89 packages of frozen foods up to a year.

The big refrigerator section has completely automatic defrosting. And there's room for more foods on the sturdy G-E Revolving Shelves!

New, big G-E with Revolving Shelves and Magnetic Doors

REVOLVING SHELVES PUT ALL FOODS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!
MAGNETIC DOORS CLOSE AUTOMATICALLY!

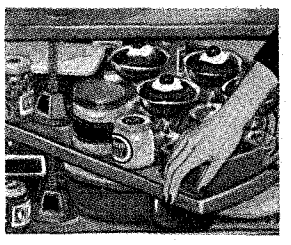
No other refrigerator, at a comparable price, can match this wonderful 12-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer for worksaving conveniences and luxurious good looks.

Just look at all the features you can enjoy: General Electric Revolving Shelves, Magnetic Doors, automatic defrosting in the refrigerator section, automatic butter conditioner, adjustable and removable door shelves, separate zero-degree freezer that holds up to 77 pounds of frozen foods.

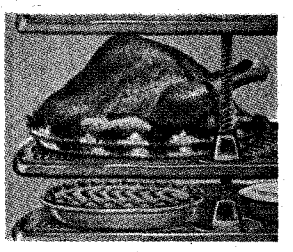
So safe, too! Children can't be locked inside because the latchless magnetic door can be opened easily from within.

See this big, economical Refrigerator-Freezer at your General Electric dealer's. Ask about the easy terms and generous trade-in allowance most General Electric dealers are offering.

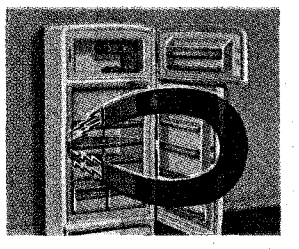
For his name and address, look in your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



Revolving Shelves put all foods within easy reach. Just turn a shelf—food rides to the front.



Store Bulky Items without rearranging foods. Press button, turn shelf to adjust up or down.



Magnetic Doors. Permanent G-E Alnico Magnets close doors automatically, silently. Provide more efficient seal.

Foot Pedal. A touch of your toe opens refrigerator door, leaving both your hands free to carry food.

So dependable! More than 3,500,000 G-E Refrigerators in use 10 years or longer!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

several more to science books, while some others tell of their experience with a frog or frogs. . . .

Already this year [at the Robert E. Lee School] we have "hatched out" 142 black-widow spiders, bottle-fed three hairless mice, observed a bullfrog as fat as a fruit jar, and named several crawdads. This is the way today's schools are run; one almost *never* sees a hickory stick.

MISS ROBIN DUNCAN
Duncan, Okla.

Kitchen Library

Dear Sirs:

My sympathies are with the lady of your cartoon in Letters, Jan. 28th [see below]. I have tried many times in the past

to contrive some way to do two things at once, namely: read the Post (which I enjoy doing), and wash the dishes (which I don't enjoy doing).

At last, I think I have the problem solved. Would you be interested in my various attempts and results?

Prop Post up on shelf above sink (this was in pre-cupboard days).

Bad—Post too large to stay propped up. Always fell down.

Open Post flat and place on right drainboard of sink.

Bad—Always getting splashed with dishwater. Caused "crick" in neck.

Open and clamp with clothespins to wire hanger. Hook hanger through center cupboard door handle.

Bad—Too close to face. Eyes had a tendency to cross.

Open paper-towel section of 2 in 1 waxpaper and paper-towel holder above sink. Remove roll of paper towels. Place the Post upright behind the clamps which fit into the ends of the roll.

Good—Post stays open to right page. Held firmly at the right angle for reading through bifocals! . . .

MRS. R. E. MC CONNELEE
Winterset, Iowa

Misunderstood Nudists

Dear Sirs:

Michael Fessier's sadistic little story [THE BACK-TO-NATURE GIRL, February 18] about a beautiful girl who had her belief in nudism and her love for a nudist knocked out of her by a scene of savagery, must have been written with the aid of some deep-seated complexes plus a great deal of imagination. . . . Nudists don't dance in the nude, only a few with a yen for publicity get married in the nude, and there are plenty of male nudists without knobby knees. . . .

EDMUND KIERNAN
Western Sunbathing Ass'n.
Dana Point, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Nudists go out of their way to keep from offending people. A short visit in the neighborhood of any established camp, talking to non-nudist neighbors, will prove that we are good neighbors.

Neither is running a nudist camp a racket. . . . Anyone doubting this is invited to call on us at any time. . . .

AHMAN R. KARR
Former President,
Central Sunbathing Association
McLouth, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

. . . We do not ask others to accept our ways. We do not seek to force those ways on others. In fact, of those who seek to join us, only a comparatively small percentage achieve membership. But we do sincerely believe that our ways are right for us and that as law-abiding citizens we have the same right to tolerance that is accorded other minorities. . . .

DAVID L. SCOLES, *Chairman*
Membership Committee
Floritans Health Society
Delray Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I almost fell out of bed laughing. . . .

JESSIE M. LEGG
Cleveland, Ohio

Magic Sneakers

Dear Sirs:

SUMMER IN THE AIR [by Ray Bradbury, Feb. 18] was the kind of story that makes me long for a whole long line of other such "gems." . . . That story was like a breath of fresh air catching you by surprise.

HELENE WASHER
Chicago, Ill

Dear Sirs:

. . . I could almost feel my feet sinking into some warm earth. . . .

Little girls often get the same marvelous thrill from their very first pair of "Mary-Janes."

LISA POTT
Titusville, Fla

Dear Sirs:

. . . I have protested over buying sneakers many a time. Ray Bradbury has made me understand. . . .

MRS. JUNE WILDMAN LELAN
Riverside, Ca

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HOW THE CLUB OPERATES. To enjoy the benefits of the Club's program—and receive your 3-record set FREE—mail the coupon, indicating the Club division that suits your musical taste: Classical; Jazz; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies.

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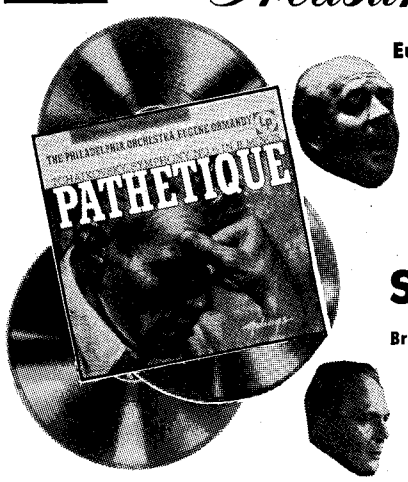

Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra

TCHAIKOVSKY
Symphony No. 6 "Pathetique"

Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY NO. 8

SCHUBERT SYMPHONY NO. 8 "Unfinished"

Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York

BRAHMS Variations on a Theme by Haydn —Academic Festival Overture

WAGNER Siegfried Idyll **SMETANA** The Moldau

3-RECORD SET #3

TREASURY OF GREAT MOOD MUSIC

STRAUSS WALTZES by
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra of ten Strauss Waltzes.

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LES BROWN ☆ ERROLL GARNER
HARRY JAMES ☆ LES ELGART
PERCY FAITH ☆ SAMMY KAYE
America's most popular orchestras play your favorite music for dancing, including *Love Walked In, Out Of Nowhere, It's The Talk Of The Town* and 9 others.

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS
PAUL WESTON and his Orchestra
Dreamy arrangements of *Embraceable You, Pennies From Heaven, I'll See You Again*—15 songs in all!

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Jazz At Columbia — Swing

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Jazz At Columbia — Collector's Items

☆ Bix Beiderbecke ☆ Louis Armstrong ☆ Bessie Smith
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☆ Bunk Johnson ☆ Pete Johnson
☆ Jimmy Lunceford ☆ Teddy Wilson

These three exciting records are a jazz library in themselves —presenting the jazz greats of every period and style.

3-RECORD SET #4

BROADWAY HALL OF FAME

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(Original Broadway Cast Recording)
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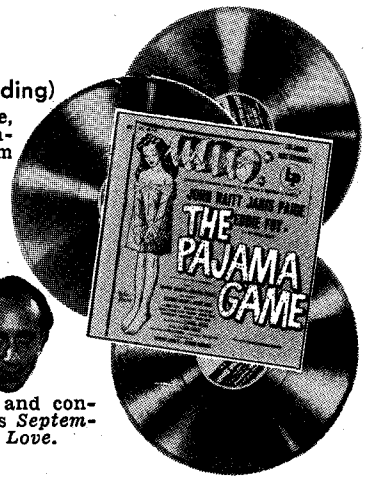

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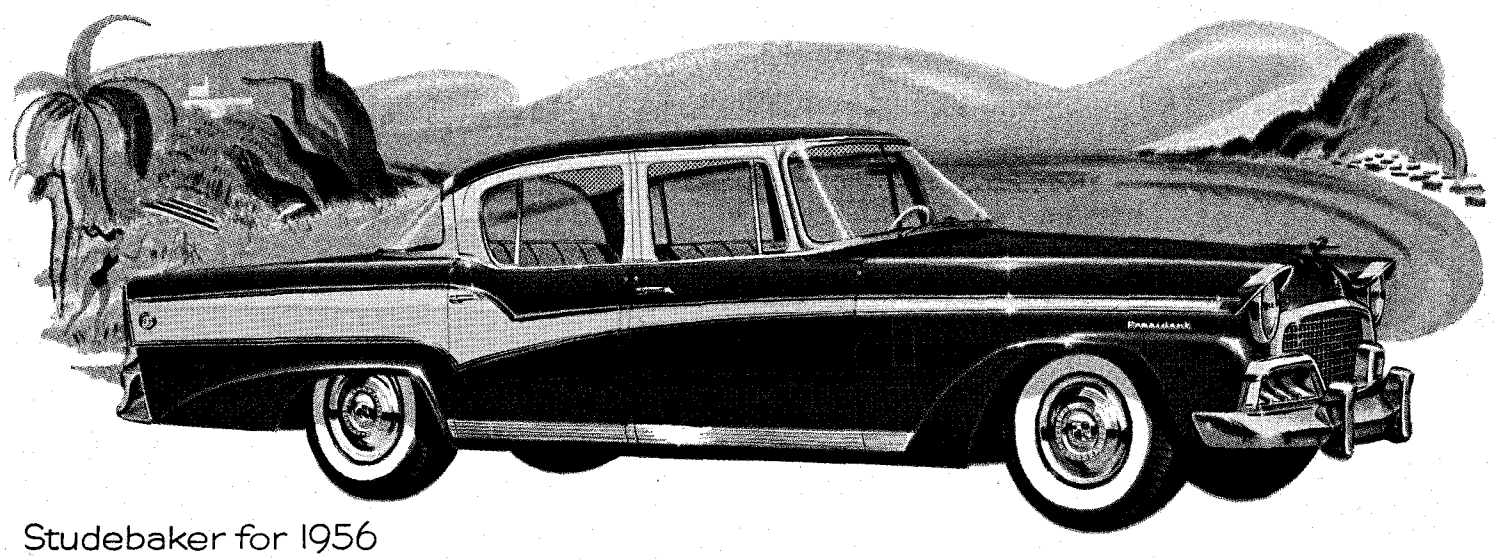

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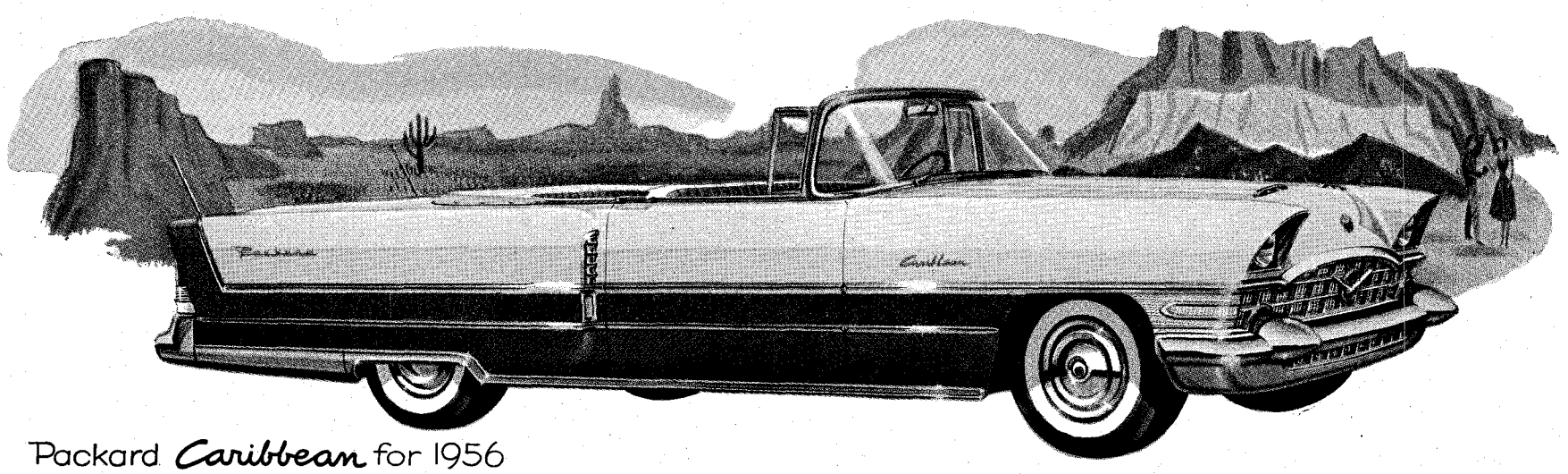

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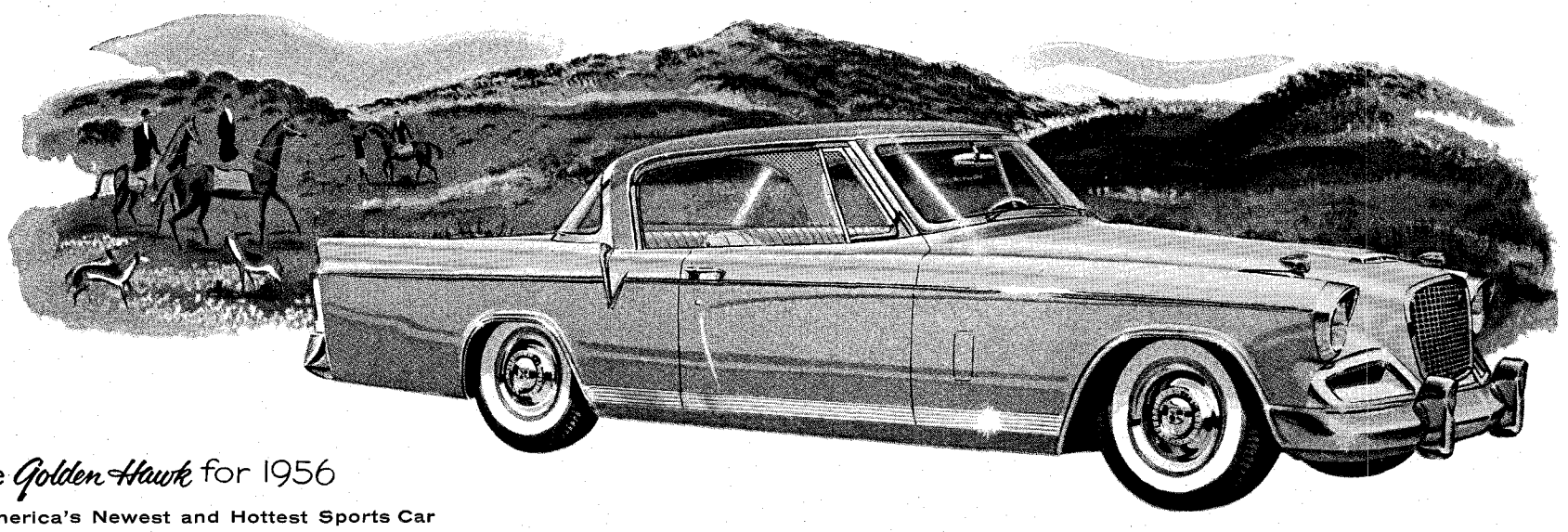

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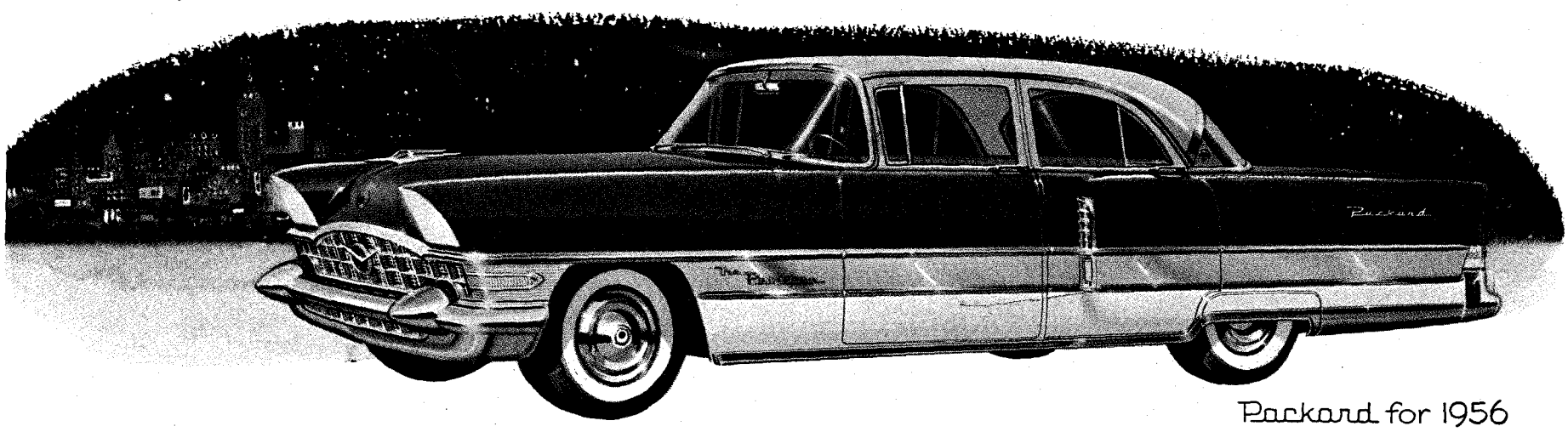

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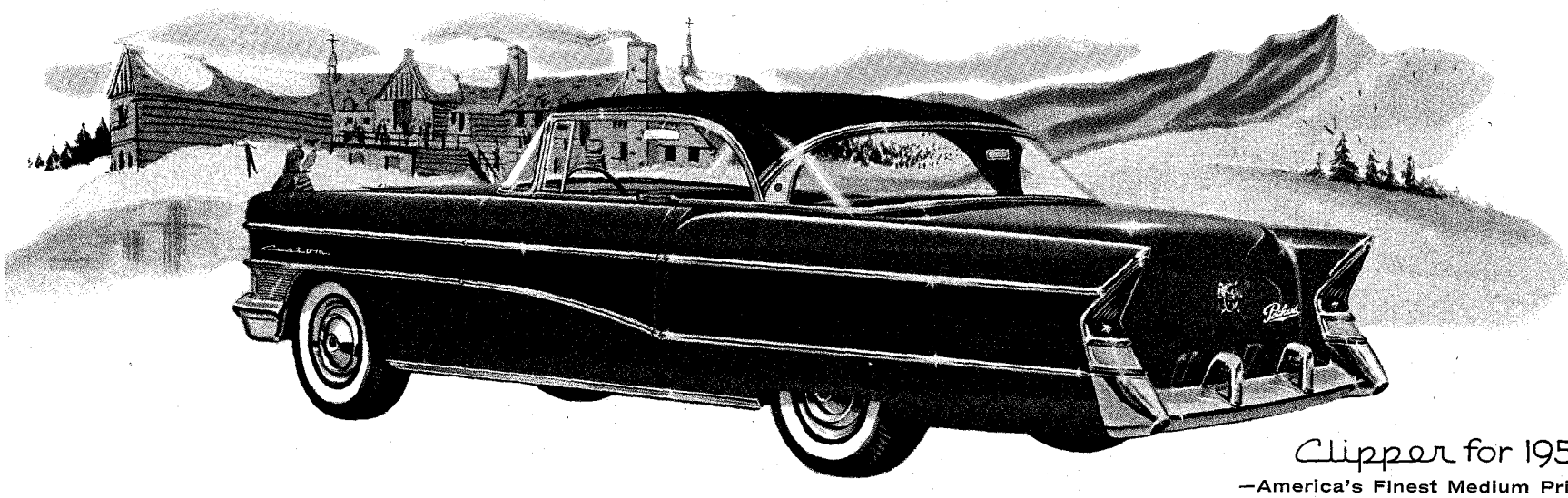

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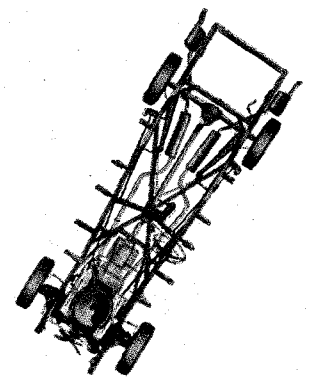
Torsion-Level Suspension makes possible *a smoother, safer ride* through the elimination of coil and leaf springs. It is one of the major engineering advancements recently pioneered by Studebaker-Packard—and inspired by the *Bold New Idea.*



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Editorials

There's No Patent on Our "People's Capitalism"

By JOHN BIRD

It's a shame that this age of electronic gadgets hasn't produced some dandy little device with which we could tune in the mental gymnastics of the various Soviet delegations of farmers, housing experts and journalists that have been swarming over the United States in recent months, their jolly smiles outwardly reflecting the "Geneva spirit."

The comrades haven't talked about their feelings, but we doubt that even the most doctrinaire among them failed to observe that our economy is somewhat different from the system defined as capitalism in their textbooks. And they must have noted that the United States variety currently is delivering to 164,000,000 Americans the best all-around living that any people ever has enjoyed.

It is easy for visitors to observe the tangible results of our amazing, highly mechanized production system. They have seen some of the 50,000,000 chromium-festooned automobiles which crowd our 3,500,000 miles of roads and streets. We're sure that they got the point that many of these cars are driven by members of our "sweated proletariat" on their way to capitalistic factories, shops and offices where roughly 65,000,000 have jobs at the record average weekly wage of $77.11.

On virtually every once-vacant lot the comrades saw new homes going up at the rate of 1,300,000 a year, more than 10,000,000 since the end of World War II. And they may have noticed that most of these new homes are equipped with the newest laborsaving gadgets that have made servants rare in the United States. Also, the visitors may have been told—although we doubt that they believed it—that the majority of new homes are being built for workers.

On our farms the visitors could see a few of the four and one third million handy tractors which symbolize our modern agriculture, a mechanized, family-type agriculture, so productive that the biggest problem of our farmers, who make up only 13.5 per cent of our population, is the disposal of chronic surpluses.

All in all, the comrades could find here more bathrooms, TV sets, food freezers, telephones, automatic washing machines, air-conditioning units and all the other items that go into our good living than exist in all the rest of the world.

But we doubt that they saw a single tall silk hat.

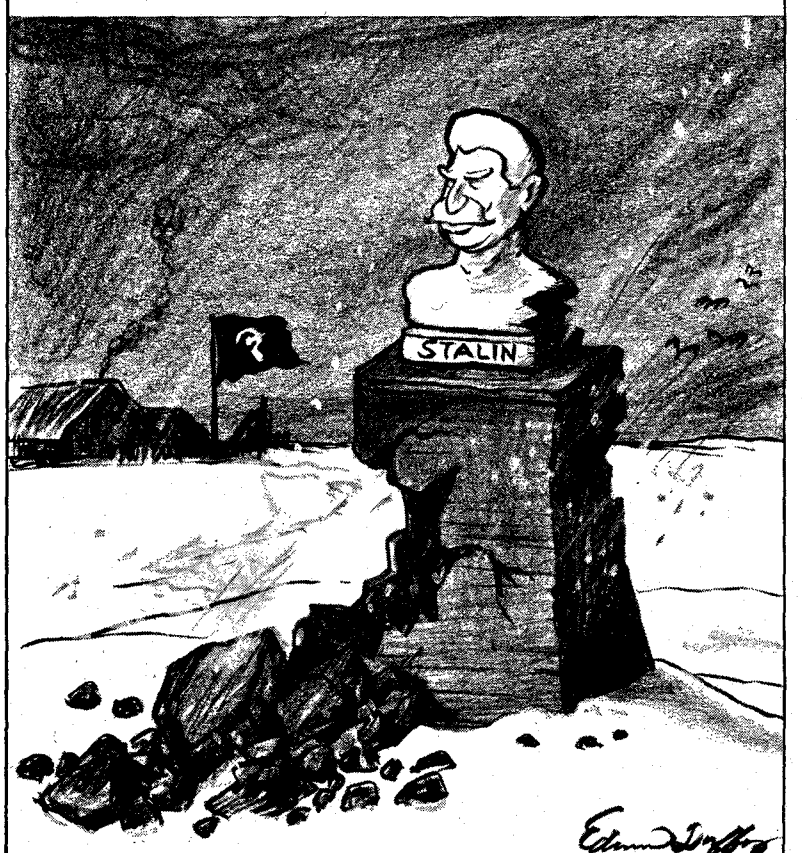
If the visitors like statistics, they must have found it baffling that in a nation where Wall Street is reputed to call the turn, the average family now has an income above $5000, before taxes, while only 3 per cent of the families have incomes over $15,000. There must be a puzzle for them in our economy, which, without benefit of five-year plans, has expanded to the threshold of a $400,000,000,000 gross national product—perhaps three and a half times that of the Soviet. They must have envied the apparent ease with which our broad-based system turns out a flood of the necessities and the niceties of life, and at the same time gives us more time to enjoy them.

Obviously, today's United States economy is as far removed from the Marxian concept of capitalism as the modern atomic scientist is from the Neanderthal fire-maker. With remarkable speed in recent years it has evolved into a new kind of "people's capitalism" in which the broad mass of people themselves, through their savings, pension funds, investments and insurance, provide much of the capital, as well as the labor, skill and management for our productive enterprises—a system in which the workers themselves are their own best customers.

The visitors from behind the Iron Curtain are perfectly free to copy the "secrets" which energize our system. We'll be glad to give them blueprints of the process. It isn't a complicated design—in fact, you can put the main principles on a post card—points such as freedom of belief and speech, free competition for jobs, markets and profits, free elections, clear limitations on the powers of government, and so on.

No subversion or conspiracy is necessary to spread the United States system, and we believe it is spreading and holds out the best promise for the underdeveloped nations of the world.

DUFFY'S CARTOON



Look Who's in Siberia Now.

Trying to Perform the Impossible Leads to Ulcers

We recall reading many years ago about a young mother who killed herself and her two children because she had come to the conclusion that the problems of the world were too complicated to be solved. Not knowing how to prepare her children for what was in store for them, this neurotic young woman turned on the gas.

For Americans who read the newspapers, attend seminars on foreign affairs, meetings of Americans for Democratic Action or the League of Women Voters, and listen to problem "panels" on radio and TV, the world does seem a terrifying place to deal with while alive. Since it is unfashionable to admit that orderly progress depends upon compromises and workable arrangements, as opposed to final solutions based on the popular superstition that everybody can "live happily ever after," conscientious people knock themselves out trying to achieve the impossible.

They run into trouble trying to persuade Israel and Egypt to lie down peaceably together by tomorrow night. They cannot end the cold war with triumph for our side at no expense; settle all labor differences, with Mr. Reuther in full charge and the "right to work" assured for all; or dispel the Chinese Reds into a thin mist with no "risk of atomic war." Therefore, frustration sets in, and people look about for some politician, "selfish interest" or "pressure group" to blame for the delay in the arrival of the millennium.

In a recent editorial on the discouraging events of 1955, Time and Tide, the English conservative weekly, made this sage comment: "It is not the duty of men to build a heaven on earth; their task is to plug the leaks, to fight the evil which rises anew in every age. The final issue is not their concern. What matters is that they should know which the right side is and range themselves on it."

That is no easy matter, but is easier if one avoids biting off more crisis, or more crisis journalism, than one can chew. To re-enforce its views, Time and Tide adds an observation, identified only

(Continued on Page 12)

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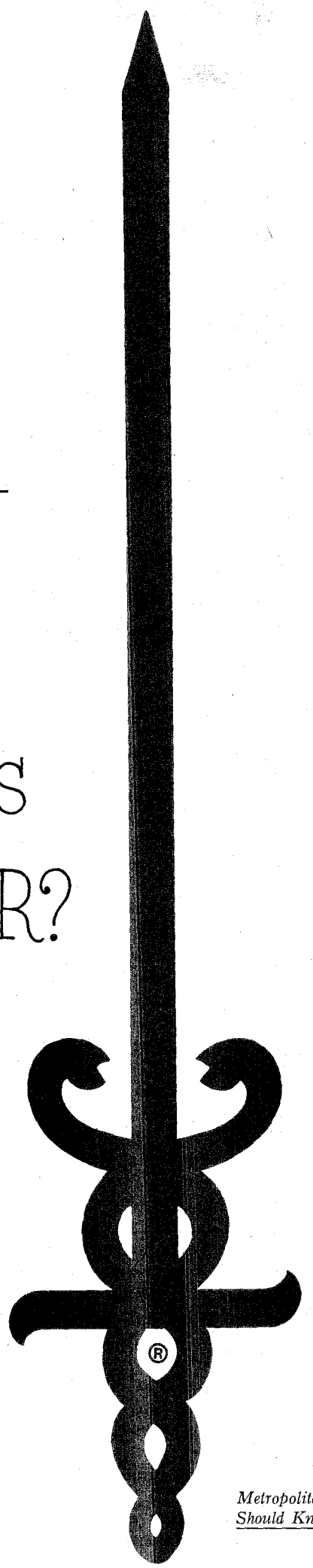
Can you answer these questions on CANCER?



Are we gaining in the fight on CANCER?

"There has been progress—fine progress—against cancer." This heartening statement is from the American Cancer Society. For one thing, cancer death rates for women between 25 and 75 years of age have declined more than 10 percent since 1944. This means that 10,000 more women are now saved annually than would have been saved in 1944.

Does CANCER give early warning signals?

Often it does . . . and much of the progress against cancer is due to the fact that more and more people are aware of signs or conditions that may indicate cancer . . . and report them to their doctors promptly. These symptoms, *in the great majority of cases*, indicate some condition other than cancer. For your protection, know cancer's warning signals listed in the lower left-hand box.

Why is early diagnosis so important?

Because early diagnosis increases the chances of cure. At least 50 percent of all cancers develop in parts of the body which the doctor can easily examine. This is why periodic examinations should not be neglected, especially by women over age 35 and men over age 40. The American Cancer Society estimates that 80,000 lives now lost each year could be saved through earlier diagnosis and maximum use of present knowledge.

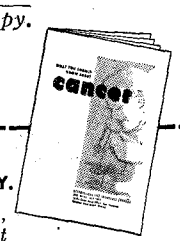
Are there any new "sure cures" for CANCER?

Not by any means! The only treatments by which cancer can now be controlled or cured are surgery, X-ray and other forms of radiation. Other methods of treatment . . . especially those claimed to be "sure cures" . . . should be avoided. Fortunately, the three accepted ways of attacking cancer are undergoing steady improvement.

Where does CANCER research stand?

Cancer is the subject of ever-widening research. Drug and hormone therapy . . . the use of viruses and antibodies . . . new surgical and radiation treatments . . . tests for early cancer detection . . . fundamental research on the development of cancer—these are among the many fields now being explored. Medical science looks to them for tomorrow's progress against cancer.

Metropolitan offers a hopeful message about this disease in its booklet called What You Should Know About Cancer. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.



Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

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Auburn, N. Y.....National Bank of Auburn	Mobile, Ala.....First National Bank of Mobile
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Grand Island, Neb.....Overland National Bank	Springfield, Mass...Springfield Safe Dep. & Trust Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.....Old Kent Bank	Springfield, Mo.....Union National Bank
Greenville, Pa.....First Natl. Bank of Mercer County	Stamford, Conn...First-Stamford Natl. Bk. & Tr. Co.
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Kalamazoo, Mich.....Home Savings Bank	*Tacoma, Wash.....Bank of California, N. A.*
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Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

by the phrase that it was "said of another war." Doubtless every English schoolboy knows it by heart, but our arduous and painful researches have failed to turn it up:

"It is not our part to master all the tides of the world, but to do what is in us for the succor of those years wherein we are set, uprooting the evil in the fields that we know, so that those who live after may have clean earth to till. What weather they shall have is not ours to rule."

A world in which even 22.3 per cent of the population obeyed that injunction would have few "global problems" to vex it.

The Reds Play Cat-and-Mouse Game With Polish Exiles

On March 27, 1945, sixteen members of the Polish underground government boarded a Soviet plane under the impression that they were leaving for London. The plane had been offered them by the Soviet officer in command so that they might consult with their government in London before conferring with Soviet army officers.

At the end of their flight the sixteen found themselves, to their consternation, not in London but in Moscow, where they were promptly whisked off to the Lubianka prison.

At a mockery of a trial in June, the sixteen were sentenced to prison terms of varying lengths. The commander of the Polish underground army, Gen. Leopold Okulicki, was given ten years. His term was completed last June, but no word came of his release, or any word at all. Inquiries have been made by Madame Okulicki, who lives in London, as well as by free Polish organizations in several countries and by governments including our own. No reply has been received. In October, 1955, the British Red Cross informed Madame Okulicki that it had received word from the Soviet Red Cross that her husband had died a natural death in prison on December 24, 1946!

In the meantime, a Pole who had returned from a Soviet forced-labor camp had told of seeing General Okulicki in 1952. And another Pole, a well-known figure, had related a conversation he had had with a Soviet camp guard in 1941, in which the latter said, "When we don't want to let you go, we simply announce the place and date of your death." Poles are inclined to question the truth of the Soviet Red Cross report.

Since the Soviet Red Cross has announced the death of General Okulicki, one would not expect to find his name listed among those whom the Soviet has allowed to return to Poland. But one of the famous sixteen, known to have been sent back to Warsaw recently, has said in a broadcast that General Okulicki is back in Poland. This could be a part of the Red propaganda effort to persuade Polish *émigrés*, the vast majority of whom are former soldiers with first-hand knowledge of the Soviets, that the Polish communist regime has adopted a lenient policy, and that no Pole need fear to return.

The Soviet Red Cross announcement of the general's death, along with more recent efforts to leak the news that he is alive, is a sample of the communist run-around, which should be a warning to the ever-optimistic West that these birds are not to be trusted.

Now Science Plans to Harness Icebergs

Every once in a while someone comes along with an idea that is so big, simple, logical and apparently feasible that almost everyone immediately starts looking for the gimmick. The skeptics are usually right, unfortunately, but sometimes a truly ingenious idea succeeds in confounding the critics, and actually works.

At any rate, a lot of parched Californians will be rooting for a proposal recently forwarded by John D. Isaacs, assistant to the director of Scripps Institution of Oceanography. As reported in Science Digest, Mr. Isaacs' plan calls for planting a ten-billion-ton iceberg off the coast of Southern California, to supply arid areas with pure fresh water.

The plan would involve towing the iceberg from the antarctic by six ocean-going tugs. Off the California coast a special fence ten feet deep would surround the melting berg, creating a vast fresh-water reservoir from which the water could be pumped to shore.

Unforeseen complications may eventually water down Mr. Isaacs' Operation Iceberg. Some will want to know how are they going to anchor the iceberg to prevent it from doing a Kon-Tiki off into the Japan Current. Others will wonder how a ten-foot fence will prevent salt water from creeping into the fresh-water corral.

In the past, "impractical" ideas have frequently led to amazing future accomplishment. Skeptics would be wise to recall that a lot of people laughed at Robert Fulton; that while the high-flying Icarus fell flat on his face in the myth, the Wright brothers took off into history. Anyway, we can be sure of one thing. If this iceberg water pays off, the Russians will claim they thought of it first.

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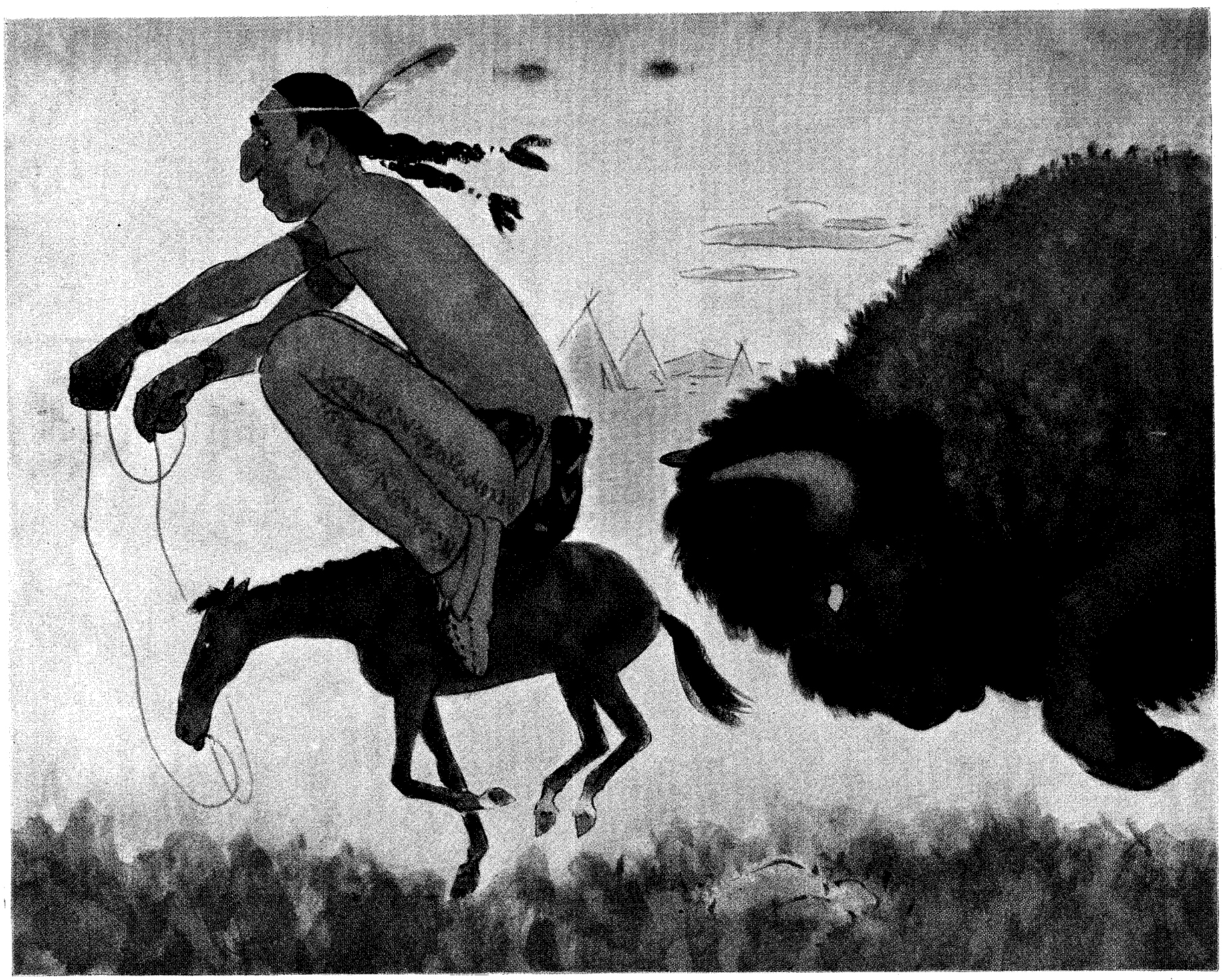

Don't be buffaloed by "shrinking horsepower"

Surely you'll never find yourself in the same fix as this scared brave. But things can be just as awkward when your car's horsepower shrinks.

Chances are, it's happening right now without your being aware of it. Day by day, deposits are building up in the combustion chambers and on valves, pistons and rings. Gradually, but surely, these deposits cut down your engine's horsepower.

That's why you should start using New Gulfpride H.D. Select, the oil specially made to avoid "shrinking horsepower."

New Gulfpride H. D. Select will *control carbon* that leads to pre-ignition—cause of knock and overheating. And this new oil protects against acid and corrosion, as well as against engine deposits.

What's more, it provides the toughest protective film ever developed in a motor oil —assures minimum oil consumption for the life of your car.

Yes, it's time you switched to New Gulfpride H.D. Select. It's available in the exact grade recommended by the manufacturer of your car *for each season of the year.*

NEW **Gulfpride H.D. Select**

THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR OIL

The *only* oil super-refined by Gulf's exclusive Alchlor process.

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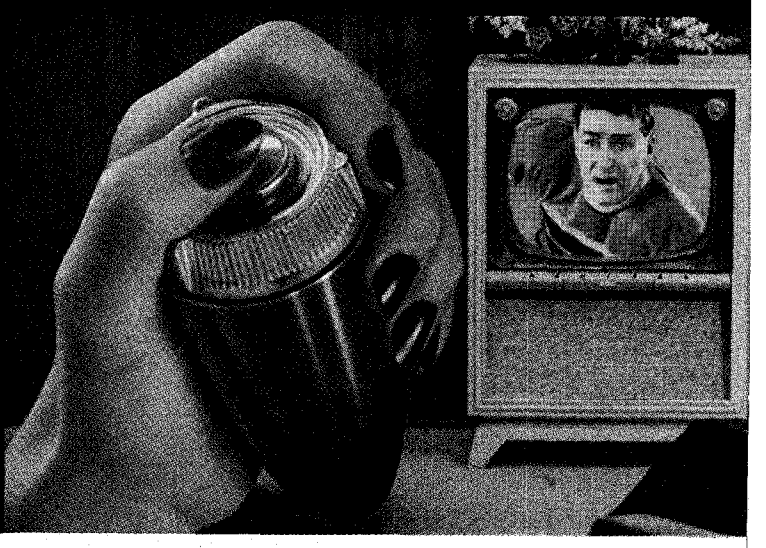
...ADMIRAL AUTOMATIC

...Plus Genuine Dual-Speaker

Perfect Picture – Perfect Sound – Instantly –

FROM CLEAR ACROSS THE ROOM OR



TOP FRONT TUNING IS NOW AUTOMATIC! Touch center of left control—the aluminized and Optic Filtered screen leaps to life with thrilling full fidelity sound! Touch right control—change stations in a split second! Touch left control again—the set is off! *It's all done for you* by Admiral's new Automatic Power Tuning. Better yet, with optional Remote Control it does all this and controls volume, too—from across the room! Contrast and brightness adjust automatically. It's yours in an excitingly *versatile* new consolette—and a luxurious new console.

The Plaza (left)—21″ TV (diagonal measurement) to enjoy 4 ways as...*table* TV with built-in swivel..."*off-the-floor*" consolette or optional "Full Fidelity 88" Base...a "*Lazy-Susan*" Consolette with optional swivel kit...or handy TV *cart* with optional wheels! Choice of 3 finishes...high-style Charcoal only $229.95*

The Champlain (right)—New 21″ (diagonal measurement) console with Automatic Power Tuning...dual-speaker Full Fidelity 88 sound system...continuously variable Tone Control...every de luxe feature! Beautiful cabinets in 4 wood-tones...rich mahogany or blonde oak grained finishes, genuine maple or Sierra veneers.

**Slightly higher, South, West and Canada...Fed. tax, warranties included...subject to change without notice*

Admiral Automatic Power Tuning as low as **$199.95*** (Base extra)

Charcoal Finish

Blonde Oak Grained Finish

Mahogany Grained Finish

IT ROLLS!

ROOM TO ROOM ...INDOORS OR OUT

IT SWIVELS!

ON ANY TABLE ...OR MATCHING BASE

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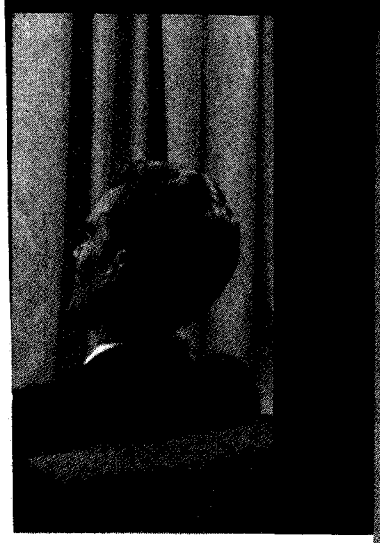
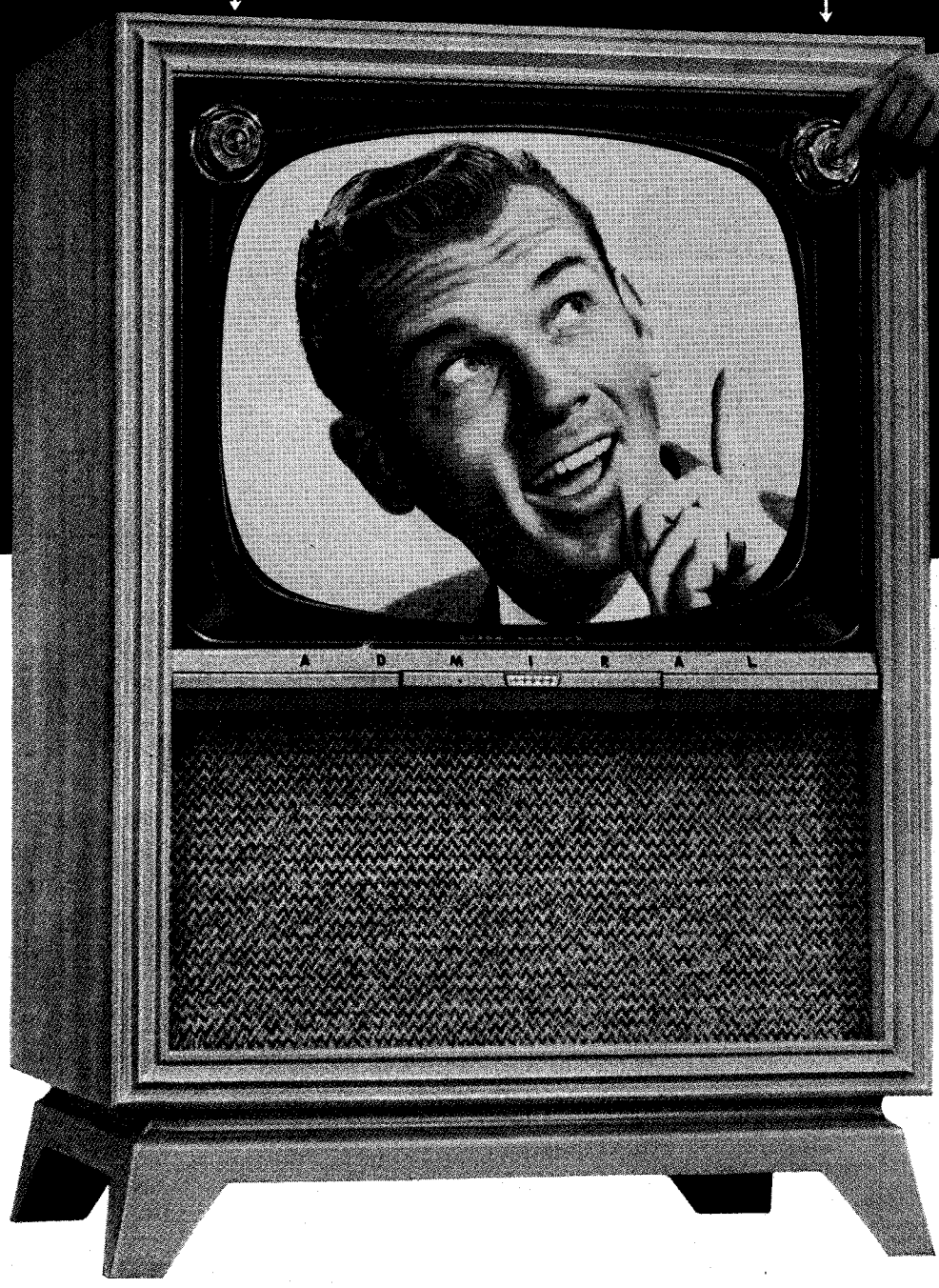
POWER TUNING

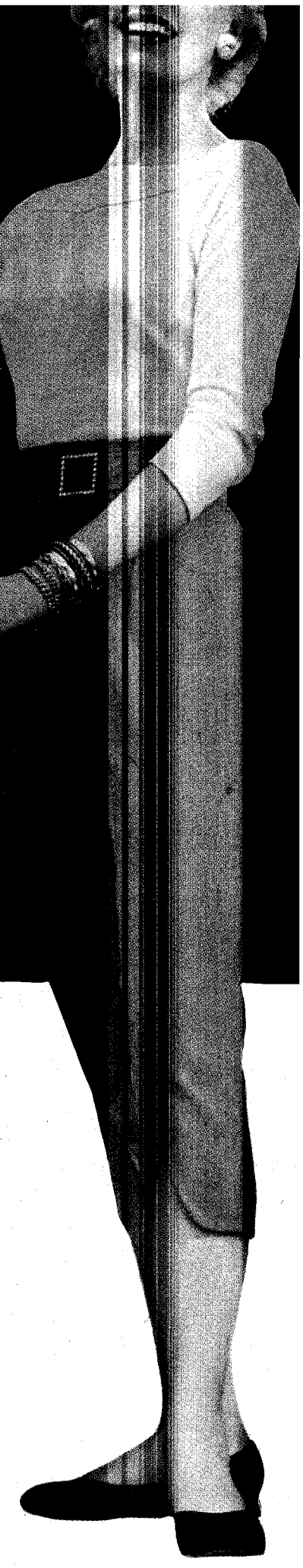
Full Fidelity Sound

Automatically!

E SET—TOUCH FOR ON OR OFF—TOUCH TO CHANGE STATIONS





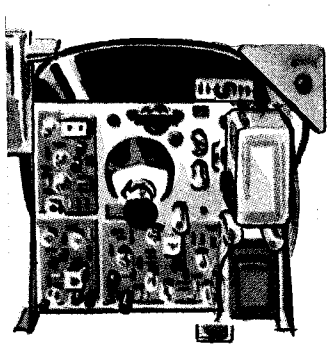


Mahogany Grained Finish

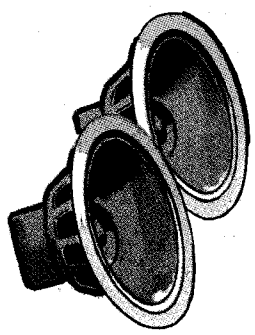
Blonde Oak Grained Finish

Genuine Maple Veneer

Genuine Sierra Veneer



Super Cascode Power Plant—twin triumph of Admiral pioneering in TV automation! *First* chassis to have over 75% of its circuits "printed" on efficient electronic panels...*first* to be assembled by exclusive Admiral automatic machines. These advanced methods eliminate many chances for error... result in unsurpassed quality and dependability of performance!



Dual-Speaker Full Fidelity 88 Sound System employs not just one, but two heavy-duty PM speakers to add a thrilling third dimension of realism to TV's most lifelike picture! In The Plaza series, the second speaker is housed in the optional Full Fidelity 88 matching consolette base.

On TV and Radio—*Bishop Fulton J. Sheen "Life is Worth Living." See local paper for time and station.*

Admiral®

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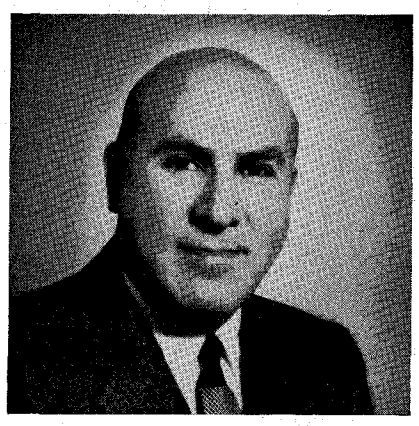
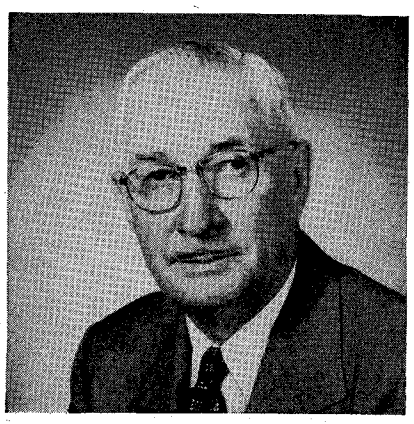
Now you can afford the home of your dreams!

WONDERFUL ACCEPTANCE—"When we decided to enlarge our Eastridge and Eastborough developments, we were already familiar with Gold Bond . . . familiar with the high quality of these products, and with the wonderful acceptance they get from home buyers. That's why we've standardized on Gold Bond."
JIM STRAUSS, Strauss Bros. Constr. Co., Lincoln, Nebr.

COMFORT . . . WITH BEAUTY—"When prospective home-buyers learn that the insulation in our Pinecrest Homes is Gold Bond Rock Wool, they know they'll get year 'round comfort. And they get beauty, too, because we finish our interiors with Gold Bond Velvet . . . the finest interior paint we've ever used."
J. BRAILEY ODHAM, Odham & Tudor, Inc., Sanford, Fla.

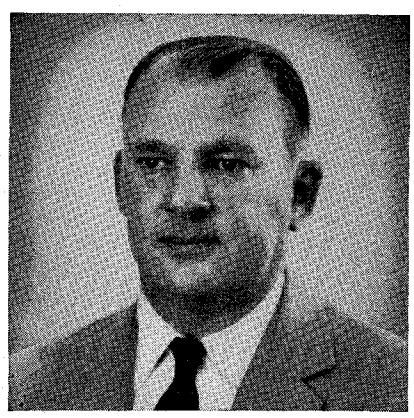


PRACTICAL—"When people stop dreaming about a house and start looking for one, they become very practical. In our new, 1,900-home Seaview Village development we give customers what they want: good design, careful workmanship and the finest building materials obtainable . . . Gold Bond."
HARRY WAXMAN, Waxman Bros., Brooklyn, N. Y.



CAREFUL—"Today's home buyers are careful. They take time to look over the layout of homes. They ask a lot of questions about maintenance. And, they ask about building products. We're glad when they do, because we can tell them: 'In our Brookfields development we used Gold Bond Products!' "
THOMAS R. EDWARDS, Edwards Co., Haddonfield, N. J.

THE BEST—"We employed outstanding architects to design our Westgate Sub-Division. And, we're using the best materials in building these homes . . . Gold Bond Products. Today's prospects are alert and value-conscious. The Gold Bond name means a great deal to them . . . and to us."
TOM LATTIE, Lattie-Smith Constr. Co., New Orleans, La.



SUBSTANTIAL—"A couple buying a house can't always tell if it's substantially built—but the men who work on it can. Our men like Gold Bond Products because Gold Bond helps us build houses we're proud of—substantial houses—like those in our Maplewood development at Fayetteville."
GEORGE A. SKINNER, Pine Tree Bldrs., N. Syracuse, N. Y.

Here's how little you have to put down ...how low the monthly payments are...

If you've had the feeling that a home of your own is beyond reach because of the down payment needed, look at the chart below. Note, for example, that you can buy a $10,000 home for only $900 down. If you're a veteran, you need only $200! Now look at the monthly payments. Chances are they're less than the rent you're paying.

Minimum down payment and monthly carrying charge for a home costing:	Federal Housing Administration Insured Loan 5%* 30 years		Veterans Administration Guaranteed Loan 4½% 30 years	
	Down Payment	Monthly Charge (Principal and Interest)	Down Payment	Monthly Charge (Principal and Interest)
$10,000	$900	$49.84	$200	$49.66
$15,000	$2,250	$69.83	$300	$74.49
$20,000	$3,600	$89.82	$400	$99.32

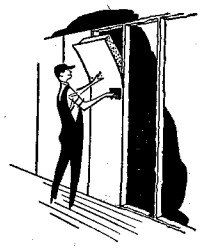
Amazing as these low terms are, there's an even bigger surprise waiting for you when you see the wonderful, comfortable life you'll lead in today's modern home. Bright, cheery kitchens, scientifically planned to save you steps. Spacious closets, and plenty of them. Extra baths that end morning traffic jams. Bedrooms with lots of wall space. And whatever style home you choose—from Cape Cod to split level—you'll find it easy to care for.

Builders everywhere—like those at the left—are putting more comfort, longer life and greater beauty in their homes with Gold Bond Building Products. Just look at the colorful Asbestos Siding Shingles in the photo. Handsome? Sure! But wonderfully practical, too. They *never* need painting for preservation. Gold Bond Rock Wool Insulation in the sidewalls keeps homes warmer in winter, saves on fuel bills, makes rooms up to 15° cooler in summer. And you'll like the strong, sturdy walls of Lath and Plaster or Gypsum Wallboard—especially when they're beautifully decorated with Gold Bond Velvet—the washable Latex Paint.

The house you've been waiting for is ready right now. Make a date today with the local builder who uses Gold Bond Products!

* 4½% interest plus ½% mortgage insurance.

THE BEST BUILDING



Gold Bond Rock Wool Insulation saves money, adds comfort. It keeps winter heat in, summer heat out. New Gold Bond Twin-sulation is the finest insulation that money can buy.

Gold Bond Gypsum Wallboard, made lighter and stronger by years of research, builds smooth, sturdy, seamless walls that can be painted or textured or wallpapered.

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BUILD BETTER WITH

Gold Bond®

BUILDING PRODUCTS

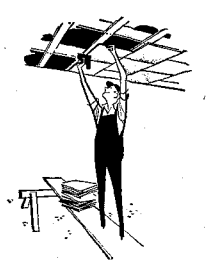
National Gypsum Company

Buffalo 2, New York

RODUCTS WEAR THESE GOLD BOND STRIPES

Gold Bond Plaster, applied over Gold Bond Metal or Gypsum Lath, makes smooth, strong walls that are fire-safe, last a lifetime. And the high quality never varies!

New Gold Bond Velvet makes painting easier than ever before. Made with latex, it glides on with brush or roller . . . has a rich, velvet finish that won't crack, chip or peel.



Gold Bond Insulation Board products, made from "live" Southern Pine fibres . . . insulate, soak up noise. Ceiling Tiles and Wall Planks are prefinished in Ivory and pleasing pastels.

Gold Bond Asbestos Shingles give your house "lifetime beauty." Fireproof, never need paint for preservation. Colors are protected by the exclusive "Surfaseal" finish.

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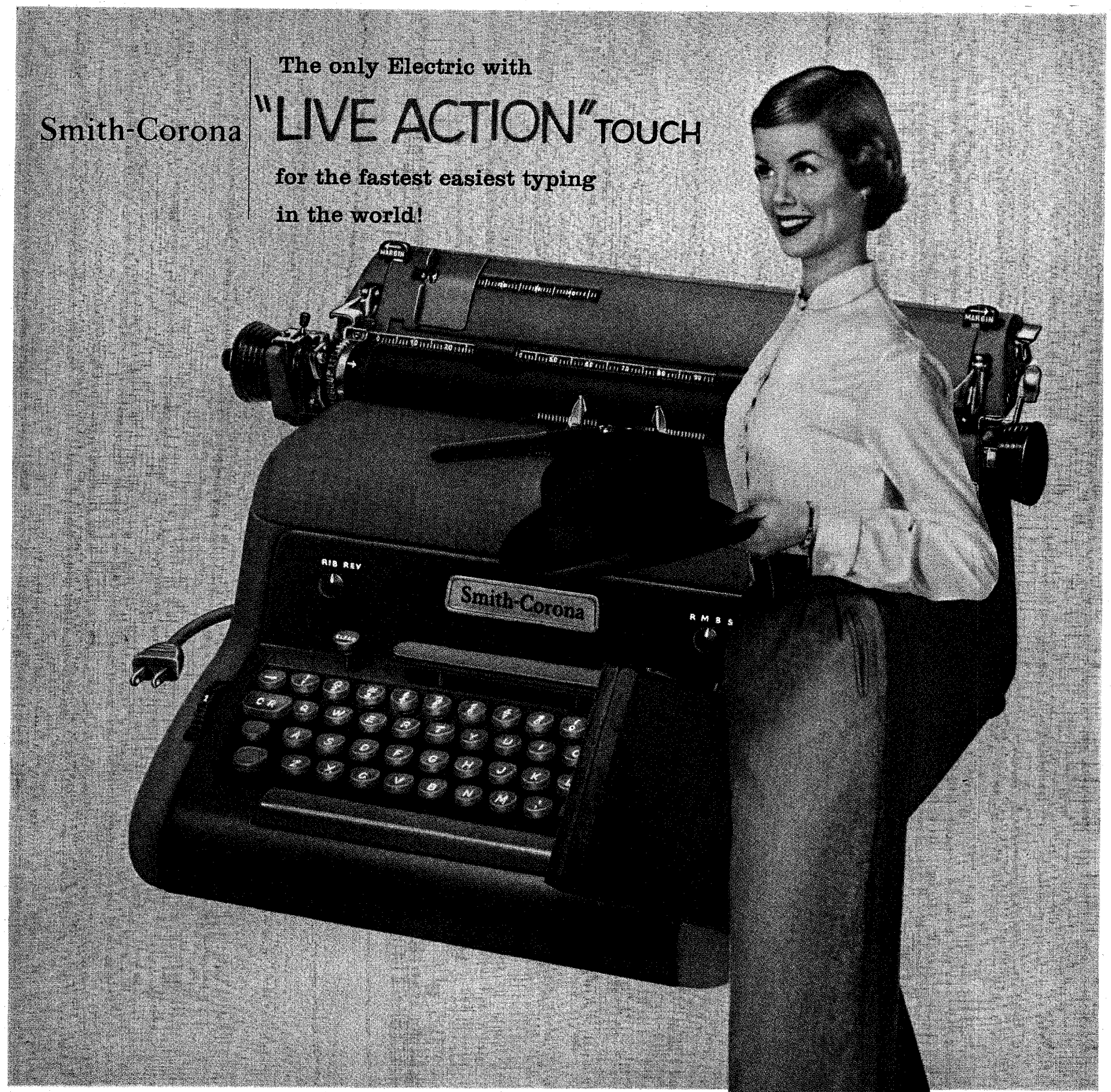
Smith-Corona

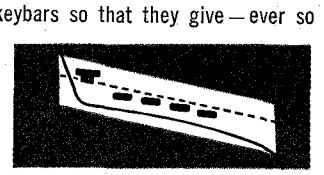
The only Electric with

"LIVE ACTION" TOUCH

for the fastest easiest typing in the world!



Gone is the "dead" feel, the "touchy" temperament of so many electric typewriters. Smith-Corona engineers have succeeded in breathing life into the electric. How? By cushioning the keybars so that they give — ever so gently — even if you thud the keys. Note, too, that both keyboard and keytops are scientifically slanted to fit the natural movement of the fingers for easy, effortless touch . . . with no steps to climb. The result is a "Live Action" Touch. That's just one of the reasons it's easier — much easier to type on a Smith-Corona, the world's fastest electric typewriter. Phone today for a revealing ten-minute demonstration.



Smith-Corona ELECTRIC

Smith-Corona Inc Syracuse 1 N Y Branch Office or Full Line Dealers in All Principal Cities

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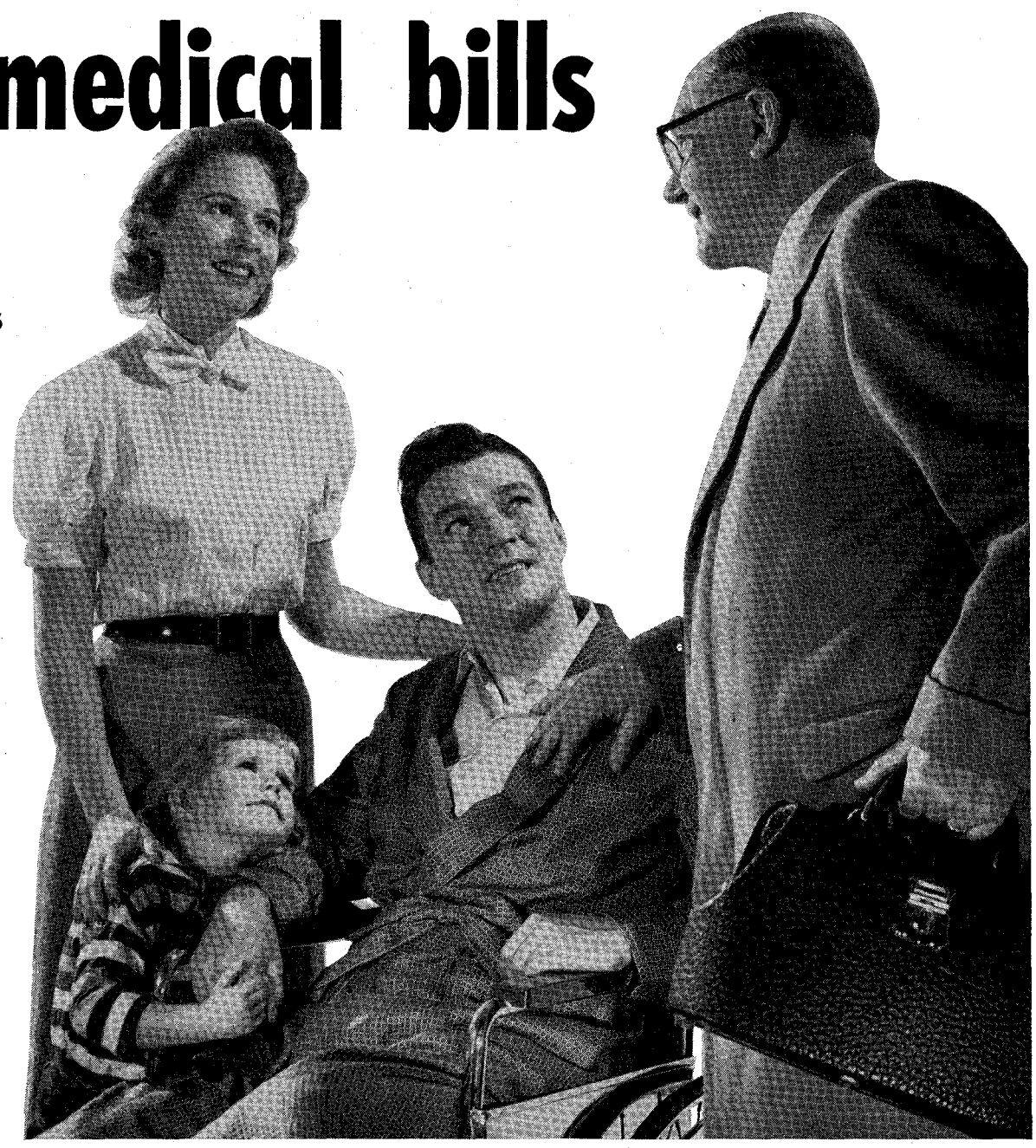
New Hartford low-cost plan ends worry about really big medical bills



Protects you against medical expenses above $300—pays up to $5,000 for each member of your family

Plans are also offered with maximum benefits of $7,500 and $10,000.

Never before has there been a plan with so many advantages! New Major Medical Expense Insurance—*by Hartford.*

Think of it—protection specifically designed to come to your rescue when your medical expenses threaten to get out of hand!

This Hartford policy starts to pay 75% of the bills when you would otherwise have to *worry* about where the money is coming from to meet them. How much better than worrying—to *plan!* To decide now what your "worry level" is—and to act on your decision!

Would you worry if medical expenses of a sickness or injury pushed beyond $300 in a year? Or $500? Or $750? Then get a Hartford Major Medical policy. Let it take over 75% of your expense beyond *your* worry level.

Hartford has a number of plans for you to choose from. One to suit the needs of practically every individual and family group. You simply select the plan that's right for you.[1] And then we provide $5,000 protection—or more, if you choose[2]—for you and each member of your family.

[1]What is covered—and what is not—can only be exactly described in the policy itself. Your Hartford Agent will be glad to go over these points in detail with you. Or he will furnish a Specimen Policy for your own review. Simply mark the box in the coupon below.

[2]Policies having a $5,000 maximum benefit are subject to a deductible amount of $300, $500 or $750, at your option. $7,500 maximum benefit policies can have either a $500 or $750 deductible; $10,000 maximum benefit policies, a $750 deductible.

Many advantages. Of course, you'll want to know about every feature of Hartford's Major Medical Expense Insurance. It has *many*. For example, rates are especially low for younger people. Hospital confinement is *not* required. Normally healthy people are eligible *without* a medical examination. Benefits up to the policy maximum ($5,000 or more) apply to *each* accident and *each* unrelated illness. And the policy pays you *in addition* to other insurance benefits you may receive (except Workmen's Compensation).

Do this today. All these features—and many others—are fully explained in a folder we'll be happy to send you. Write for it now. And then decide which Hartford Major Medical Expense insurance plan will best give you and your dependents the peace-of-mind protection you *want*—and the help you *need* in meeting big medical bills!

Year in and year out you'll do well with the

Hartford

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company
Citizens Insurance Company of New Jersey . . . *Hartford 15, Connecticut*
New York Underwriters Insurance Company . . . *New York 38, New York*
Northwestern Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Twin City Fire Insurance Company . . . *Minneapolis 2, Minnesota*

FREE FOLDER—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW! *No obligation*

Hartford's New Major Medical Expense Insurance fully explained

Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford 15, Conn. **Dept. S**

Yes, I want to find out exactly how Hartford's new Major Medical Expense Insurance ends worry about really big medical bills. Without obligating me, please send your folder.

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Check here if you'd like to receive a Specimen Policy for review ☐

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FOR FASTER, EASIER, MORE PROFITABLE WOODCUTTING:

Try the FLOATING POWER of the NEW HOMELITE

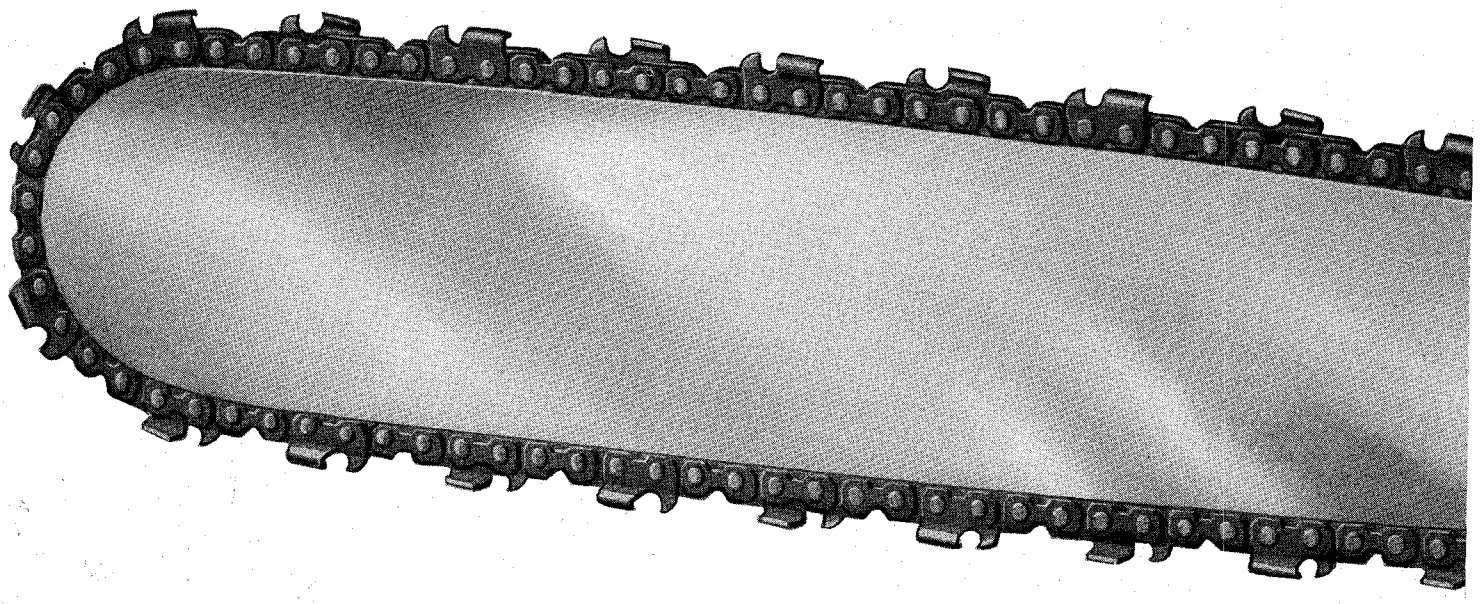
You'll feel the floating power of the new Homelite EZ direct-drive chain saw the instant the chain bites into the wood . . . a floating power that cuts in any position and does it with so much less effort on your part.

You'll feel the faster cutting speed as soon as you trigger its quick-starting 5 horsepower engine . . . prove it as the EZ zips through 8″ Oak in 5 seconds and 18″ Pine in 14 seconds. With a choice of 17″, 21″, and 25″ bars you can handle any tree up to 3 feet in diameter.

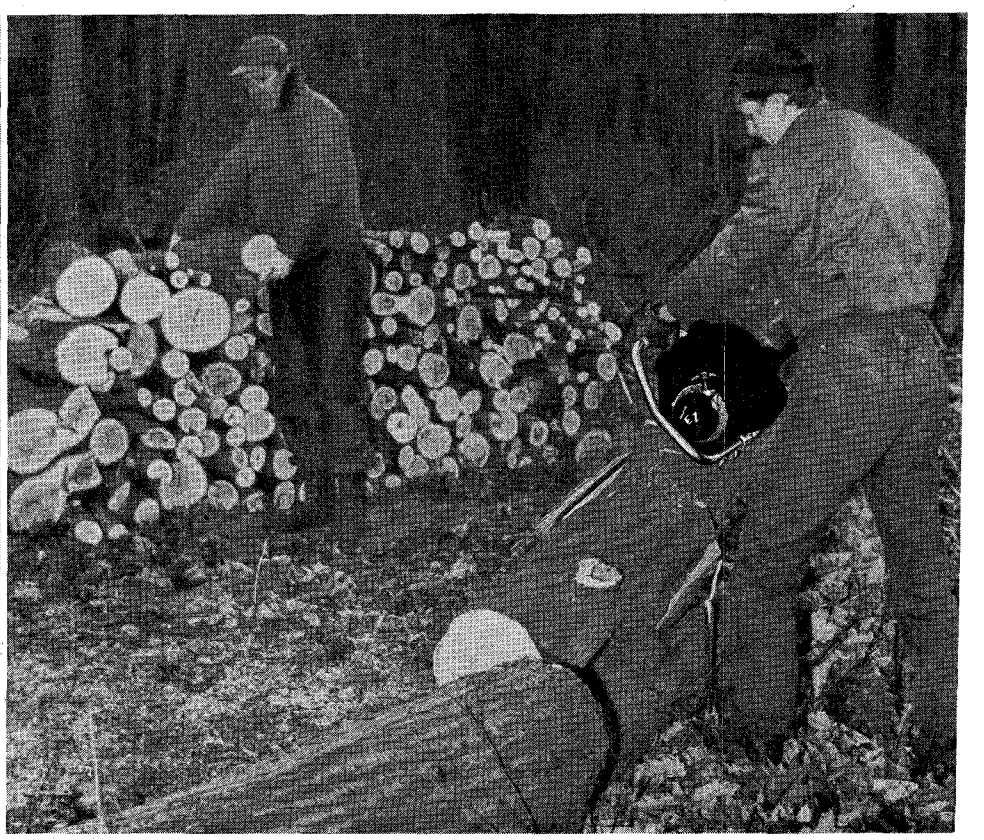
You'll feel the lightness of its easy-to-handle 19 pounds, whether you're felling trees or cutting cordwood . . . *much* lighter than any other 5 horsepower chain saw!

You'll feel the new low cost in your budget, not just a low first cost, but low maintenance and operating costs as well.

See it! Feel it! . . . Try the floating power of the new Homelite EZ, the chain saw that makes it easier than ever to cut more wood, more profitably. Ask your Homelite dealer for a free demonstration.



BUY ON EASY TIME-PAYMENT PLAN!



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EZ Direct-drive Chain Saw

Full 5 Horsepower
Only 19 Pounds
New Low Cost

Win a HOMELITE EZ
Free!

24 Homelite EZ chain saws given away each month! Nothing to buy! Nothing to write! No obligation. Just ask your Homelite dealer how you can win. See him today!

A Complete Line of Chain Saws for every cutting job

HOMELITE

4403 RIVERDALE AVE., PORT CHESTER, NEW YORK

A Division of TEXTRON AMERICAN, INC.

MANUFACTURERS OF CARRYABLE CHAIN SAWS • PUMPS • GENERATORS • BLOWERS

In Canada: Terry Machinery Co., Ltd. — Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, Ottawa, Edmonton, Moncton

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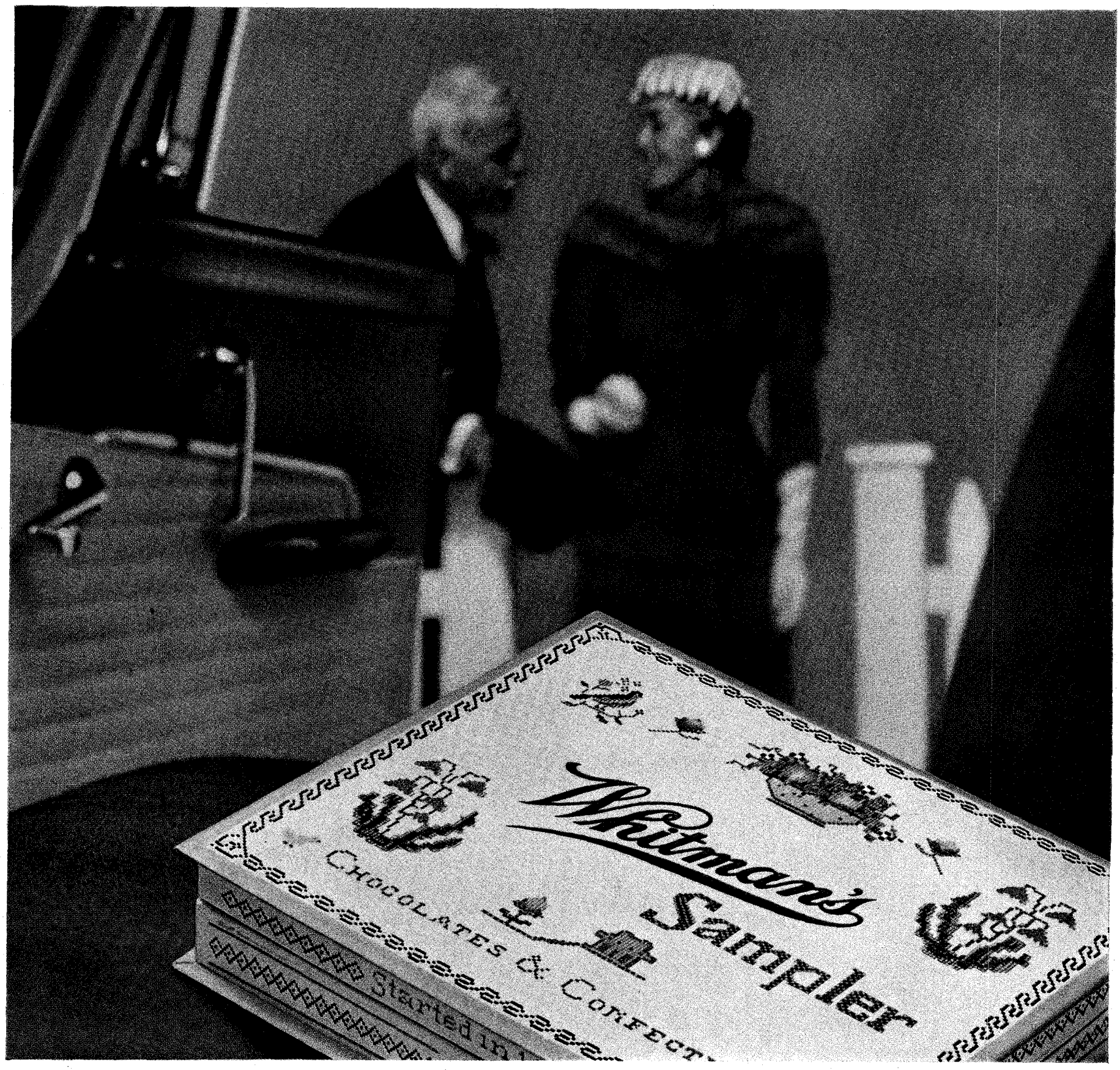

Who says men don't understand women !

Whitman knows better!

Because it's the men who buy the Sampler at the first hint of Spring. And they don't buy this famous box of chocolates to take on a fishing trip!

They buy the Sampler to give away to the ladies—their sweethearts, wives, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, daughters and their daughters' daughters.

They know the Sampler makes the most welcome Easter present—coming or going! $2, $4, $6 and $10.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

Easter basket bag with one-pound Sampler, $5.95

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

the perfect gift for Easter, April 1st

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

"Your father and your mother are divorced, that's all. When a man and woman are divorced — well, they don't live together any more."

THE POST OFFERS, PRIOR TO BOOK PUBLICATION,
ONE OF THE MOST ENGAGING NOVELS OF THE YEAR . . .

I Love You, Mama Girl

By the celebrated, unpredictable
WILLIAM SAROYAN

Author of The Time of Your Life, The Human Comedy

Beginning on the next page →

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Mama Girl came out of the bath with just the stuff on to hide a big girl a little, and she said, "What time is it now?"

"Eight," I said.

"Ten minutes to?"

"No, just eight."

"Which clock?"

"All clocks. It's eight and you're late, but have you ever been on time?"

"I wasn't late when I had you."

"I was the one who wasn't late. You were just there."

"I know all about it," Mama Girl said, "and take my word for it, I was the one who wasn't late."

"Well, then, neither was I."

That's my birth, when Mama Girl and I first met and began to be friends. We've been friends ever since, but we have at least one big fight every day. We always make up, though. We live in the same place and go around together, except when it's something for big girls only, and then Mama Girl goes and I stay, sometimes with a sitter, sometimes with Mother Viola, who is the mother of eleven grown-up boys and girls and comes to our house on weekends to cook and clean and look at TV.

I was waiting for Mama Girl in her bedroom to watch her dress, because she knows how. She is the best dresser I ever saw. Mama Girl is pink all over, she has red hair, and she knows all about dressing. First you take a bath in a tub, then you put powder all over, then you make up, and then you get dressed. When you've done everything, you look like a big girl. I could do it myself, but I'm still straight up and down everywhere, and very hard instead of soft. I'm nine years old. I weigh sixty pounds, and Mama Girl weighs a hundred and twenty. Mama Girl is thirty-three, but she gets angry if I say so.

"I'm twenty-two, and you know it," she says.

"If you're twenty-two," I say, "then I'm not born yet, because you were twenty-four when I was born. You said so yourself."

"I was lying," Mama Girl says. "I didn't want to tell you I was thirteen when I had you, that's all."

"That's a big fat one," I say, and Mama Girl says, "You've seen a lot of women who *are* thirty-three—well, do I look like them?"

Well, of course she doesn't. She doesn't look like *anybody* else, and she herself is different every week, after she gets back from the beauty parlor.

Mama Girl lighted a cigarette and sat on her bed with the red velvet spread on it. She looked at me and smiled and inhaled and exhaled, and then just sat there.

"You better hurry," I said.

"No, I'm an hour late already. It'll take me half an hour to drive there, so I might as well take my time and be *real* late instead of a little."

"O.K."

"What's Mother Viola cooked for your supper?"

"She's not here."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know. She hasn't come yet."

"Oh, no," Mama Girl said. "She can't do that. She knows I'm counting on her. I told her to be sure and be here at seven sharp."

Mama Girl picked up the telephone with the thirty-foot cord. She dialed Mother Viola and waited, but nobody answered.

She picked up the telephone again and began to dial quickly. After a moment, she began to talk in a very special kind of voice—about airplanes and schedules—and not tomorrow, *tonight*—any time tonight! I could tell that the man she was speaking to didn't know about tonight, but finally he did. She hung up and then quickly dialed again.

"Clara," she said, "I can't make it. I'm terribly sorry. Something's come up. I'm flying to New York tonight. Yes, tonight. It's an emergency. Oh, I don't know for how long. Maybe for a month, maybe for longer, maybe for less."

Mama Girl hung up and began to run around finding suitcases and hollering at me to do this and do that—check the stove, the refrigerator, the back door, the other doors—and get some clothes and a toothbrush.

That's how Mama Girl and I flew to New York, instead of Mama Girl going to another party and me staying home with Mother Viola.

Mama Girl is an actress, and that's why we flew to New York. That's where the real theater is. On the airplane Mama Girl said, "I've got to get a good part in a good play because I'm not getting any younger. The new season is just starting and I've got to be there to get a good part. I've been studying very hard and I know I'm ready now; not like last year, when I went to New York alone and you stayed home with Auntie Bess two whole months, and I read and read, but didn't get one part, because I wasn't ready. But now I am, and that's why I'm taking you with me instead of asking Auntie Bess to come and stay with you again, because this time I know I'm going to get my chance and be a big success, and when I am, I'm going to buy you a lot of new clothes and anything else you want, so you just go to sleep."

But I was too excited to go to sleep. The airplane was shaking all the time and making the noise they always make, and the people were moving up and down the aisle on their way back and forth.

"Suppose you don't *get* your chance?" I said.

"I wish you wouldn't ask questions like that. I've got to get my chance this time or it'll be just too late."

"Too late for what?"

"To be a great actress."

"Aren't you now?"

"I am, but I haven't been in a play. I've done a little TV work, but that doesn't count. Silly parts. Silly stories, silly plays, silly directors. I'm sick of TV. I've got to be in the real theater."

"Why?"

"To be famous."

"Aren't you famous now?"

"Not quite. I'm the most beautiful girl at every party, I meet all the producers and directors and writers and actors, but nobody jumps up and says he's got to have me in his play—nobody. I'm sick and tired of it. I've got to get my chance this time. And you've got to *believe* that I will because I'll get lucky if you believe."

(Continued on Page 85)

A very tall lady said if I would help her with her packages, she would ask me in to tea.

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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The doctor took Mama Girl's wrist. He held it. He was tall and well-built and handsome.

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I Found Russia Changed

A former diplomatic official reports for the Post from the Soviet: The new class distinctions in the "classless" state, the endless boasting, the thing Russians fear most.

First of three articles *By CHARLES W. THAYER*

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Twenty-odd years ago, when I crossed the Soviet frontier from Poland, a squad of frightened little customs officials ransacked my baggage and even tore my portable radio apart, looking for weapons which some counterrevolutionary might use to bump off Stalin. A few weeks ago, when the Warsaw-Moscow Express pulled into the frontier control point at Brest, a customs inspector poked his head into my compartment, looked fleetingly at my baggage and departed—obviously unconcerned about any possible H-bombs I might be carrying. A moment later a young man in a heavy overcoat and a new felt hat—far more respectable than my own—introduced himself as a correspondent of Radio Moscow. Shoving a microphone under my nose, he asked if I would give him an interview.

What has made the once-frightened customs officials so cocksure? What gave the radioman the nerve to interview an unknown American over Radio Moscow? Two months of constant travel and endless listening to Russian men, women and children talking have provided one clear answer to that question. The little Russians have given up any dreams of throwing out the Bolshevik masters and have resigned themselves to the Soviet regime. In their turn, the Kremlin rulers have overcome their pathological fear of counterrevolution and have called a halt to the paralyzing police terror which made their slaves' existence a living hell. In the '30's "counterrevolution" was a household word in the Soviet Union. During my present visit I haven't heard it a single time.

Many other things have changed, too, since my last stay in the Soviet Union. But in one respect, I quickly learned, the Russians are the same as ever—when they travel, they talk. As I crisscrossed the country for almost 10,000 miles, from Samarkand in Central Asia to Leningrad on the Baltic, I traveled wherever possible by bus and second- and third-class coach. Everywhere I went I talked to scores of bank clerks, nurses, athletic instructors, theater directors, engineers and even an atomic scientist. Some were low-paid workers or collective farmers; some well-heeled managers and scientists. But in one respect they were all

About the Author

Charles W. Thayer, a specialist on Soviet affairs since he graduated from West Point in 1933, served seven years as a diplomat in the Soviet Union—probably longer than any other American except for our present ambassador, Charles E. Bohlen, who is Mr. Thayer's brother-in-law. In addition, Mr. Thayer has served many years in capitals on the Soviet periphery in Europe, the Middle East and Asia.

After resigning from the Foreign Service in 1953, Mr. Thayer has continued to follow Soviet developments from his present home in Munich, Germany. He is the author of two books on Russia and the Russians—Bears in the Caviar and Hands Across the Caviar.

This series was written after a two-month tour of the Soviet Union, on assignment from The Saturday Evening Post. It took the author from the Gulf of Finland to the heart of Central Asia. The first article describes a tour to the Black Sea and Transcaucasia, retracing Mr. Thayer's first Soviet journey in 1934—he served in Russia from 1933 through 1937, and from 1940 through 1942. It deals with the many changes that have taken place during these twenty-odd years, not only in the Soviet scene but in the people of Russia. Because Mr. Thayer speaks Russian fluently and knows so much about what goes on behind the scenes in the U.S.S.R., we believe this series is a genuine contribution to knowledge as well as a lively story.

THE EDITORS

In Sochi (left), the author found palatial sanatoria serving as "mass holiday factories" for workers. In rural areas (right), he observed that farm incomes were "pitifully low," but "significantly better . . . since Stalin's death."

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the same: They were the run-of-the-country Russians who obey—not the big shots who give the orders. They all stood on the same side of the high wall separating "we, the people" and "they, the masters."

The Molotovs and Khrushchevs were of less interest to me. Their views have been published in endless, boring speeches and declarations. Indeed, when I met Prime Minister Bulganin at a Moscow reception we talked of fishing: I favored fly-fishing, but he preferred worms.

The Warsaw-Moscow Express had hardly pulled away from the frontier when my Russian traveling companions started talking. In the clean and well-stocked diner I shared a table with an electrical engineer and his assistant. After exchanging comments on the weather, the menu and the high price of vodka, the engineer turned on me with a puzzled look: "But your accent is not Muscovite," he said; "you must be an Odessa Jew."

I denied it, but said I was flattered that my Russian was good enough to be taken for that of an Odessan.

"Not at all," he protested. "Odessa Jews speak dreadful Russian."

Later, after asking cautiously whether I had a compartment to myself, he and his assistant joined me there. Until two in the morning we talked about conditions in Russia and abroad. The engineer told me how much more there was to buy in the stores—though prices, he admitted, were still too high. He told me how much he earned—2000 rubles a month, which is $500 at the official rate, but closer to $200 in purchasing power. He told me how much he paid for his suit—$300. He boasted of his leather shoes and dark green felt hat. He and his assistant asked endless questions about America: "How much do you earn?" "What does an electrical engineer make?" "How much does a car cost?" In fact, most of the talk turned on one subject: money and what it can buy.

Eventually I steered the conversation to the once-forbidden topic, the police.

"Ever since Beria was shot we've been more relaxed," the engineer said. "We can criticize our superiors more freely, and when we are criticized it doesn't mean we'll be liquidated."

The police, he said, are now forbidden to act on anonymous denunciations. If someone wants to snitch on his neighbor, he must sign his name to his charges. And if he can't prove them, he can be tried for libel. "Of course, there are still some policemen who don't follow the new rules," he admitted, "but they'll learn—like Beria."

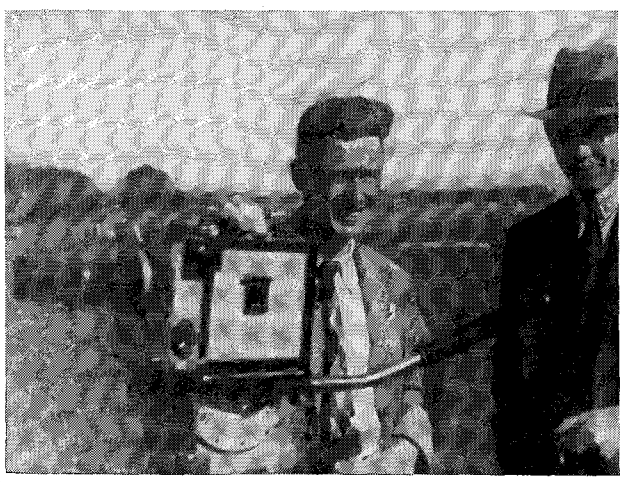
To prove his point he added, "You can see for yourself we're not afraid to talk to foreigners—even Americans." But his self-confidence got a slight jolt a few minutes later, when the train lurched, throwing open the compartment door.

The engineer turned in a panic to his assistant. "Lock that door!" he snapped.

By the time I got to Moscow I began to have a vague inkling of why the Russian people have accommodated themselves to the despotic regime, why they have abandoned hopes of another system and adjusted themselves to the dreary life the Kremlin has set for them. It was not because they are living well—on the contrary, their standard of living is appallingly low compared to ours. It was because this year things seem better than last, and next year promises to be better (Continued on Page 52)

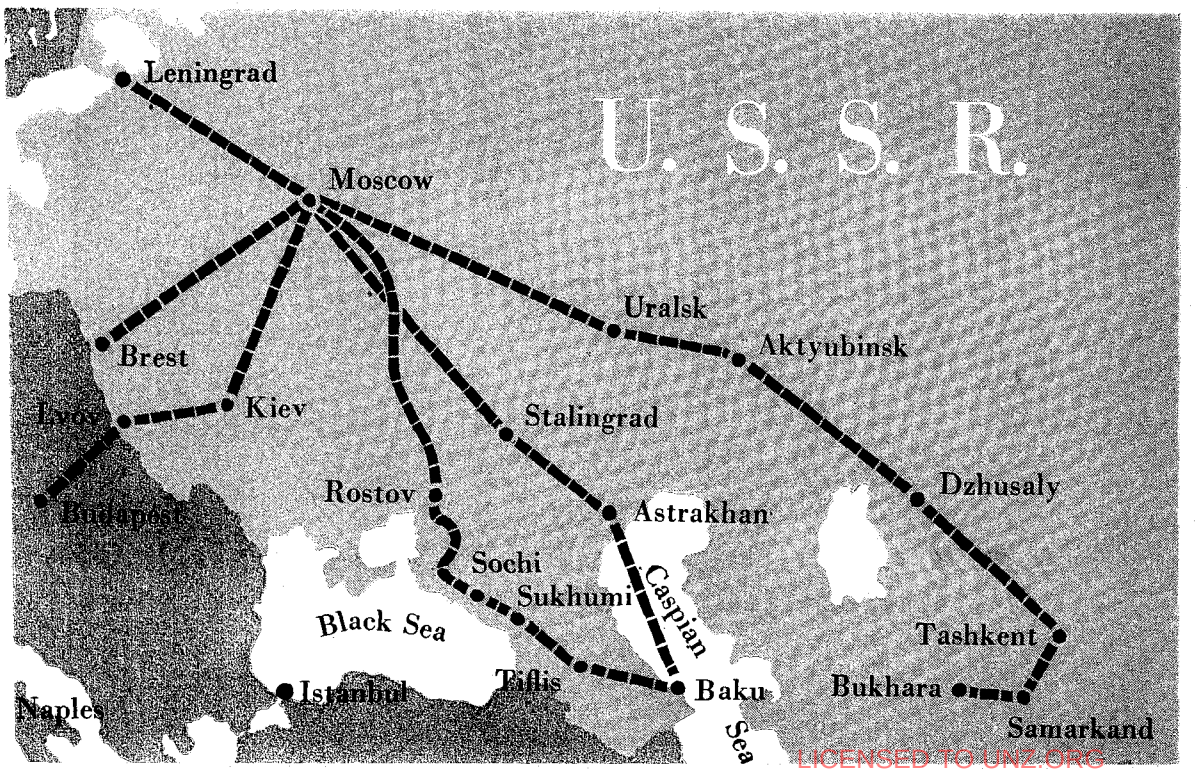
Young Thayer in a Cossack costume purchased by his father on a 1914 business trip to Russia.

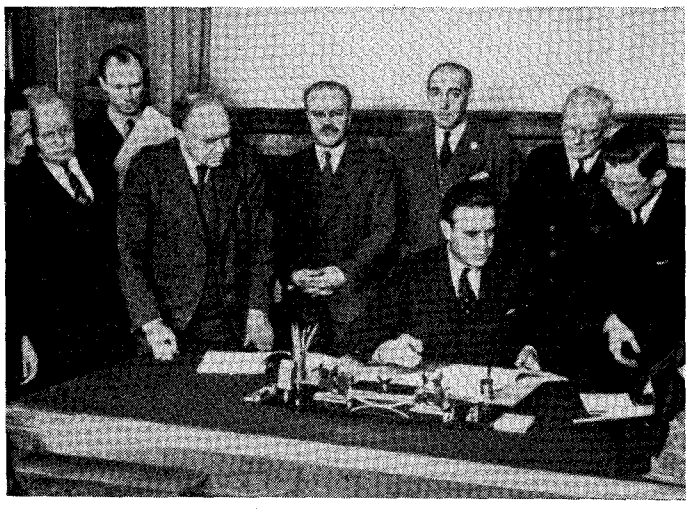
Russia, 1936: Daughters of the French ambassador with Thayer and fellow-diplomat Elbridge Durbrow (right).



This Muscovite photographer, shown chummily with the author in '34, was afraid to be seen with him last year. Thayer discovered that Moscow now has "a special Iron Curtain of its own."

For this report, Thayer traveled by bus and second- or third-class coach, over the routes shown below.





Thayer (right) with Presidential emissary W. Averell Harriman (seated) in a 1941 lend-lease conference in Moscow. Behind them: Russia's Litvinov, Britain's John Russell and Lord Beaverbrook, Russia's Molotov, U. S. Ambassador Steinhardt and Admiral Standley.

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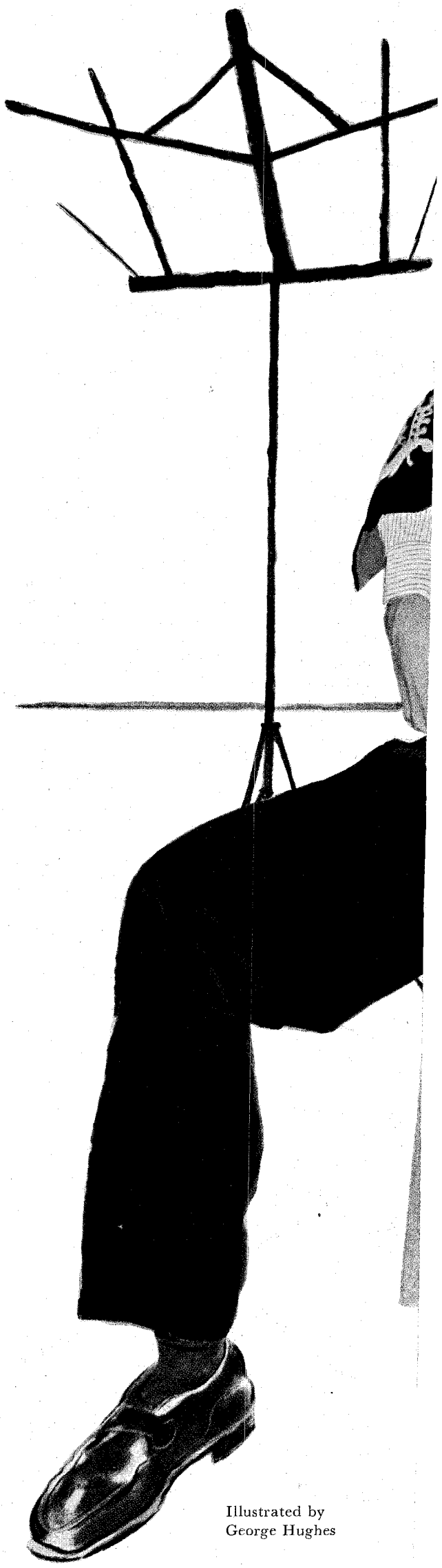
Go out with dames? Not Bert. He was

The Boy Who Hated Girls

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.



George M. Helmholtz, head of the music department and director of the band of Lincoln High School, could sound like any musical instrument. He could shriek like a clarinet, mumble like a trombone, bawl like a trumpet. He could swell his big belly and roar like a sousaphone; he could purse his lips sweetly, close his eyes, and whistle like a piccolo.

At eight o'clock one Wednesday night, he was marching around the band-rehearsal room at the school, shrieking, mumbling, bawling, roaring and whistling Semper Fidelis.

It was easy for Helmholtz to do. For almost half his forty years, he'd been forming bands from the river of boys that flowed through the school. He'd sung along with them all. He'd sung so long and wished so hard for his bands, that he dealt with life in terms of them alone.

Marching beside the lusty, pink bandmaster, his face white with awe and concentration, was a gangling, sixteen-year-old named Bert. He had a big nose, and circles under his eyes. Bert marched flappingly, like a mother flamingo pretending to be injured, luring alligators from her nest.

"*Rump-yump, tiddle-tiddle, rump-yump, burdle-burdle,*" sang Helmholtz. "Left, right, *left*, Bert! El-bows *in*, Bert! Eyes off *feet*, Bert! Keep on *line*, Bert! Don't turn *head*, Bert! Left, right, *left*, Bert! Halt—one, *two!*"

Helmholtz smiled at Bert queasily. "I think maybe there was some improvement there."

Bert nodded. "It's sure been a help to practice with you, Mr. Helmholtz." His voice was reedy, apologetic.

"As long as you're willing to work at it, so am I," said Helmholtz gamely. He was bewildered by the change that had come over Bert in the past week. Bert had seemed to lose two years, to become what he'd been in his freshman year: awkward, cowering, lonely, dull.

"Bert," said Helmholtz, "are you sure you haven't had any injury, any sickness recently?" He knew Bert well, had given him trumpet lessons for two years. He had watched Bert grow into a proud, straight figure. The sudden collapse of the boy's spirits and co-ordination was beyond belief.

Childishly, Bert puffed out his cheeks as he thought hard. It was a mannerism Helmholtz had talked him out of long ago. Now he was doing it again. Bert let out the air. "Nope," he said.

"I've taught a thousand boys to march," said Helmholtz, "and you're the first one who ever forgot." The thousand passed in review in Helmholtz's mind—ranks stretching to infinity, straight as sunbeams. "Maybe we ought to talk this over with the school nurse," said Helmholtz. A cheerful thought struck him. "Unless this is girl trouble."

Bert raised one foot, then the other. "Nope," he said. "No trouble like that."

"Pretty little thing," said Helmholtz.

"Who?" said Bert.

"That dewy little pink tulip I see you walking home with," said Helmholtz.

Bert curled his lip. "Ah-h-h-h—her," he said. "Charlotte."

"Charlotte isn't much good?" said Helmholtz.

"I dunno. I guess she's all right. I suppose she's O.K. I haven't got anything against her. I dunno." The subject plainly bored him.

Helmholtz shook Bert gently, as though hoping to jiggle (Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by George Hughes

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"Hi, Bert," said Charlotte, brightly. "Hi.
How are you?" he replied, not looking at her.

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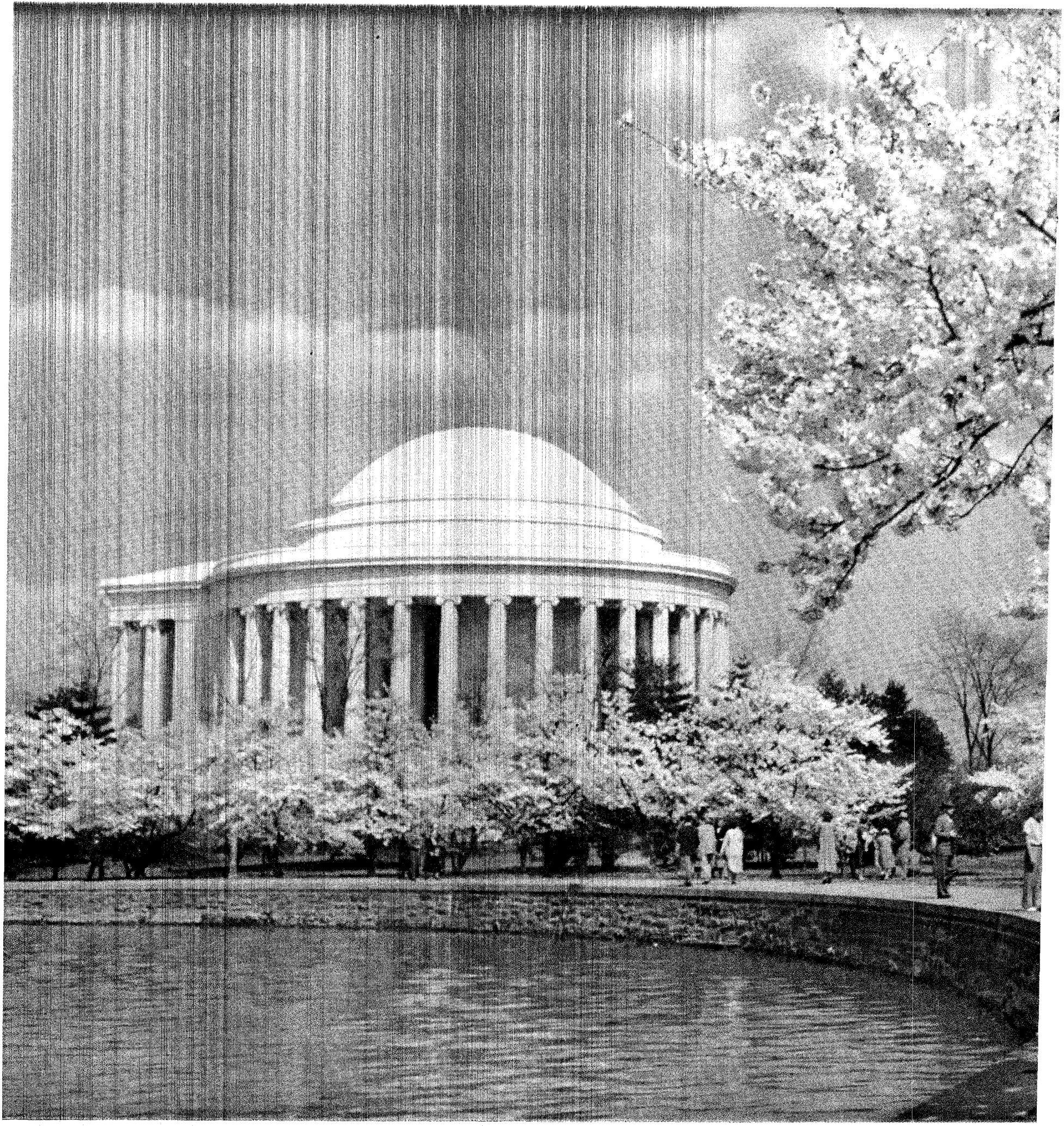

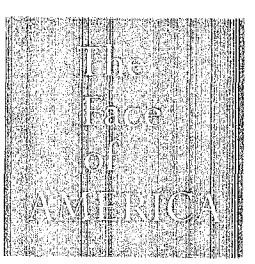

Cherry-Blossom Time

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Once again spring comes up from the south, and cherry trees blush at her velvety kiss. The Japanese cherries massed in Washington's Potomac Park also symbolize man's hope of peace, for these were given in friendship by the City of Tokyo. The transplanting was not easy. First, scions from several types of flowering trees were propagated at the Okitsu Imperial Horticultural Experimental Station, a painstaking job begun in 1910. All were then grafted on wild cherry root stock. In March, 1912, a thousand saplings reached Washington. Six hundred single-flowering Yoshino cherries were planted around the Tidal Basin, now overlooked by the Jefferson Memorial. The rest were double-flowering types—Fugenzo,' Fukurokugu and Kwanzon—and were set out along the Park's curving drives. The Yoshinos bloom in late March or early April, depending on the weather, and the other varieties follow. When the Kwanzons' pink glory finally fades to white, the show is over . . . until next year. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri.

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"You may be a bum," she said, "but you're my bum."

Jerry didn't mind being called names—not by Marianne.

So I'm a Bum

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

In the world of amateur tennis, where occasionally it is possible to reach the quarter-finals on inbreeding alone, Jerry Shaw was regarded as something of a curio. He liked to say that his dim standing with the tennis fathers dated back to 1951 at Forest Hills, when he introduced a portable radio to the locker room during the National Singles so that he could follow the fortunes of the New York Giants, who then were in the process of winning sixteen straight. Inasmuch as Jerry Shaw was simultaneously in the process of losing sixteen straight, this action had a somewhat memorable effect on some of the tournament officials, but, in truth, they had not been particularly nice to him before that, either. His backhand was a little weak, and he worked for a living, and there were certain other flaws in his character too.

Jerry Shaw had learned his tennis on the public courts of New York City, where referees did not wear straw hats, roll their *r*'s or, in fact, even exist. Even after he got accustomed to referees, Jerry Shaw could not bring himself to call them by their proper title, which was umpire. To him, the concept of an umpire could be equated only by a foghorn voice, blue serge suit, and balls-and-strikes indicator.

The only reason that he played tennis was, in awful simplicity, that he was good at it. Even that did not get him too far, because he could afford to play only during the summer months, and by that time the big boys, home from Paris and Wimbledon, could take him apart and make his teeth shake.

Nevertheless, Jerry Shaw enjoyed the competition, won his small share, and boasted a certain nuisance value which stayed tournament officials from refusing his entry blank. In 1954, directly after a fine collegian named Horace Gately had been named to the Davis Cup squad, Shaw had ascended new heights and defeated Gately at Forest Hills, *6–2, 6–1, 6–0*. To repeat, Jerry Shaw did not win too often, but when he won, he won, as any umpire worth his straw hat would have to confess.

Now the sun was shining in candid intensity, the Tom Collinses clinked and evaporated under the umbrella-shaded tables, and Jerry Shaw came marching forth to get his head handed to him by Wilson Lord, the hottest player in the country. It was a one-shot guest appearance at the Long Island Saddle and Net Club, a sporting institution whose requirements for membership included a six-figure income and a genteel hatred for golf. (Continued on Page 106)

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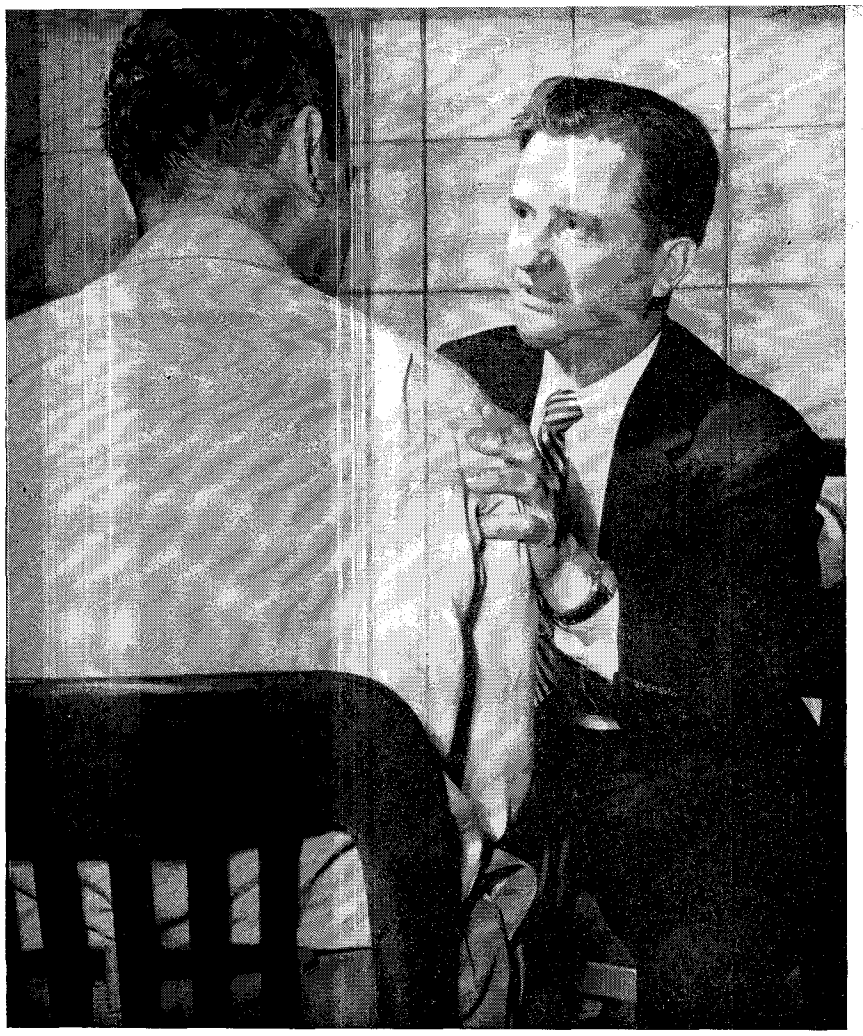

In order to "get next" to a suspect, Inbau (right) sits at close range and looks him squarely in the face. He is called in on cases only after local authorities adjudge them hopeless.

Mildred Hallmark (left) was slain by Jerry Thompson (far right). Inbau won the sex criminal's confidence by agreeing that Thompson "hadn't meant to kill."

How to Make a Killer Confess

Fred Inbau never threatens or uses the third degree—he just wrings confessions from murderers, rapists and thugs with friendly, heart-to-heart chats.

By John Lewellen

Guy Talmadge (right), of Oregon, Ill., confessed to killing his wife (left) after Inbau sympathized, "Your wife has been nagging at you. I know how you feel."

Early one evening last May, Prof. Fred E. Inbau, of the Northwestern University School of Law, Chicago, sat at his desk signing letters. The lights were off—a little trick the professor sometimes uses to discourage visitors when he is busy. No visitors were expected at this hour. As far as the professor knew, the building was deserted except for some students studying in the library a few doors down the hall.

Unexpectedly, the door began opening and a strange man backed stealthily into the room. Closing the door silently, he turned and jumped in surprise when he discovered the professor sitting behind the desk at the far side of the room, near the windows. Obviously the man had expected the room to be empty. Professor Inbau's mind raced back over reports that the building had been looted only two nights before.

Should the professor attack? He weighed 168, but he was short—less than five-feet-eight. And the man looked tough. These small-time thieves sometimes are armed. The man groped for the doorknob and started backing from the room.

"What can I do for you?" Professor Inbau asked sharply.

"Excuse me," the man replied. "I was looking for the cafeteria."

"The cafeteria is to your right," Professor Inbau told the man. "Here, I'll show you."

Walking slowly, to avoid alarming his quarry, Professor Inbau joined the man and led him down the hall—to the library. The student monitor in charge, as Professor Inbau knew, was an ex-marine.

The intruder, at his first glimpse through the library door, realized he had been tricked. He bolted for the outside exit, but Professor Inbau was expecting that. Moving as quickly as the best man on the police force, he grabbed the man's right arm and twisted it behind his back into an arm lock.

The ex-marine came from the library desk and held the arm lock while Professor Inbau adjusted his conservative tie, ran a hand over his head in a vain (Continued on Page 99)

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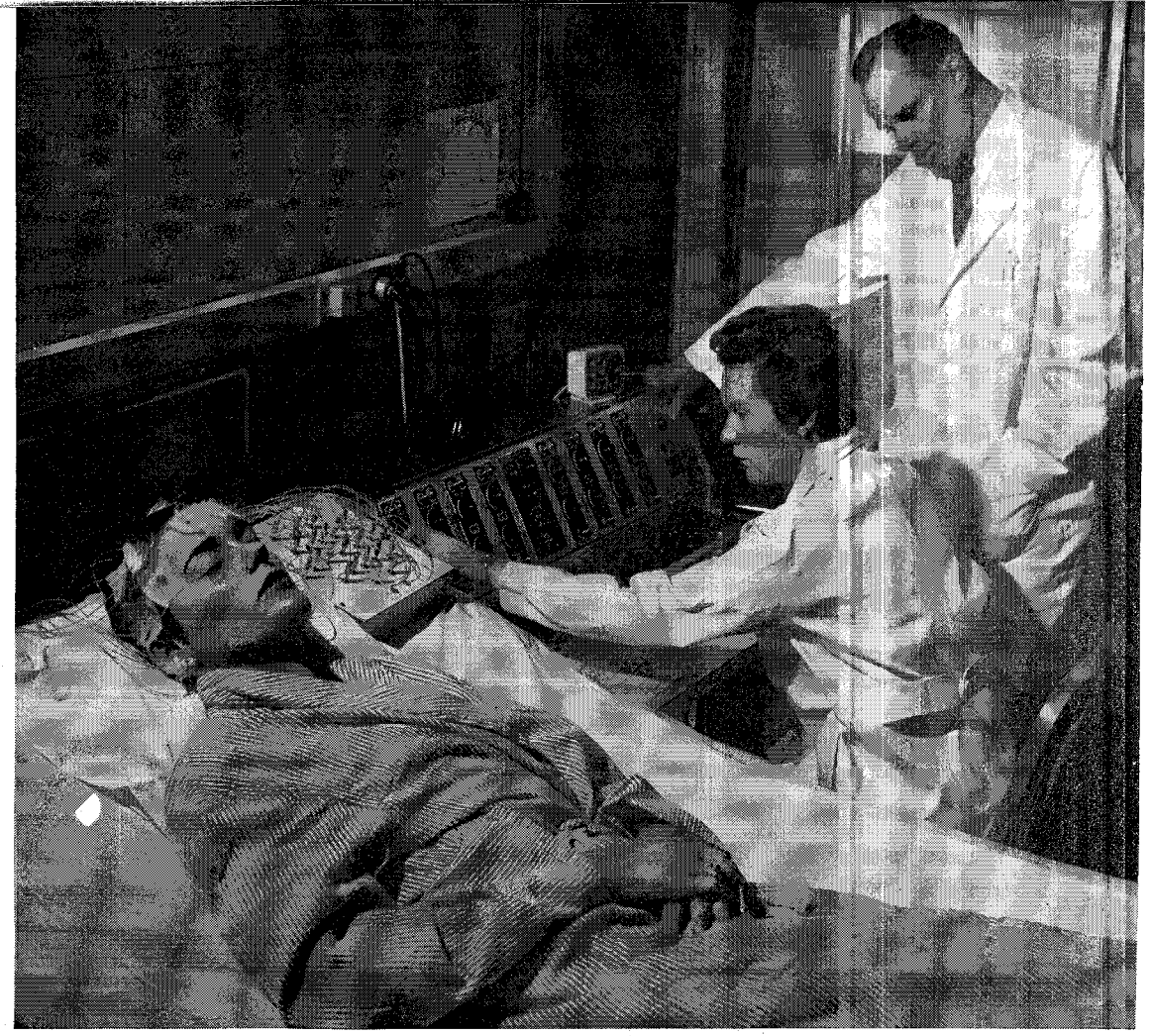
In Search of Medical Miracles



Dr. William Headley (right), seeking the cause of Ann Kahle's epilepsy, studies an electroencephalogram.

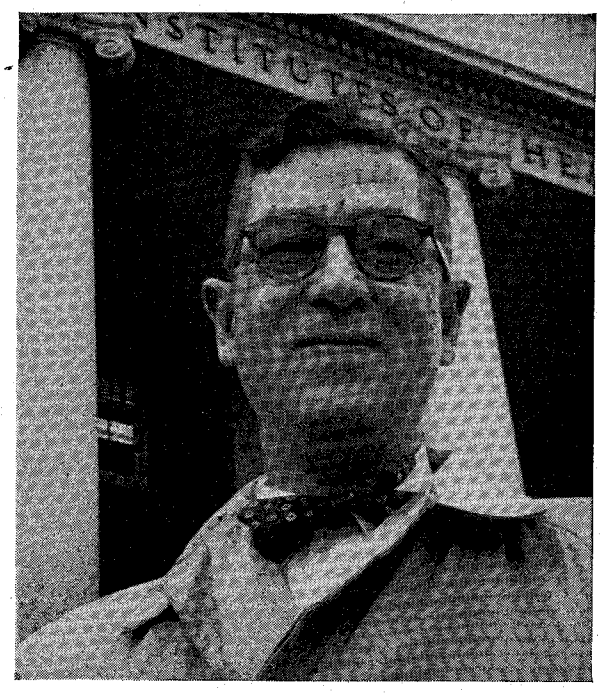
This great hospital won't admit you unless you suffer from a baffling disease. But, as one research patient put it, "The doctors haven't given up, so why should I?"

By MILTON LEHMAN

In 1955, an uncertain year of hurricanes, smiling Soviet diplomacy, a presidential heart attack and plans for a man-made earth satellite, several hundred sick Americans were admitted to the Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, a suburb of the nation's capital. Entering this new and remarkable hospital, the patients shared the year's uncertainty—they suffered in common the least understood and most disastrous afflictions of modern man.

Among them were a little girl from South Carolina suddenly crippled by arthritis, a

Dr. James Shannon is boss of 600 medical personnel at NIH.



Photographs by Ollie Atkins

The National Institutes of Health, at Bethesda, Md., is the research arm of the U. S. Public Health Service.

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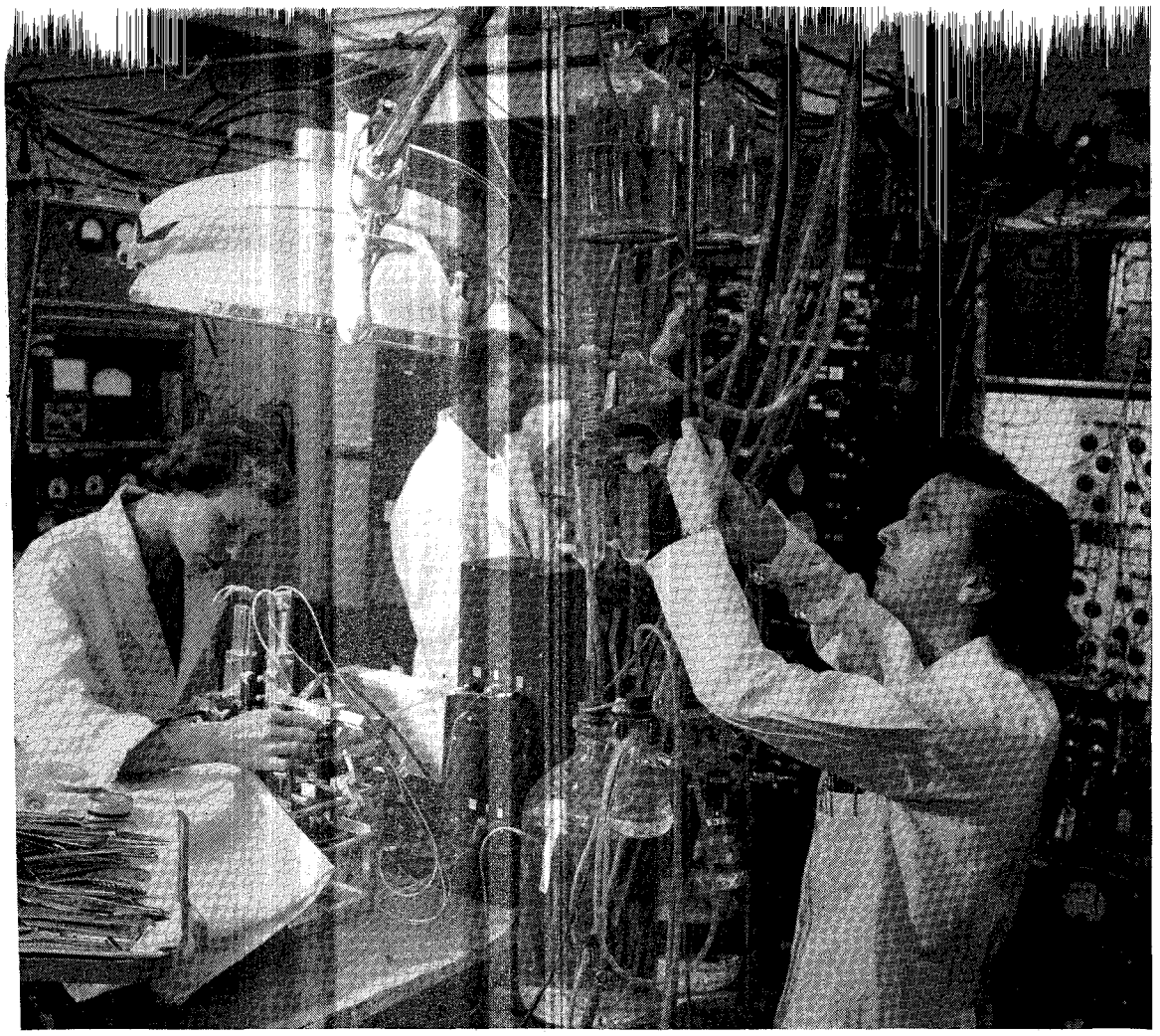

Brain research in the Institute of Mental Health. Labs take up twice as much space as patients' quarters.

widespread but still incurable disease; a fragile widow from Boston with agammaglobulinemia, a rare blood ailment which made her defenseless against infections; a mailman from Baltimore with rheumatic heart, a defect in the human power plant.

There were a young and pretty brunette from Roanoke, Virginia, with epilepsy, a result of damage to the brain; a gentle housewife from Missouri with malignant melanoma, one of the not-yet-curable family of cancers; and a silent young man from Manhattan with schizophrenia, the most dismaying mental disorder.

For these six and their fellow patients, Bethesda was a fitting destination—the town derives its name from Bethesda, the miracle healing pool of ancient Jerusalem. They had come to the headquarters of man's modern quest for healing powers—a green hillside where the new hospital climbs fourteen stories in glass and brick above older laboratories of the National Institutes of Health, the research arm of the United States Public Health Service. They came here to offer themselves and their puzzling ailments for study. They hoped that here, if anywhere, they might find a cure or successful treatment—or lead the doctors to a cure for others afflicted like themselves.

The Clinical Center, these patients found, was a most unusual preserve. Within the hospital, neither the nurses nor the doctors seemed hurried—both took time to hear all symptoms and explain all treatments. The patients' quarters were spacious, sunlit, air-conditioned and brightly decorated double rooms—the hospital had no open wards. Their food was well prepared.

The Clinical Center's regulations were astonishing. As patients, they could stay up at night if they wished, and there was no wash-basin brigade to rouse them at sunrise. Except for demands of research and treatment, they were free to browse in the hospital's library, visit in the solarium on each floor, attend movies in the hospital's theater and worship Sundays in the hospital's chapel, where a revolving altar adapts itself to each faith.

Beyond this, they were never hurried out of bed and back home to make room for others, but were encouraged to stay on while the doctors studied their recovery. And for all this care not one was charged a cent. They were a curious elect. Although the hospital is supported by Federal funds, not even a congressman is acceptable unless his ailment is of interest to the researchers.

The purpose of this hospital wonderland, however, is not the care and treatment of patients, but the study of what ails them. Dr. James A. Shannon, the tall, tweed-jacketed director of NIH, cautiously stakes out the mission.

"In every hospital today," he says, "we're facing fundamental diseases which strike at the deepest nature of man—at our vital organs, at our elemental human cells. Here at NIH we're (Continued on Page 103)

Long-term patient Beth Hensley plays nurse—and decides a hospital isn't such a bad place after all.

Dr. Roger Black and Margaret Chandler, 9, arthritis victim.

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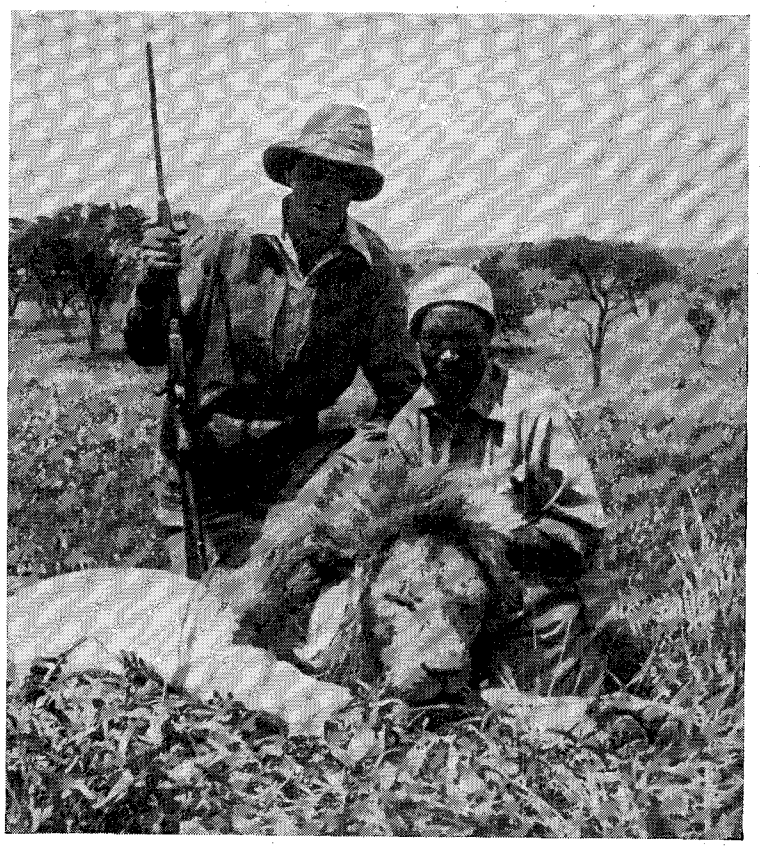
Dec. 15, 1932: Eligible-bachelor Cooper struts past fans. He marched to the altar exactly one year later.

Home from Africa, minus cowboy suit. "I duded myself up as I never have before or since."

NEXT WEEK

The "rift" in Gary's marriage: "The time had come for me to take another long walk alone."



Tanganyika, 1931: Gary, gun bearer and dead lion. Looking for excitement, he almost ran into the "caboose of a rhinoceros."

Well, It Was This Way

Coop came home broke from a mad African safari and found himself a fading star. Then he met a girl nicknamed Rocky . . .

By GARY COOPER, as told to George Scullin

PART SEVEN

A while back I put in a call for Clark Gable to tell him about some deer I had heard were running loose up in the Canadian Rockies. He was on location, I was told. Where? Hong Kong. I called Robert Taylor. He was on location too. Italy, unless he had finished there and gone to England. Jimmy Stewart was in Africa, and Bill Demarest was in the South Seas. I began getting the impression that nowadays a movie actor spends more time roaming the world than he does in Hollywood.

It was a lot different in 1931. The movie company that went on location as far away as Texas was thought to be forsaking civilization for good. Thus when word reached Paramount in October that I had taken off for darkest Africa, I was given up for lost. Immediate steps were taken to replace me, and some fuss was raised as to who would be the new Gary Cooper.

I was too sick to care. By the time I reached the Jerome Preston ranch in (Continued on Page 129)

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El Vago laid a hand on my shoulder. "We're wasting time, lieutenant."

The Hunter and the Hunted

One day, I would bring this man before a firing squad. But first we had a job to do together . . .

By HUGH B. CAVE

Only I, Fidel Ojeda, can tell this story, and because I am—was—a police officer of the republic of San Nicolas, you may find me a bit difficult. On the other hand, the important things of life are universal, are they not? And the man we called El Vago was—is—a citizen of the world. So ——

One morning in the capital Captain Cuneo, my superior, called me to his desk. "You are from the mountain village of Desolado, lieutenant, are you not?"

"I am."

"Your parents still live there?"

"They do."

"When was the last time you saw them? Or anyone else from that forsaken region?"

I thought for a moment. "I have not been home in six years, captain."

"And, of course, you have not written," he said gravely. "One does not write to people who cannot read. Therefore it is not known in Desolado that for the past two years you have been a policeman."

I nodded, a little bit ashamed.

"You will leave tomorrow to pay them a visit," Cuneo said.

I blinked. Desolado is not just around the corner from the Plaza Central, you understand. But the captain only tapped his teeth with a pencil. "There was once a coffee plantation at Desolado, no?"

"There was. Years ago."

"We have information that El Vago is in retirement there," he said.

My mouth hung open. El Vago, the Wanderer, hiding out in my own village? It could not be. Desolado is the end of the world. But the more I thought about it, the less difficult it was to believe. This El Vago was either hiding somewhere in the mountains or had escaped the island. The latter was not likely. And—a significant thing— (Continued on Page 118)

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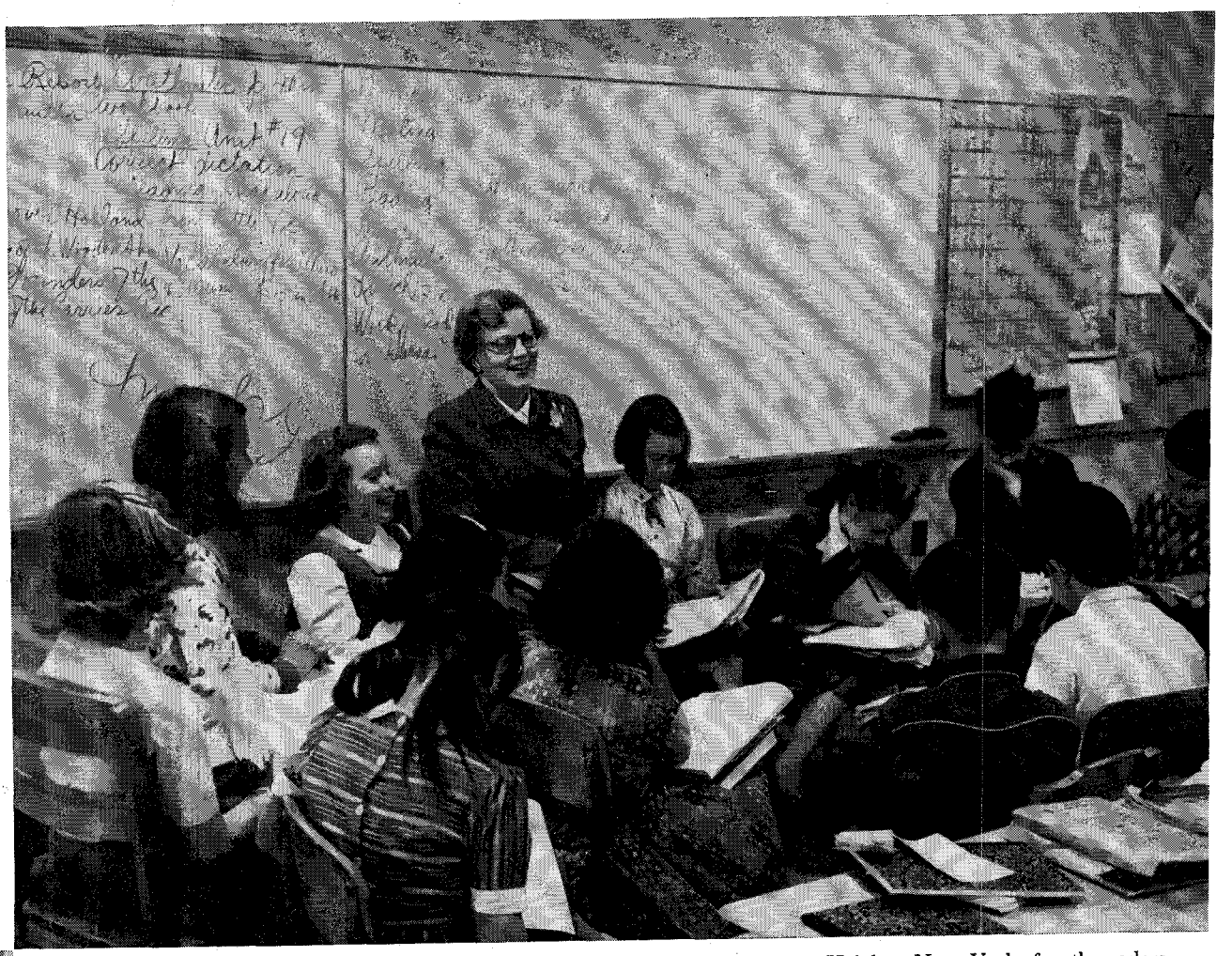
Teacher-housewife Clara Jameson, off to school with her children, Ellen and John.

LOOK WHO'S TEACHING SCHOOL

College-educated housewives are the newest recruits in the battle to reduce this country's critical shortage of teachers.

By ALICE LAKE



Mrs. Jameson goes over the day's homework with her class of Yorktown Heights, New York, fourth-graders.

Housekeeping fills Mrs. Jameson's evening hours.

In Brooklyn a weekly canasta game mourns a lost player. The Pennsylvania League of Women Voters limps along without a valued executive. A rose garden lies neglected in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Small sacrifices, these, but significant ones. For they are helping American school children to gain an education.

Not since the American mother sailed out of the house in slacks and a head kerchief to take her place on the assembly lines of World War II have so many housewives dropped their brooms and headed in a single direction. These days mother is teaching school.

Married women in their thirties and forties, specifically those with school-age children and a dusty college diploma, are the targets of a nationwide drive for new teachers. Although the drive is barely two years old, reports indicate that between 5000 and 10,000 older women—enough teachers for upward of 150,000 children—have already abandoned the kitchen for the blackboard. Many more will be recruited within the next few years.

Proponents of the plan believe that the college-educated housewife possesses the stuff of which superior teachers are made. Her liberal-arts education has given her a rich scholastic background. Her instincts in dealing with youngsters have been sharpened by raising children of her own. Maturity has ripened her wisdom and humor. Potentially,

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

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Left: Mrs. Alice Kane's 6th-grade science class at Stratford, Conn. Her teaching job means added income for her family (right)—and added responsibility for her husband.

she is a stable recruit to the teaching force. Settled in marriage and in the community, she has a twenty-year teaching career still ahead.

Compared to the older woman, the recent graduate of a teacher-training school is emotionally damp behind the ears, meager in experience and unsettled in her future. She will probably be stolen from the profession by a husband and children. Statistics indicate that her teaching career will last only eleven years.

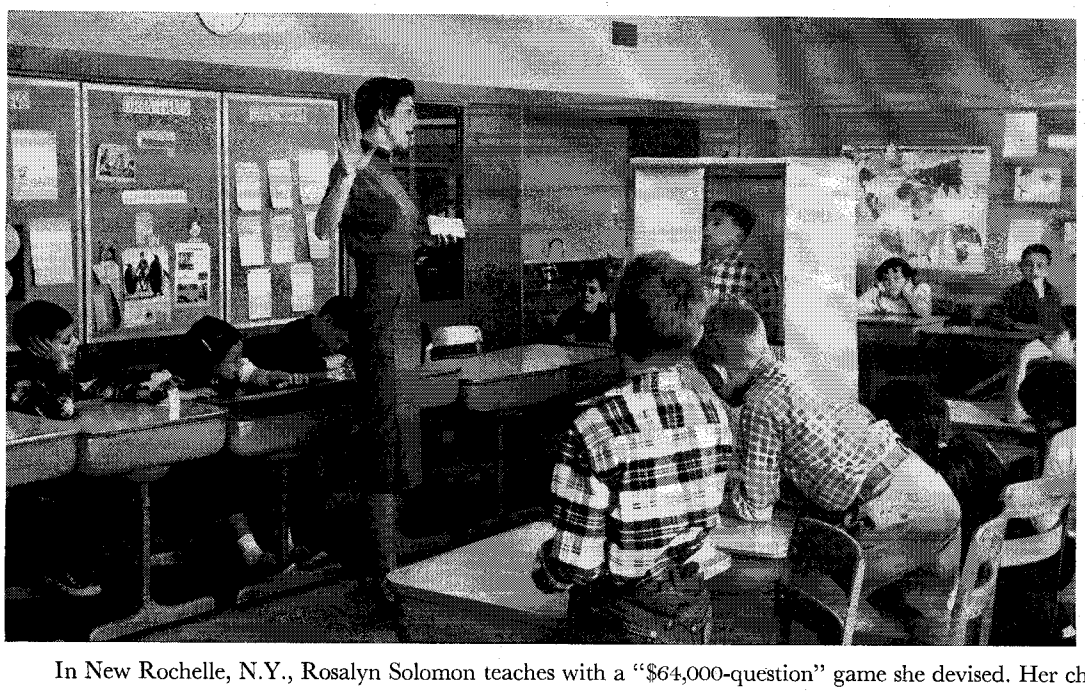
Clara Louise Jameson, of Katonah, New York, is the sort of teacher parents dream of for their youngsters. Mrs. Jameson is a blonde, with determined blue eyes and a soft pretty face, who doesn't look her forty-two years. She is the mother of three children—Kate, who is sixteen; Ellen, fifteen; and John, eight—and the wife of Dr. Thomas Jameson, assistant professor of English at New York University.

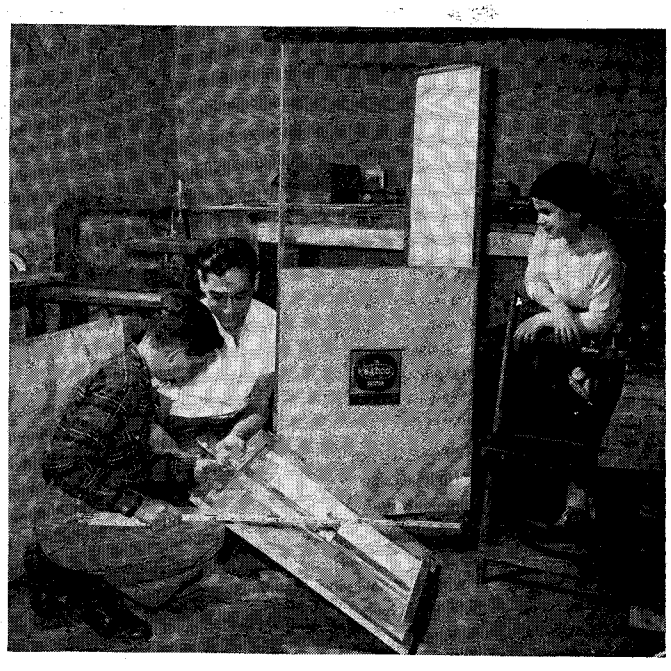
Mrs. Jameson graduated in 1934 from Radcliffe College, and has spent twenty years as a practical housewife. Until recently she baked all the family bread. She cooks, cleans, mends, sews many of the children's clothes, can reupholster a chair and fix the washer in a leaky faucet. Her life has been enriched by travel. Born in St. Paul, Minnesota, she has lived in Boston, Buffalo and New York, and bicycled on a shoestring budget through England and France. She has a fierce respect for education. The Jamesons started reading to their own youngsters almost as soon as they could hold up their wobbly heads.

When John, her youngest, entered kindergarten, Mrs. Jameson went back to school, too, taking two years to get her master's degree in education at New York University. By the time John entered the second grade, his mother was teaching third grade at the Brookside Elementary School in Yorktown Heights, a fifteen-minute drive from her home.

To accomplish her three jobs of mother, housewife and teacher, Mrs. Jameson runs her day on a split-second schedule. From the moment her alarm clock jangles at 6:15 in the morning, there's not an instant to spare, and usually two or three chores competing for attention. Professor Jameson does his share too. After his wife leaves for school at 7:45 A.M., he washes the breakfast dishes and prepares John's luncheon peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich. Every morning he walks his eight-year-old son to a sitter's house before taking the train to New York. John, unfortunately, is on double session, and doesn't go to school until noon, a contingency Mrs. Jameson didn't figure on when she planned her teaching career. Sitter bills, which run to $300 a year, take an unpleasant bite out of her annual salary of $3900.

Mrs. Jameson arrives home about 4:30 P.M., if faculty meetings and parent conferences don't detain her even later. After greeting the children, she has an interesting choice. Should she make the beds, do the marketing, wash the laundry, prepare dinner or iron last week's wash? (Continued on Page 63)





In New Rochelle, N.Y., Rosalyn Solomon teaches with a "$64,000-question" game she devised. Her children and husband, a dentist, built the props for the game.

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I THEE DO WED

By ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

He never guessed what was ruining their marriage—until it was almost too late.

As John Killane skirted the wheat field where tall grain stirred like an amber ocean in the faint breeze, he saw that Allifaire had come from the garden with a basket of late roasting ears on her arm and was waiting for him in the wood yard. He hurried to meet her, thinking that she looked very comely, with her tall womanly figure, the sprightliness of youth still evident in her bearing and walk. Her hair was sunburned to the reddish tinge of field pumpkin, the heavy braids wound around her shapely head.

John came up and sat down on the chopping block. "Sit and rest a spell," he invited. He was chewing a stem of wheat, tasting the sweetness. "Best wheat crop we ever raised," he added. "There should be plenty for bread and some to sell."

Allifaire sat down on a log and placed her basket on the ground. John's eyes lifted to the stout log barn he had built in early spring, to the hog houses, the corn cribs; then his gaze turned to the sturdy two-room house with the cook shed behind it and a porch in front. He had built with a thought for the future, and now he felt a stirring of pride seeing his wide-flung fields with fences staked and ridered, the rolling hills purple with clover.

"Allie, we've prospered," he said. "The Lord has surely blessed us."

She did not answer, and when he turned, he saw that she was staring toward the house, where a saddled horse stamped and pulled at the rein that was tied to the stile-block ring. Her face, made for smiling, for ready laughter, was sober, withdrawn.

She looked at John and there were tight lines around her mouth. "Mary Jo's pushing sixteen. I want you to put a stop to young Hazelrig hanging around."

John was startled. "But why, Allifaire? Young Tom's a likely lad. One of the best. What do you hold against him?"

"He's fiddle-footed," Allifaire said flatly. "All he talks about is fur trading in Oregon. Snake River—and the Malade—places where there's nothing but savage Indians. No place for a girl. Not a girl like our Mary Jo." There was a strange urgency about her. "I want you to tell him to go on to Oregon, if he's so minded, but to leave our girl alone."

Even as she spoke, Mary Jo came out of the house, followed by the young man. She was slender like her mother, and in a dress of indigo-dyed (Continued on Page 112)

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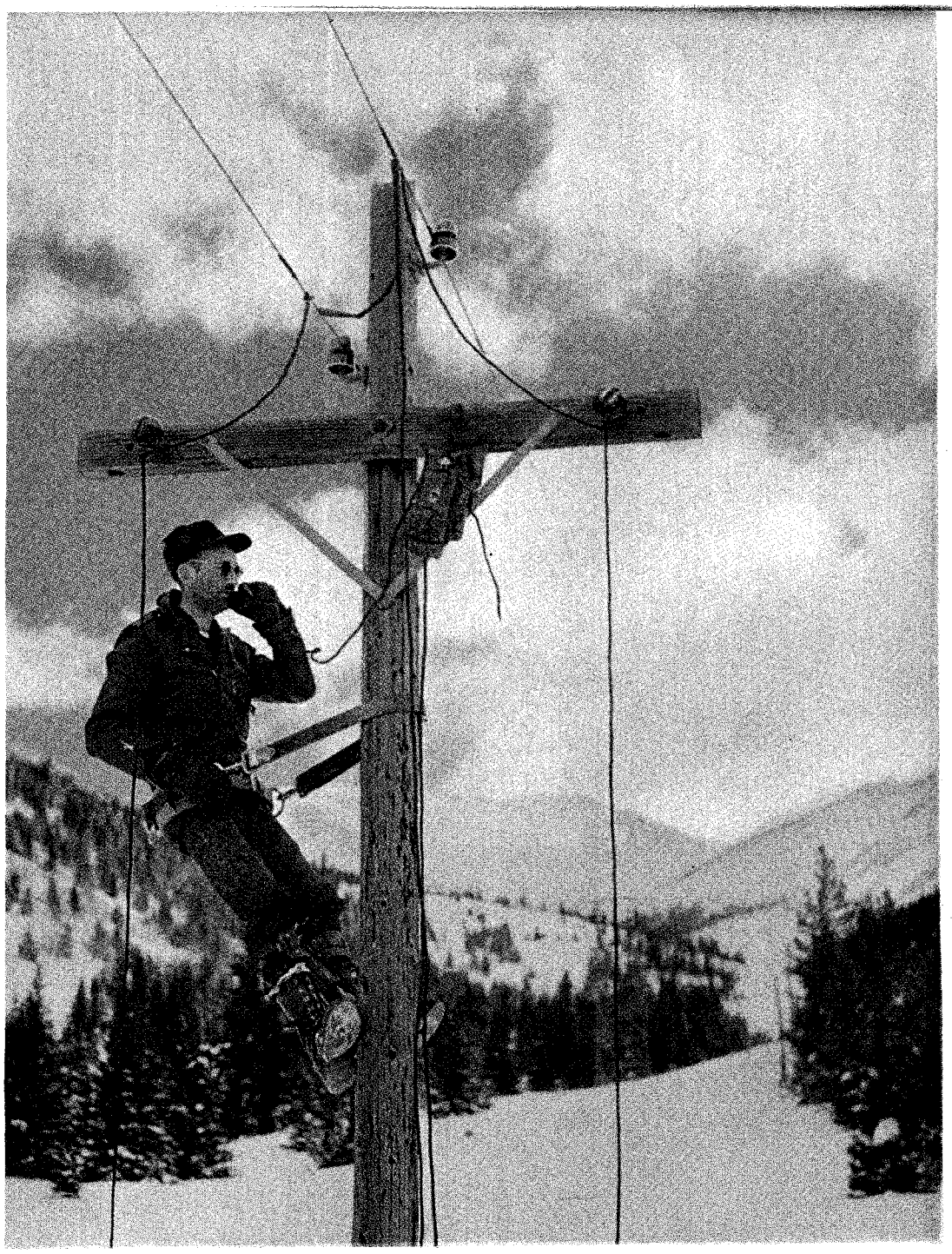

At the entrance to Argentine Pass, high in the Colorado Rockies, Hank reports to his home office on conditions along the Shoshone transmission line.

The Lineman of Perilous Pass

Hank Emore patrols one of the meanest power-line sites in the world, where one slip can mean sudden death.

By HAL BURTON

When the snow banners stream out from Argentine Pass, and the wind comes bellowing over the Rocky Mountains at 100 miles an hour, it would be hard to find a man anywhere in Colorado willing to swap jobs with Hank Emore. From October to May, Argentine Pass is no place for a tenderfoot. It is lashed by blizzards, frosted by temperatures down to fifty-nine degrees below zero, and buffeted by gales that can spin a man from his feet—or fling a dog into

Ole Larsen (right), a power-company general foreman, sets out with Hank on one of the lineman's biweekly patrols. As a rule, Hank makes his rounds alone.

Photographs by Pat Coffey

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A snow tractor (bogged down here) ordinarily takes Hank part of the way up the pass. The rest of the way, the lineman travels on snowshoes and will power.

At the Continental Divide, 13,532 feet up. Cyclonic winds sweep most of the snow from the pass here, but down in the valley, drifts frequently reach a height of 28 feet.

space. Yet in the wildest weather, once every two weeks, Hank Emore straps on his lineman's belt and climbs six miles to the top of the Continental Divide, looking for trouble along the steepest, highest, and most ornery electric-transmission line in the whole United States.

A lone patrolman is stretching his luck, up in these altitudes where the air is thin and every fifty steps call for a breather. In the gullies above timber line, the snow often lies deep and powdery, hung on a hair trigger and ready to avalanche. The cold strikes through to the bones, and the wind snatches the breath from a climber's lungs. Loose boulders can topple down, pinioning a man until he freezes. Patches of glare ice and pockets of wind crust are a trap for the unwary. A slip here could end in a half-mile fall. Hank Emore knows all these hazards, but he still goes it alone to the topmost tower on Argentine, 13,532 feet above sea level.

On the very summit, more often than not, the frost has caked a foot deep around the wires and insulators, and the steel framework of Tower No. 746 is gray with eighteen inches of rime. In a shallow depression, just below the top, a shanty with a wood-burning stove lies half buried under the drifts. No man in his right senses would bother to build a fire. The winds that shriek ceaselessly over Argentine come howling down the chimney, blowing both flame and smoke into the room. Down in the valleys near timber line, where, in summer, the transmission wires hang eighteen feet above the ground, in winter they are hidden under ten feet of snow, still pulsing with 115,000 volts of electric power.

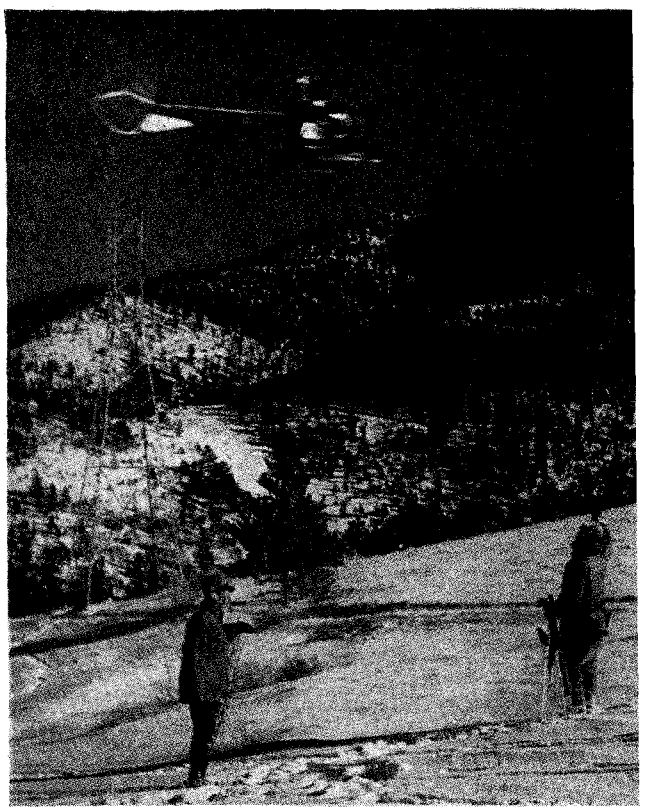
This is no place for a lineman to dawdle unless there's trouble—perhaps a broken insulator, a wire ripped loose by tons of snow and ice or a snapped line on the telephone system that parallels the high-tension towers.

From the summit shanty Hank Emore rings up a substation in the Snake River Valley to report how things look along his segment of the Shoshone transmission line. From an even smaller shack, halfway down the west side of Argentine Mountain, he telephones again. Then he is off on snowshoes, racing the evening shadows four and one half miles to his car at the end of the nearest plowed road. By dusk he is home again in a log cabin at Dillon, Colorado, relaxing in front of the fire. For another two weeks, he can forget about the frosty, ghostlike towers climbing up over Argentine.

In all the world, there is nothing to equal the Shoshone line, the first high-tension system ever put into operation at such an altitude. Charles Proteus Steinmetz, the genius of General Electric, laid out the design on a drawing board in Schenectady, 2000 miles away. To this day, nobody knows with any definiteness how many men perished between 1908 and 1910, when the line was built, so that power could be carried 155 miles across the Rockies into Denver. The number, oldtimers insist, was staggering. Among the laborers who died of cold, exposure and accidents were many Chinese, accounted a cheap source of manpower, but not considered worth an obituary notice.

From the Shoshone hydroelectric plant in Glenwood Canyon, on the Colorado River five miles above Glenwood Springs, Colorado, three shining aluminum wires leap 1800 vertical feet to a tower perched atop the cliffs. This is an appropriate beginning for the Shoshone Line, which passes over 1090 towers and some of the most forbidding terrain in the country before feeding its current into a substation two miles west of Denver. In no place is the elevation less than a mile above sea level. The towers cross the Continental Divide three times as it snakes southward through Colorado—at Hagerman Pass (altitude 12,055 feet); at Fremont Pass (altitude 11,346 feet); and at Argentine Pass, the loftiest and stormiest point. Until recently, no electrical system in the world was higher. Now a line of the same approximate voltage crosses a 15,000-foot pass between Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, the twin volcanoes towering above Mexico City in a far less rigorous latitude.

In 1924, the Public Service Company of Colorado acquired the Shoshone Line by absorbing the Colorado Power Company. The new corporate owner found itself, at one and the same time, in the possession of a phenomenon and an operating headache. When the transmission system first began to carry electricity, the narrow-gauge tracks of the Colorado Midland Railway (Continued on Page 124)



A helicopter, recently put into service patrolling parts of the line, makes rendezvous with two linemen near Idaho Springs.

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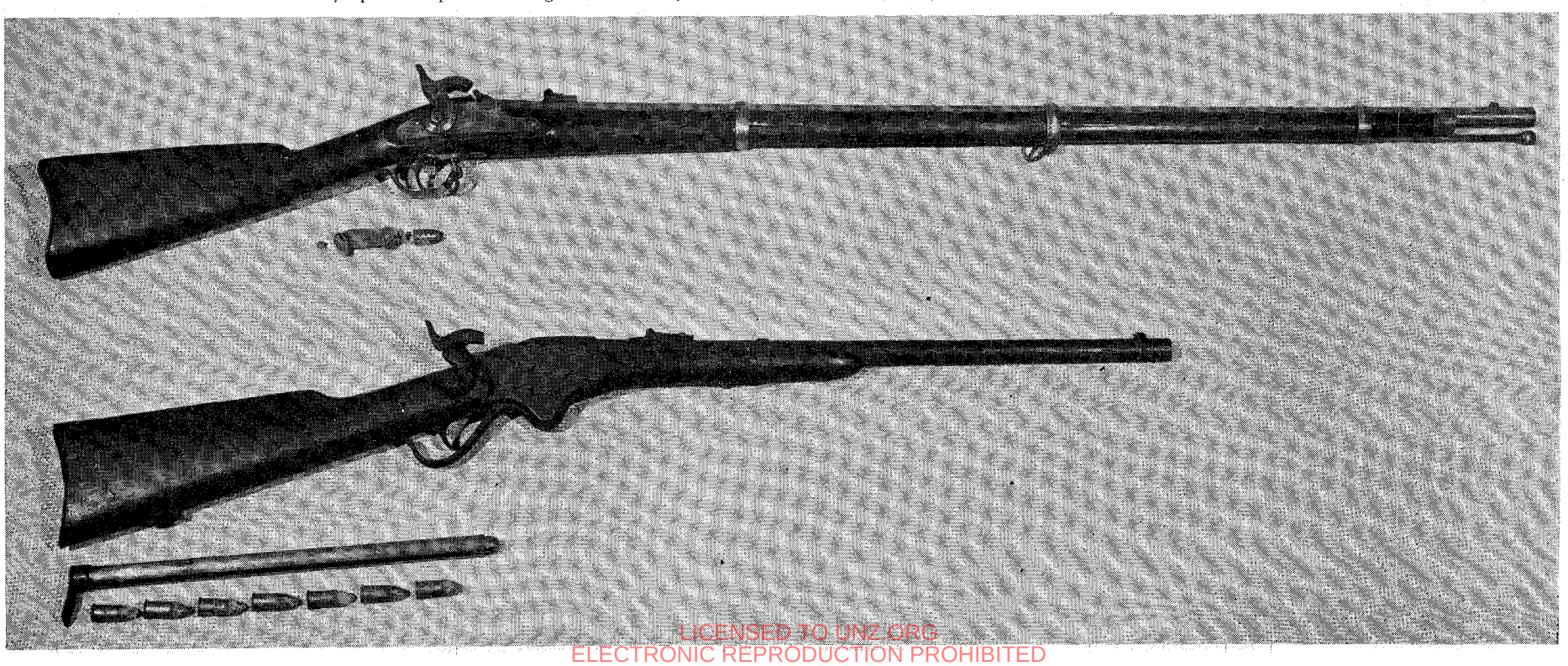
Durable, fast-firing and accurate, the Spencer rifle proved to be the answer to Lincoln's quest for a weapon that would speed the Civil War to an end.

Abe and His "Secret" Weapon

The story of a little-known crisis in American history, involving President Lincoln and a certain Yankee gunsmith.

By J. O. Buckeridge and Ashley Halsey, Jr.

The revolutionary Spencer repeater was lighter and nearly a foot shorter than the standard old muzzle-loader, and it could be fired seven times as fast.



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The corporal, his chevrons new and heavy upon his sleeves, felt his responsibility as only a corporal can. It was just past daybreak in time of war, the year—1862. Somewhere southward there was cannonading and bitter fighting. The corporal, however, could hardly have been in a safer spot. He commanded a sentry post in Washington, D. C., on the weedy expanse of the Mall between the White House and the unfinished Washington Monument. It was, he reflected, a place where nothing could happen.

Suddenly through the morning haze there came the unmistakable bang of a rifle. Then another, and another. A sentry, his young voice shrill with alarm, shouted, "Corporal of the guard!" Together the corporal and the sentry charged toward the sound of firing, heads down and bayoneted muskets at the carry. They saw a figure crouched over a rifle. The rifle was not aimed toward the nearby White House, but, no matter, it was an outrage and a potential threat to the President.

"Stop that firing, you so-and-so!" the corporal roared with a volley of Army oaths. The crouching figure stood erect—a full six-feet-three. The figure was unmistakable, and so was the tall stovepipe hat. The corporal had been about to arrest as a reckless crackpot his Commander-in-Chief, the President of the United States.

Confused and wordless, he and the sentry spun about and retreated as fast as they had come. From the sounds behind them, they knew they were forgiven. Abraham Lincoln's lean frame rocked with laughter. "Well," he joked, "they might have stayed to see the shooting."

Lincoln's use of the heart of official Washington as a target range was not a whim. During the Civil War he personally tested numbers of rifles of various makes and types. Boggled by military bureaucrats, he cut through red tape with a sincere purpose: to find such a good rifle for the United States Army that it would speed the war to an end. As a former frontiersman and militia captain, Lincoln realized the importance of an accurate, quick-firing gun. His quest for the best is continued to this day. As this is written, in the eleventh year of the Atomic Age, an Army Ordnance board is concluding four years of research to select the ideal infantry weapon. The Army's thinking is as fundamental as in the days of Lincoln or Washington: To capture or hold ground, nothing—even in the arsenal of modern scientific warfare—can take the place of the man with the rifle.

In Lincoln's time, the quest was even more urgent, for the rifle was the principal weapon of the Civil War. Artillery was comparatively feeble, and machine guns were in their infancy. Battles were decided by hurling close-ranked masses of men at one another. The side which could shoot fastest at these point-blank targets held a vast advantage. As a result, firearms development was speeded phenomenally during the bloody years 1861–65. At the start, some Confederates were armed only with primitive flintlocks of Revolutionary pattern, operating on a principle three centuries old. By the finish, perhaps a fifth of the Union forces were firing breech-loading cartridge guns which closely resembled modern ones.

The basic weapon on both sides during much of the war was the .58-caliber muzzle-loading rifle firing a conical Minié bullet. Bullet and powder were encased in paper for quick loading. A percussion cap was used to set off the charge. Shooting was slow work. Three rounds a minute represented rapid fire. A score of experimental breechloaders, using cartridges cased in linen, paper, metal and even rubber, were tried; mostly by the North. All were single-shot weapons except for a Colt six-shooter rifle, an adaptation of the revolver principle using paper cartridges and percussion caps, and two which very nearly approached twentieth-century arms. These were the repeaters invented by Tyler Henry and Christopher Miner Spencer. Both fired metallic rim-fire cartridges, like present-day .22's but larger, by means of lever actions which were forerunners of the modern Winchester's. The Spencer got into the war late, and the Henry almost not at all.

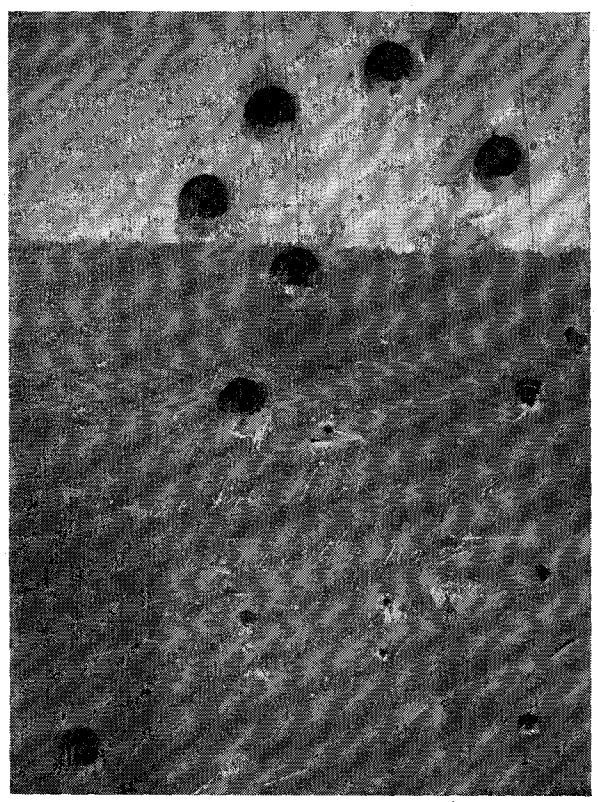
Only through Lincoln's direct intervention did the Spencer reach troops in the field in sufficient quantities to become a real military factor in winning the war. Looking back intimately at weapons rather than at grand strategy, field tactics and military personalities, we can now perceive how much Lincoln contributed through his own experimentation with firearms. In his modest way, he probably would have termed it "tinkering." But he succeeded far better than history has formally recognized.

One of the unnoticed tragedies of the Civil War is the fact that Lincoln did not see the Spencer repeater until the war was half over. If he had, it might have ended the war sooner. In design and operation, the repeater was revolutionary. Much shorter than the long muzzle-loaders, it was approximately the size of the modern Garand, or M-1. Its tubular magazine held seven fat .52-caliber cartridges. These could be fired at the rate of fifteen to twenty-one a minute, or five to seven times as fast as the muzzle-loaders.

Spencer, the inventor, was a spare, dry-humored young machinist from Manchester, Connecticut. Like Lincoln, he could turn his thoughts and skills to almost anything. He perfected a steam-powered automobile with a crude differential and steering tiller which enabled it to turn corners at a top speed. It hit a milk wagon in Boston in 1862 in what was perhaps the nation's first auto accident.

Spencer experimented with firearms for ten years while he worked as a tool maker, a locomotive repairman for the New York Central, and as a machinist at Hartford for the Cheney silk mills and Colt's (Continued on Page 96)

Christopher Spencer offered his rifle to the U. S. Army early in the war, but an elderly Ordnance chief dismissed it as "a new-fangled gimcrack."



Target used by Lincoln when he personally tested and approved the Spencer in August of 1863. (Only then was the rifle widely adopted by Union forces.)

Lincoln with Gen. George B. McClellan, who saw an early demonstration of the Spencer, but failed to have his men armed with repeaters.

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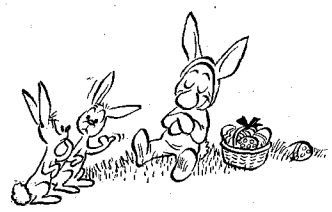


Post Scripts

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Honey, guess who was elected president of our Garden Club today—Mrs. John W. Frisbee! She was so pleased to find you work for Mr. Frisbee—she said she always feels just like one of the big J. W. Frisbee & Co. family, herself!"

"You know, darling, if I were the jealous type, I wouldn't dare let you out of my sight! When I think of how the girls flock around you when you pick me up at Garden Club ——"

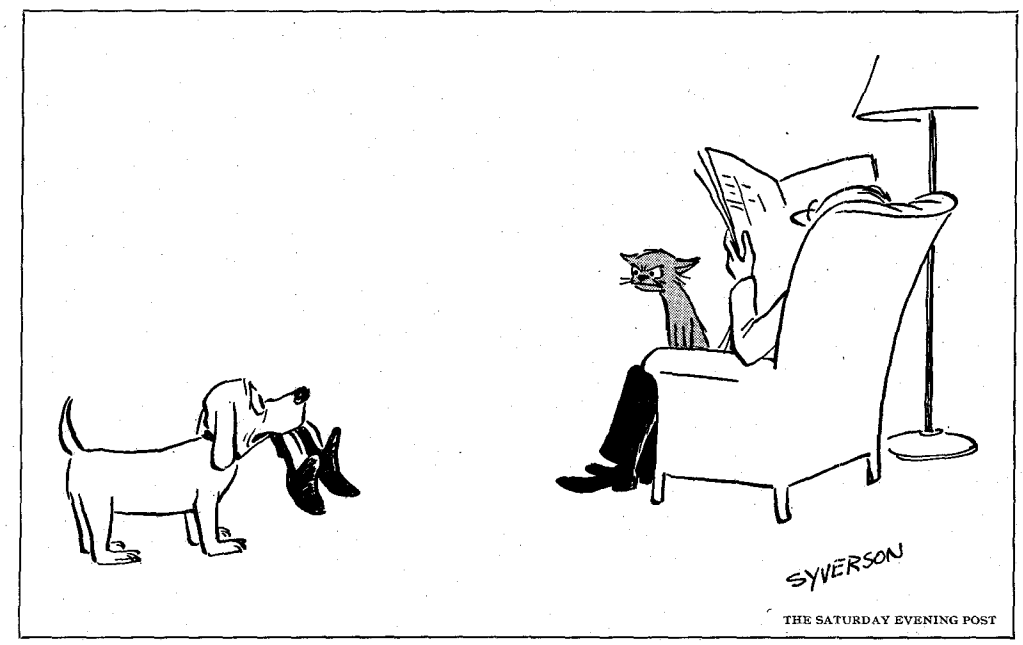
"Dear, do you really think it's true what they say—that Mrs. Frisbee throws so much weight around the office? Of course, she *is* sort of a battle-ax, but, after all, J. W. runs his own business, doesn't he? . . . He doesn't? Is that a fact!"

"I heard the awfulest thing today, Bill! Remember that nice fellow who managed the furniture store? Well, he must have got fired or something, because somebody saw him just last week getting a handout at the Soup Kitchen!"

And the fast break:

"Dear, Mrs. Frisbee rented this very cute rabbit costume and she asked me today if you'd like to be the Easter Bunny at our Spring Garden Festival, and I said I was sure you'd love to, although of course you could call her up and ——"

PEG BRACKEN



Water Spite

About the fish who're known as tropical
I'm quickly growing misanthropical;
Because if ten or fifteen factors
Are not precisely right, these actors
Do not put the evil eye on you;
They simply, quietly up and die on you—
An attitude which I view frostily
Considering the things are costily.
The fish I put in my aquarium
Have just one goal: for me to bury 'em.
As soon as I have paid the bills,
They blissfully close up their gills.
I warm the water, test it, change it,
Buy new seaweed, rearrange it.
In gratitude my newest guppy
Floats to surface, port side uppy.
I do my best to be efficient
But always find myself defishient.

DICK EMMONS

Miss You?

My daughter, Mary Ann, who has been away at college for some months now, often ends the letters she sends home for money, asking, "Do you miss me?"

Frankly we do. No longer is the ringing of the telephone the signal for what appears to be a 220-yard hurdle done by a healthy elephant. When the phone rings now, we just stroll quietly over there and answer it. In the old days the first bring-g-g-g was the signal for Mary Ann to leap a foot in the air, hop over the coffee table, skirt the armchair and slide safely into the telephone seat.

The shrill cackling of young witches in the early evening is gone too. I can never be quite sure, but I believe Mary Ann used to gather into her room some voodoo priestesses from her sorority and offer up incantations designed to hex all those handsome boys who had not invited them to dances. Their wild, ritual language escaped me, but the air was forever punctuated with weird giggles, feminine shrieks and wild, earsplitting lamentations. This is all gone. Nothing is heard in her room but the occasional faint pattering of the late-autumn rain on her window.

And speaking of her room, when we stand in the doorway, my wife and I, we cannot help but miss Mary Ann. The room has not been changed since that frantic afternoon some weeks ago when Mary Ann stuffed all her meager possessions into seven suitcases, two overnight bags, three laundry bags, a wooden crate, my old golf bag and a cardboard carton. The room now has all that wistful nostalgia of a circus grounds the day after the circus has left.

There are small things, too, that bring up the memory of Mary Ann. The family car, for example, seems to retain gasoline in the tank for inordinate lengths of time. Furthermore, the family car seems to stand waiting for us. In fact, it has once again become a family car.

Ice cream retains its bulk in the freezer for days, when, in the past, it would melt away in an evening. Odd legs of chicken, cold sliced ham, English muffins, layer cake and pecan pie have all set records for remaining intact. In fact, the nights no longer reverberate with the thudding of the refrigerator door. All is calm. All is peace. There is not even the Friday-night giggle of Mary Ann saying adieu to her escort as she arrives home forty minutes later than she is supposed to; a lilting, half-suppressed giggle that floats out over the still night air like the courting gurgles of tenor bullfrogs.

I'll bet she misses us too. I mean who is she going to find in college who "doesn't understand" her in the affectionate, hopeful way we don't?

ROBERT FONTAINE

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Photographed in Paris.

Checking the fine points of a recipe after lunch.

Flavor Scouts

How Campbell travels the world to examine and compare flavors for you

If you really pride yourself on your cooking, you'd probably give your eyeteeth to be able to swap notes with the leading creative chefs of Europe and this country.

Think of the cooking secrets, new combinations of ingredients, flavor tricks, and new or unusual ingredients they could tell you about.

Well, swapping notes with outstanding chefs and sampling their cooking is the pleasant job of the men that we call Campbell Flavor Scouts. They have a wide knowledge of cookery. Just by looking, sniffing and tasting, they can usually identify even the most subtle ingredients in a soup or sauce.

Whenever any chef creates a flavor that wins a reputation, he shouldn't be too surprised to get a visit from a Campbell Flavor Scout. These men don't confine themselves to the big restaurants. They sample the locally famous specialties of little out-of-the-way places like the small French restaurant in the picture, too. In addition, they comb countless cookbooks.

The reason for their work is this: To be certain that the flavor of every good food from the Campbell Kitchens is as fine as the cooking lore of the world knows how to make it. (This is a difficult goal but it's not impossible when Campbell blending skill gets to work with the best ingredients.) In this way, our Flavor Scouts make sure that we practice what we preach when we say:

"*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

"*We blend the best with careful pains*
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

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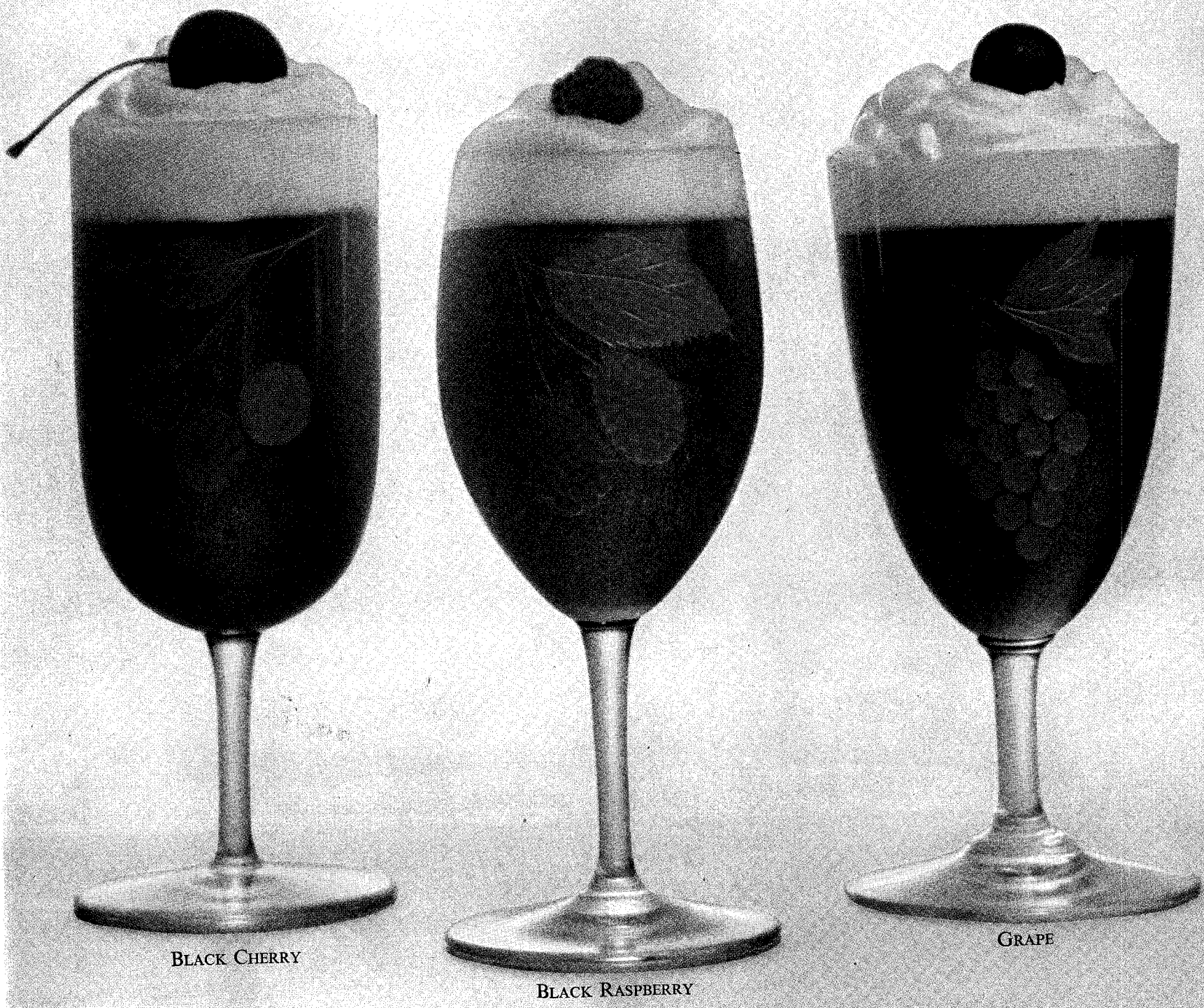
For deep, dark and delicious desserts



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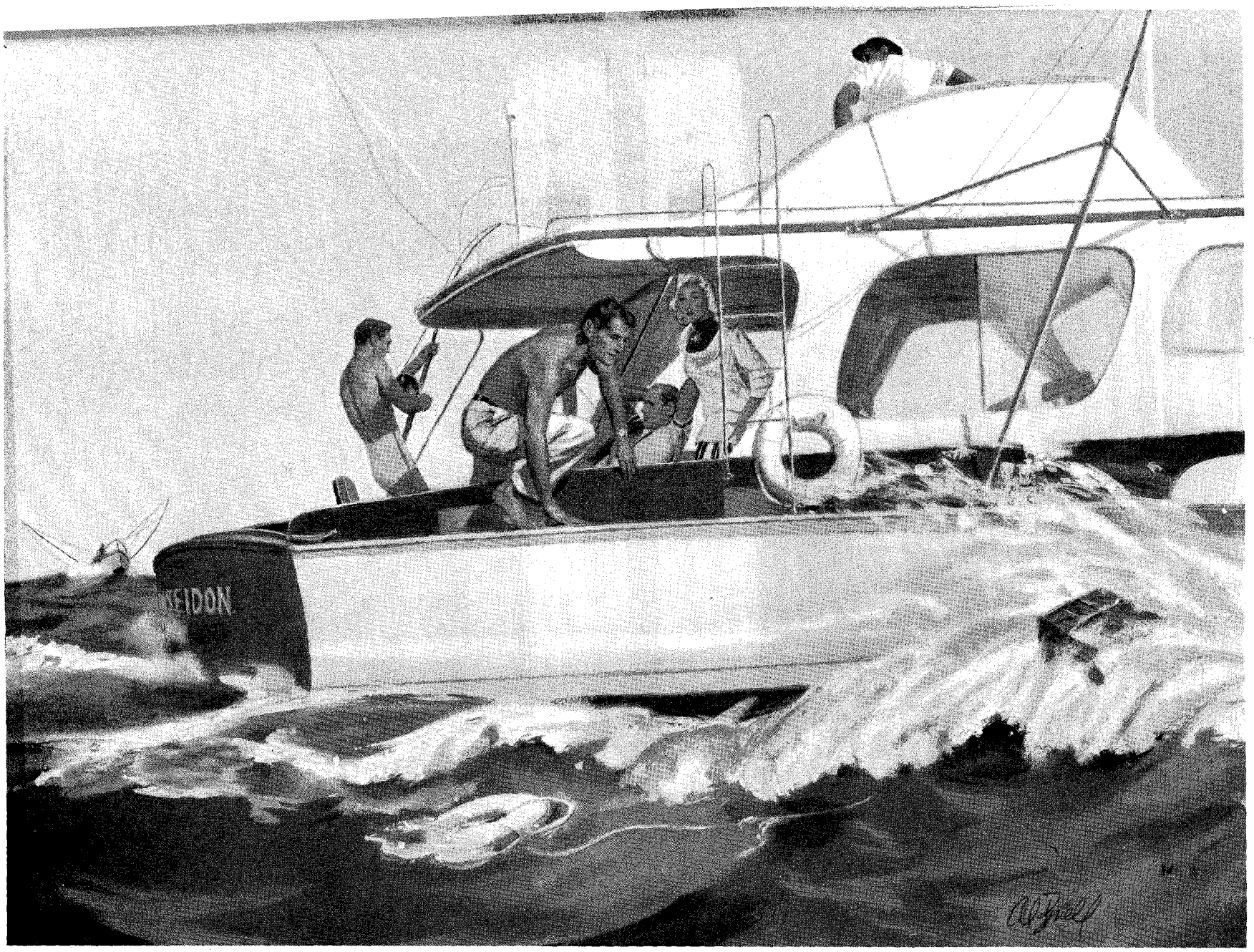

Crunch made ready to dive for the carton, worrying a little about the hooked marlin.

Treasure at Tandem Key

By PHILIP WYLIE

Crunch and Des were willing to do anything to find the treasure. Now, more than money was at stake.

Crunch Adams, Des Smith and Pete Shade were finishing their dinner when Wonder West entered the dining room abruptly. "Where's mother?" she asked. "I thought she was here."

Suddenly Crunch felt the cold fingers of fright. Someone must have overheard him telling Mrs. West about the Endibbie treasure, and kidnaped her to learn what he had said.

Crunch, skipper of the cruiser Poseidon, and Des had been hired by Pete, a wealthy young Texan, to search for a sunken pirate hoard. Pete learned about the treasure while vacationing on Tandem Key, and was sure he had discovered a clue to its location.

However, Pete incautiously let news of his secret slip out. Almost everyone on the island knew what Pete was looking for. Many joined in the hunt. Salvager Z. Z. Bentley tried to muscle in on the venture and threatened reprisal when his demands were refused.

The arrival of Mrs. West and her daughter complicated everything. Pete, who was dominated by his older brother, George, suffered from a terrible inferiority complex. He'd come to Tandem Key to escape George and Mrs. West. Pete loved Wonder, but couldn't see having Mrs. West as a mother-in-law.

As usual, Mrs. West took charge of everything once she reached Tandem Key. Then she was kidnaped. But just as Crunch started to organize a search for her, Mrs. West returned, having escaped her captors. She blamed Pete for her mishap. The incident proved the last straw for Pete. He decided to quit hunting the treasure to escape Mrs. West.

Pete started to sail for Florida. But after talking with Crunch he had a change of heart. He decided to return to Tandem Key and continue the search, even though he'd learned his brother had flown there to meet him.

IV

The trip back, in a following sea, was less onerous than the outbound voyage. During the forenoon the wind abated somewhat. Crunch fixed himself for another nap, and Des, standing at the wheel like a precision machine, let Crunch sleep on until he raised Tandem Key. In the far distance it looked like two islands; the connecting sand isthmus was low and hence invisible. Des was as weary as his skipper, but it was like him, when he had such a chance, to take the brunt of a long haul.

Crunch speculated, as he woke Pete, on what would happen after this return of a prodigal. Mrs. West would know that her scheme of bringing together her daughter and the man she loved had scared that man into flight. Wonder would know, too, and might be angry, or hurt, (Continued on Page 73)

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"So safe and easy to handle!"
"My choice for years for dependability!"
"Greatest mile-shortener yet!"
"Greatest GO on wheels!"

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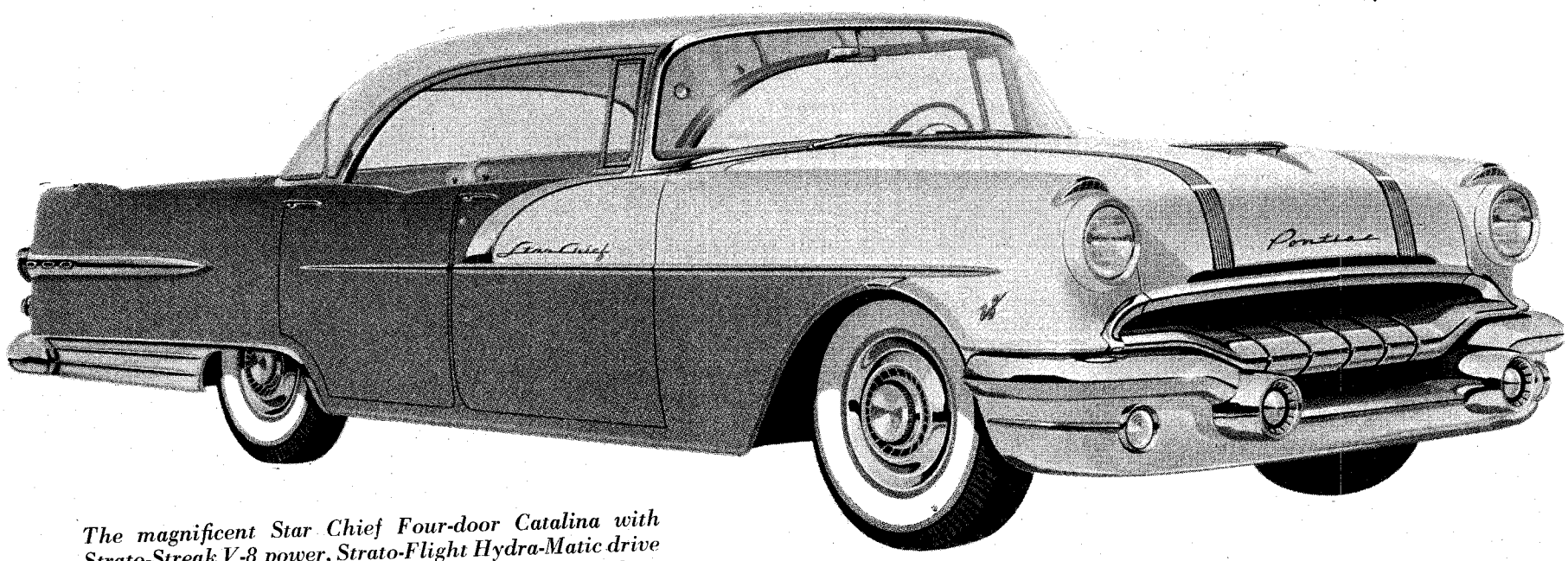

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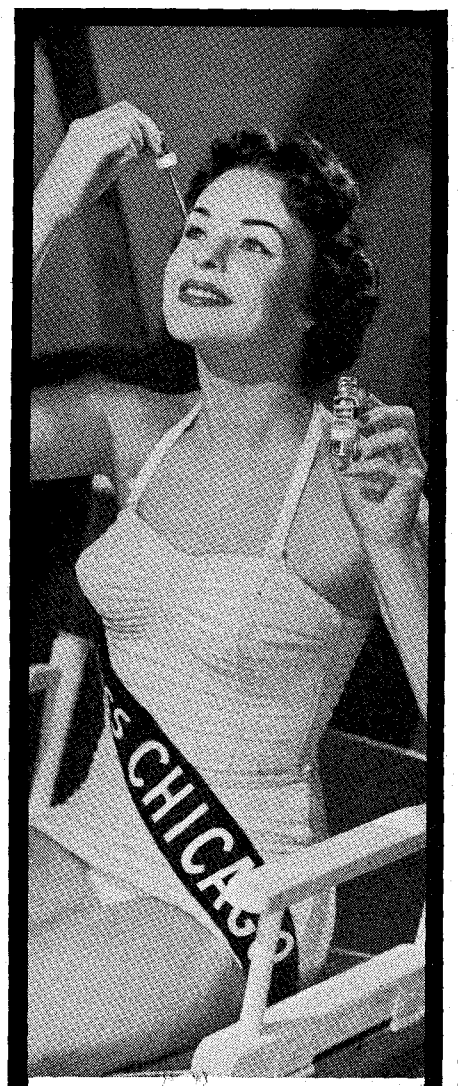

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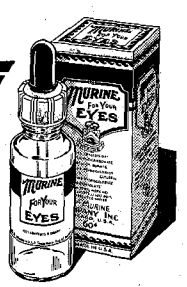

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I Found Russia Changed

(Continued from Page 27)

still. Nor is it because the police terror has been abolished, but because the police are a little more out of sight, though they are not yet out of mind.

Any doubts I might have had on that score were quickly dispelled in Moscow—the city in which I had lived seven years—longer than I have ever lived in any other single city in the world. I immediately sent notes to several of my old friends, asking to see them, if it was "convenient." Not one replied. Moscow, for foreigners, has a special Iron Curtain of its own.

As quickly as the lethargic Soviet bureaucracy would let me, I got out of Moscow on a train bound for Rostov. Thence, I planned to go to the Black Sea at Sochi, and then to Tiflis and Baku. It was the same route I'd followed on my first trip through Russia in 1933 when I was a beginner-student of the Soviet Union, and it seemed to offer the best possible way to find out what had changed in upwards of twenty-two years.

This time the baby-blue, four-bunk, second-class compartment already had two occupants when I came in: a pleasant, round-faced, intelligent young artillery colonel and a pretty blond trained nurse. They greeted me warmly, and when they discovered I was an American they seemed even more pleased. The train had hardly started moving before they had told me all about themselves. The colonel was from Leningrad and was going to visit his sister in Rostov. The girl had been at a conference on polio and was returning to her hospital in Sochi, on the Black Sea.

I asked how things had changed since my last stay in Russia.

"You've seen for yourself the new housing developments in Moscow—the new department stores, the food shops," the girl said.

I asked if the only improvements had been in material ways.

"Not at all," the colonel retorted. "In 1933, when you first came to the Soviet Union, I was a junior lieutenant and my hopes of improving my position were pretty slim. But now if I were a lieutenant I could be fairly certain that eventually I'd be able to send my children to university just as I am doing. My eighteen-year-old daughter is studying to be a dentist and my fourteen-year-old will go to the university as soon as she's old enough."

"You saw Moscow University," the blonde put in. "That's only one of dozens. There are more schools in the Soviet Union than in any other country in the world," she added, slightly inaccurately. "My mother was illiterate and I'm a trained nurse and studying to be a doctor."

Time and again I heard the same refrain: "My father couldn't read and now I'm an electrical engineer." "My parents couldn't sign their names and I'm a doctor."

For the Russian people more and better schools are as important a reason for reconciling themselves to their communist regime as more and better shoes.

Hearing that there was an American on board, a crowd of passengers gradually collected in the compartment. A jolly, fat, unshaven doctor, who had been in England before World War I, appointed himself moderator of this international forum: "We are well-to-do people," he explained to me, "and we live very comfortably in a four-room apartment."

The doctor's wife asked how American women lived. I said they usually took care of their homes and children.

"They don't work?" she asked, astonished, and I said, "Sometimes."

"And they have lots of servants?"

I said they had very few, and she seemed pleased. "Housework is degrading."

I asked how many servants she had. "Only one," she answered.

"But that doesn't mean we couldn't afford more if my wife wanted them," the doctor broke in.

They asked about the household devices American housewives use. "I could use a dishwasher," the doctor's wife said wistfully. "And a freezer," the chic blonde put in. The colonel said he'd seen a dishwasher in a Moscow apartment, and explained how it worked.

A gym instructor explained that before the war he and his wife, child and mother-in-law had had a one-room apartment with a tiny hall. Now they had a four-room apartment. "Simply but adequately furnished," he added modestly. "Some of us even have private cars," a mining engineer said. But no one present had yet enjoyed such a luxury. The doctor fetched his suit from his compartment and insisted on my feeling the fabric. "Have you anything better than that in America?" My reply was noncommittal.

... ...

On Second Thought

By Sibyl Krausz

Oh, for the madcap
adventures of youth!
Oh, for the gusto, the
verve!
Could I but live my youth
over again—
I wouldn't have enough
nerve.

... ...

The colonel had been listening uncomfortably to this boasting. He turned to me and said soberly, "Please don't get the idea we think we're better than you Americans. We know we still have a long way to go."

Twenty years ago, the Russians used to say "We are a backward people." Now I constantly heard loud bragging, especially in public—interspersed with more sober admissions that materially, at least, they are still far behind America.

The talk turned to literature: three of those present were reading Theodore Dreiser. Later I learned why—two Soviet publishing houses had simultaneously published a new edition of Dreiser without consulting each other. For once, there'd been enough copies to go around, a triumph.

Eventually the blonde announced that it was time for bed. The visitors drifted off to their compartments and the colonel and I retired to the corridor while the blonde got undressed and into bed. Then we undressed under the blankets and put the lights out. But for another half hour we chatted drowsily. The blonde insisted the colonel tell us a bedtime story. The colonel demanded a lullaby. By the time we dropped off to sleep I had the feeling we had known one another all our lives.

Quite aside from improvements in apartments, education and suiting materials, the Russians today can genuinely boast of a real improvement in public services. My 1933 diary notes that we arrived in Rostov six hours late and that no one seemed surprised. This time we pulled into Rostov exactly on time. Like Mussolini, the Kremlin had got the trains to run on time.

In 1933, too, the area around Rostov was reeling from famine. Entire villages I visited in a horse-drawn cart had been all but wiped out by hunger or Stalin's collectivizing police. Now I ordered a limousine and drove over an asphalt road to a "typical" farm. The chairman proudly showed me his books. Because of agricultural reforms after Stalin's death, the farm's income, he said, had increased 40 per cent. (Later, foreign experts, who had visited other farms, confirmed a corresponding increase on the better farms.) The improvement my friends on the train had spoken of had not, evidently, been confined to the urban population. Although farm incomes were still pitifully low, they were significantly better than they had been in the past.

That evening at the Rostov Theater a young man beside me kept up a running commentary on the private lives of the various actors and actresses. When the lights went up after the first act and he saw my obviously foreign suit, he was slightly startled, but also obviously pleased to discover he'd been talking to a foreigner—and an American at that. After the theater I invited him to supper. He hesitated at first, explaining he had no money. But when I said he'd be my guest, he accepted enthusiastically. He told me he was a medical student, living with his family, because his government student's stipend was nowhere near sufficient for him to live alone.

Currently he was in love with an actress in nearby Krasnodar. She had been expected for a tour in Rostov the day before and he had played hooky while he scoured the town for flowers. Eventually he found some roses—at a cost of half his monthly stipend—in a suburban greenhouse. But when he'd gone to the station to meet the actress, he learned she was ill and had postponed her trip.

"And the roses?" I asked.

"I was so damn mad I gave them to the porter."

Communism, I was glad to know, had not yet stamped out love.

In addition to his emotional problems, he talked about the police. "Beria was a real blackguard," he said. "He jailed three of my uncles. One of them died, but the two others were released after they got Beria." They had been "rehabilitated" with money, apartments and good jobs.

He insisted that he show me the town before I left the next day. But I warned him that such open association with a foreigner might be dangerous. "You mean the police wouldn't like it?" he snorted. "I'm not afraid of them." I suggested he talk it over first with his parents. The next day he didn't show up for the excursion.

When I eventually boarded the train for the next leg of my trip, I discovered a uniformed colonel of the MVD—the secret police—and two fat young men in ill-fitting, mustard-colored suits already in the compartment. Finding themselves between a policeman and a foreigner, the two boys quickly withdrew into their shells. Several attempts to start a conversation on such subjects as the theater and the weather were met with sullen silence, and I took out a book.

But even the policeman couldn't suppress the boys' urge to talk for long—if they couldn't be civil to me in his presence, at least they could demonstrate their loyalty to the Soviet regime. One of the boys turned on me belligerently. "That book you're reading is about the Soviet economy?" he asked. "And it's American?" I said it was. "Then it must lie," he announced, and turned for approval to

(Continued on Page 55)

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(*Continued from Page 52*) the colonel. I returned to my book with no comment.

After a while, the boy started up again. "Look at this shirt," he said, and displayed a worn, mud-colored, tieless nylon shirt. "I never have to press it—except for the collar," he said. "Are they making things like that yet in America?" Here was the public boasting again, and I decided to take the offensive.

I showed him my shirt. "You don't have to press it at all," I said; "not even the collar."

Then I took a miniature radio from my pocket. The boy, determined not to be trumped again, blurted out, "We have lots of those. . . . What is it?"

Even the hard-faced MVD colonel could not suppress a smile.

"How is President Eisenhower?" the colonel asked, changing the subject. When I said he was recovering satisfactorily, he seemed genuinely pleased. Eisenhower and Roosevelt, he commented, were good Presidents, but Truman was bad and doubtless belonged to another party. My explanation did not please him.

With a cunning look at the boys, he asked what had become of a fine, progressive American politician called "Vels," who had suddenly dropped from sight. The implication was clear that "Vels" had been consigned to the American equivalent of a Siberian salt mine. I suggested he might be referring to Henry Wallace, who, after an unsuccessful attempt to start a third party, had returned to the business in which his family had made its fortune: hybrid corn and chicken farming.

"Then he, too, was a capitalist?" the policeman asked.

One of the boys turned on the loudspeaker—an integral part of every Soviet train compartment. It was concealed in the table lamp standing between the two bunks. Remembering the microphones the colonel's organization had concealed in our Moscow Embassy when I was in the Foreign Service, I turned to him: "How clever to conceal a loud-speaker in a table lamp."

He gave me a dirty look—and the Iron Curtain came down around me for good.

I recalled the days of the great purges, when my Russian friends had been hauled off to Siberia or the execution stand; when old acquaintances had fled across the street to avoid meeting me; when the police had tailed me to the very steps of the plane taking me from Russia for the last time. After my brush with the colonel, was I to be subjected to the same treatment again?

But when I arrived in Sochi there was no sign of a policeman following me. Evidently the police were no longer the all-powerful untouchables they'd once been. I spent the day being shown through palatial, pompous sanatoria that looked like wedding cakes, where hundreds of thousands of workers come each year for a standard twenty-eight-day cure—"no more and no less," the director of one assured me. As I watched the "workers" lolling uneasily in the stiff, unfamiliar lobbies, copied after the Kremlin palaces, or wandering drearily through the statue-cluttered park, I couldn't help comparing them with the millions of Americans who spend their vacations relaxing in primitive mountain camps, cabins and trailers. But perhaps the pseudo grandeur of a Sochi sanatorium impresses workers who must spend the rest of their lives in the primitiveness of a Soviet apartment house.

That evening I indulged myself in a taste of night life in this mass-holiday factory. The orchestra in the combination night club-restaurant was loud and very jazzy—almost everything played I recognized as American. There was no jitterbugging, but people hopped about in all manner of fashions. To get a partner, a man—drunk or sober—would approach a girl, accompanied or not, and ask her to dance. Sometimes, but not often, the girl's escort would say he was having that dance. In most cases, when so approached, the girl would look as though she'd just received a ten-year term in Siberia, frown, and get up and dance—without a word or a smile. When the dance was over, the man would bring her back within throwing distance of her seat, holding tight to her upper arm, and then sort of hurl her in the direction of her table. Then he would go back to his own table, without a word, a smile or a thank-you. When he reached home base, the man invariably would take out a handkerchief and wipe sweat from all parts except his armpits!

At the table next to mine, two men consumed two bottles of vodka, and then topped them with beer and champagne. Hardly able to stand, they would come to my table every now and then, but they received no warm welcome. The manageress bawled them out, refused to serve them more to drink, and evidently called their attention to the presence of foreigners, for they gave me a very dirty look.

The men now attempted a flirtation with a lady in pink, who had been at my table when I came in. Then the lady abruptly asked me to do her the great favor of accompanying her to a taxi. I felt slightly panicky—a plant? Would a row be staged at the taxi stand? But I could hardly refuse. She left to get her things, while I paid my bill. But five, perhaps ten, minutes passed and she did not return. Like a coward, I took the opportunity to leave the restaurant and go to my room.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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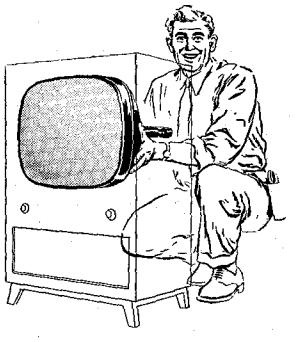

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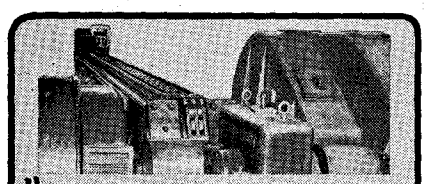

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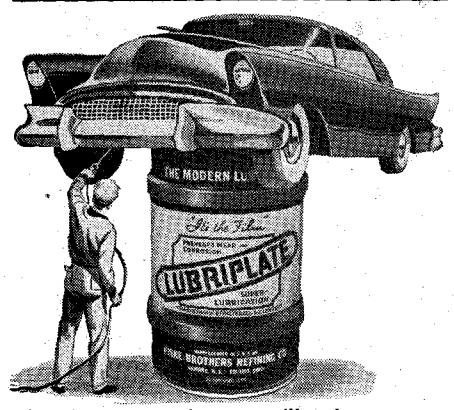

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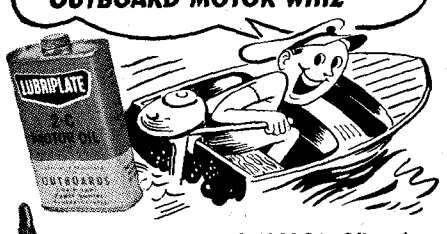

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The next morning I left Sochi in a bus bound down the Black Sea coast to Sukhumi. Twenty-two years before, a decrepit Lancia bus had bounced for eleven hours to reach Sukhumi over a potholed track that sometimes almost petered out in the subtropical vegetation. Now a rugged Soviet diesel bus makes the same trip on a macadamized highway in less than seven hours. And instead of fierce-looking, black-caped mountaineers on sturdy ponies, today one encounters nothing but a stream of noisy trucks.

My neighbor in the bus was an unkempt, thin and dull-looking, middle-aged man in a worn-out suit. He told me he was a scientific worker on the way to a scientific congress. In the bus, within earshot of fellow passengers, he kept up a steady attack on everything American: Why did we surround peaceful Russia with bases from Germany to Japan? Everyone knew Turkey and Iran are puppets of America. I retorted that, so far as I knew, no American was defense minister of a foreign country.

"I suppose you're referring to Marshal Rokossovsky in Poland," he said. I said I was. "Well, he was only temporarily a Soviet citizen."

"Or temporarily a Polish citizen," I suggested, and there was a suppressed titter throughout the bus.

Nothing daunted, the scientific worker began to boast about Soviet living conditions. "Our workers live as well as yours," he said.

But when the bus stopped this scientific worker wandered off with me beyond the hearing of fellow passengers. "Don't get me wrong," he said. "I know a thing or two about life abroad. I sometimes listen to the Voice of America and the BBC, and I know you're technically way ahead of us."

When the bus started off again, a fat, youngish woman with an assortment of gold, silver and yellow teeth was sitting across the aisle with a small, whimpering boy. She told me she was an active party worker. "My father was illiterate," she said, "and I'm a schoolteacher. Isn't that progress? And besides, I've the joy of raising this fine boy." She patted him on the head and he started to howl. When he had subsided, she turned on me. "When are you going to let Paul Robeson come back to Russia?" Before I could answer, she went on: "And why do you demand fingerprints from foreign visitors?" I said that in America fingerprinting is not regarded as degrading.

Sukhumi was a dreary little place not yet converted into a workers' paradise, and I caught a train to Tiflis as soon as I could. The compartment was already full of Georgians when I entered: a cheerful old brigand, who said he ran a chain of state restaurants; an economist with his plump but pretty seventeen-year-old daughter and her fiancé, a sleek doctor. As soon as the train started, the doctor and the brigand started a lively game of backgammon.

I had discovered too late that there was no diner on the train, and I had resigned myself to a supperless evening. But suddenly the brigand stopped the game. "It's time for a banquet for our honored guest," he announced. A moment later, the backgammon board had been converted into a table and from every suitcase and bundle came a stream of cheeses, sausages, pickled tomatoes, pomegranates, unleavened Georgian bread, and even a whole suckling pig. The doctor produced a bottle of excellent Georgian brandy, and from under her feet the economist's daughter hauled a small keg of red wine. "From our own village," she announced proudly. The brigand was unanimously elected toastmaster. The first toast was to the honored guest—myself. Then each of the others was toasted. Finally peace, friendship, Khrushchev and Eisenhower got honorable mention.

After dinner, the economist and his daughter moved to another compartment. "We Georgians," the brigand explained, "won't let our women sleep in the same compartment with strangers." It was evident that he was proud of the superiority in this respect of Georgians to their Russian neighbors.

Tiflis, where we arrived next morning, had changed considerably. The old houses in the ancient city with their ironwork balconies were much shabbier than I'd last seen them, but the outskirts were mushrooming with new buildings, including an impressive university town. After a round of museums, including Stalin's birthplace fifty miles west, I moved on to Baku. After all, my search was for conversation, not relics. And it was in trains, not museums, that the Russians talked freely to a foreigner—even an American.

My bunkmate was a chunky young girl of twenty-four who was neither Russian nor Georgian, but Spanish—a refugee

> If evolution really worked, nature would have long since produced pedestrians with wings.
>
> AL MCGEE

from the Spanish civil war. She had been brought to Russia in 1937, at the age of six. She was a bookkeeper in a bank and earned $200 a month at the official rate, but less than half that in actual purchasing power. She wore a shabby, faded overcoat. A shawl substituted for a hat, and her shoes were thin and scuffed. But she was probably the most enthusiastic Soviet citizen I met during the whole trip. Her eyes filled with tears when she spoke of someday revisiting Spain and her parents, who had survived the war. But she had no desire to live in Spain. The Soviet system, she was certain, was better than anything Franco had to offer. I asked her what she liked best in the Soviet Union.

"The people," she said without hesitation. "They're just like Spaniards—gay, cheerful, hospitable. They took me in as an orphan, educated me and gave me a fine position." (It was a generous way, I thought, of describing a $200-a-month clerk's job.) I asked her what she liked least in Russia.

"The drunkards," she answered. "Sometimes I'm afraid to go out on the street at night alone."

Her favorite recreation was dancing in the bank's amateur-theatrical group, and her one longing was for a pair of real Spanish castanets. "The little ones that hide in the palm of your hand," she said. Her eyes lit up when I promised to send her a pair from abroad.

Next day I took her to lunch in Baku and then for a walk about town—making sure to keep away from the "industrial section," which the hotel manager warned me was off limits to foreigners. As we passed a clothing store, she insisted on going in. Eagerly she examined an overcoat. But her face fell when she saw the price tag—$175. A pair of shoes caught her eye, but they were priced at $120. A little wistfully she turned and walked out.

"Clothing prices are terribly high," she complained—her only complaint, except for the drunkards. "But I guess one day they'll go down."

I asked her what she'd thought of Malenkov's getting fired for advocating a program for increasing consumers' goods. "People like me were all for Malenkov. Why wouldn't we be? But the leaders decided we needed more machinery instead, and I guess they know best."

After a day of sight-seeing, I boarded a plane bound back to Moscow. Beside me sat a young physicist. We talked first about the theater. He told me the Moscow opera reminded him of the mythical statue a Russian noblewoman had made by freezing one of her serf girls in ice—beautiful, but frozen to death. I agreed, and he added: "I hope you say so when you write about Russia. It might help wake up the authorities." Encouraged by his attack on the authorities, I switched back to the subject that had bothered the Spanish girl: Why was the Government deliberately neglecting to make enough consumers' goods? Why had they rejected Malenkov's program? But my question overstepped the bounds of discretion—it was one thing to criticize the theatrical authorities, but quite another to criticize the "leaders."

The physicist looked at me sternly. "That is a decision of the party leadership," and he added solemnly: "We trust and respect them."

A cement engineer, who, with half a dozen others, had joined the discussion, broke in, "Besides, it is you who force us to develop our arms industry. If your government were as peaceful as the American people are, it wouldn't be necessary."

I protested that our government had no choice but to follow the peaceful policies of the voters, otherwise they wouldn't get elected. In America, I added pointedly, elections are free.

He caught the gibe.

"We, too, elect our government!" he replied vehemently. "We had elections only a few years back." He hesitated and looked at his fellow passengers. "When did we have our last elections?" There was an embarrassed silence.

Back in Moscow, while I waited for the bureaucracy to grind out permits and tickets for the next leg of my journey to Central Asia, I tried to summarize my impressions, which now covered nearly 100 closely typed pages:

Low as it is, the Soviet standard of living is undoubtedly rising. Though the police still lurk not very deep in the shadow, the terror of Stalin's rule is being replaced by another fear—that of war with America. But most important of all is the attitude of the average Russian toward his masters. Dreams of the good old days before the revolution, or before the collectivization and the Five-Year Plans, have vanished. And somehow or other, despite the severity of the present regime and the dreary life it has prescribed for them, the Russian people have accommodated themselves to the system.

"The leaders know best," the Spanish girl had said. "We trust and respect them," the physicist had proclaimed. In a country where hypocrisy and falsehood are the *leitmotiv* of every public utterance, it is hard to gage the sincerity of these remarks. But the simple, candid words of a chauffeur in Rostov keep coming back to me.

"We'll have trolley busses in Rostov in 1956, television in 1957, and all the housing we need in a few years," he said, "provided you Americans leave us alone."

Twenty-two years ago, in 1933, I'd seen the countryside decimated by famine. Now, not bread, but television was their chief concern. Not Uncle Joe Stalin, but Uncle Sam was their chief bogeyman. And they were dreaming of a better life not in the past, but in the future.

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles. In next week's installment Mr. Thayer brings Post readers the fascinating story of the growth of a wealthy new aristocracy in Russia, complete with over-privileged youth known as the "Jet Set.

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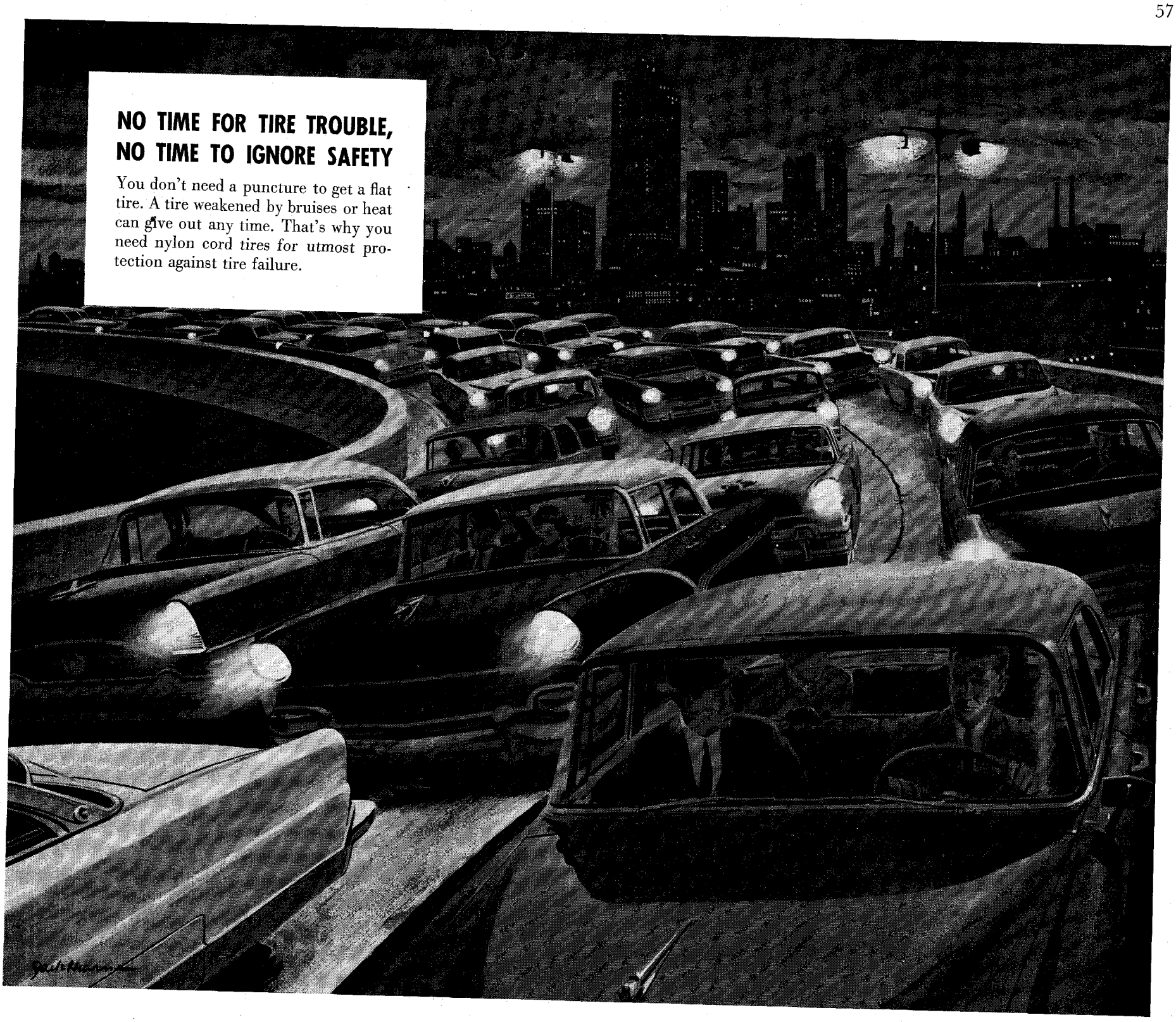
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The Boy Who Hated Girls (Continued from Page 28)

a loose part into place. "Do you remember it at all—the feeling you used to have when you marched so well, before this relapse?"

"I think it's kind of coming back," said Bert.

"Coming up through the 'C' and 'B' bands, you learned to march fine," said Helmholtz. The two bands were training bands through which the hundred men of the Lincoln High School Ten Square Band all came.

"I dunno what the trouble is," said Bert, "unless it's all the excitement of getting in the Ten Square Band." He puffed his cheeks. "Maybe it's stopping my lessons with you."

When Bert had qualified for the Ten Square Band three months before, Helmholtz had turned him over to the best trumpet teacher in town, Larry Fink, for the final touches of grace and color.

"Say, Fink isn't giving you a hard time, is he?" said Helmholtz.

"Nope," said Bert. "He's a nice gentleman." He rolled his eyes. "Mr. Helmholtz—if we could practice marching just a couple of more times, I think I'll be fine again."

"Gee, Bert," said Helmholtz, "I don't know when I can fit you in again. When you went to Fink, I took on another boy. It just so happened he was sick tonight. But next week ——"

"Who is he?" said Bert.

"Norton Shakely," said Helmholtz. "Little fellow—kind of green around the gills. He's just like you were when you started out. No faith in himself. Doesn't think he'll ever make the Ten Square Band, but he will, he will."

"He will," echoed Bert emptily.

Helmholtz clapped Bert on the arm, to put some heart into him. "Chin up!" he sang. "Shoulders back! Go get your coat, and I'll take you home."

As Bert put on his coat, Helmholtz thought of the windows of Bert's home—windows as empty as dead men's eyes. Bert's father had wandered away years before—and his mother, seemingly, was seldom there. Helmholtz wondered if that was where the trouble was.

Helmholtz was depressed. "Maybe we can stop somewhere and get a soda, and maybe play a little table tennis afterward in my basement," he said. When he'd given Bert trumpet lessons, they'd always stopped somewhere for a soda, and then played a little table tennis afterward.

"Unless you'd rather go see Charlotte or something," said Helmholtz.

"Are you kidding?" said Bert.

The next morning, Helmholtz talked with Miss Peach, the school nurse. It was a symposium between two hearty, plump people, blooming with hygiene and common sense. In the background, rickety and confused, stripped to the waist, was Bert.

"By 'blacked out,' you mean Bert fainted?" said Miss Peach.

"You didn't see him do it at the Whitestown game last Friday?" said Helmholtz.

"I missed that game," said Miss Peach.

"It was right after we'd formed the block L, when we were marching down the field to form the pinwheel that turned into the Lincoln High panther and the Whitestown eagle," said Helmholtz. He chuckled, forgetting Bert, remembering the glories of the day. The eagle had screamed, and the panther had eaten it.

"So what did Bert do?" said Miss Peach.

"He was marching along with the band, just as fine as you please," said Helmholtz. "And then, all of a sudden, he just drifted out of it. He wound up marching all by himself."

"What did it feel like, Bert?" said Miss Peach.

"Kind of like a dream at first," said Bert. "Real good, kind of. And then I woke up, and I was all alone." He gave a sickly smile. "And everybody was laughing at me."

"How's your appetite, Bert?" said Miss Peach.

"He polished off a soda and a hamburger last night," said Helmholtz.

"What about your co-ordination when you play games, Bert?" said Miss Peach.

"I'm not in sports," said Bert. "The trumpet takes about all the time I've got."

"Don't you and your father throw a ball sometimes?" said Miss Peach.

"I haven't got a father," said Bert.

"He beat me at table tennis last night," said Helmholtz.

"All in all, it was quite a binge last night, wasn't it?" Miss Peach said.

"It's just what we used to do every Wednesday night," said Bert.

"It's what I do with all the boys I give lessons to," said Helmholtz. "All work and no play ——"

Miss Peach cocked her head. "You used to do it with Bert?"

"I take lessons from Mr. Fink now," said Bert.

"When a boy reaches the Ten Square Band," said Helmholtz, "he's beyond me, as far as individual lessons are concerned. I don't treat him like a boy any more. I treat him like a man. And he's an artist. Only an artist like Fink can teach him anything from there on."

"Ten Square Band," mused Miss Peach. "That's ten on a side—a hundred in all? All dressed alike, all marching like parts of a fine machine?"

"Like a block of postage stamps," said Helmholtz proudly.

"Uh-huh," said Miss Peach. "And all of them have had lessons from you?"

"Heavens, no," said Helmholtz. "I've only got time to give five boys individual lessons."

"A lucky, lucky five," said Miss Peach. "For a little while."

The door of the office opened, and Stewart Haley, the assistant principal, came in. He had begun his career as a bright young man. But now, after ten years of dealing with oversize spirits on undersize salaries, his brightness had mellowed to the dull gloss of pewter. He had lost a great deal of his luster in verbal scuffles with Helmholtz over expenses of the band.

In Haley's hand was a bill. "Well, Helmholtz," he said, "if I'd known you were going to be here, I'd have brought another interesting bill with me. Five war-surplus Signal Corps wire-laying reels, complete with pack frames? Does that ring a bell?"

"It does," said Helmholtz, unabashed. "And may I say ——"

"Later," said Haley. "Right now I have a matter to take up with Miss Peach—one that makes your peculation look like peanuts." He rattled the bill at Miss Peach. "Miss Peach—have you ordered a large quantity of bandages recently?"

Miss Peach paled. "I—I ordered thirty yards of sterile gauze," she said. "It came this morning. And it's thirty yards, and it's gauze."

Haley sat down on a white stool. "According to this bill," he said, "somebody in this grand institution has ordered and received two hundred yards of silver nylon ribbon, three inches wide—treated to glow in the dark." He gave a death's-head grin.

He was looking blankly at Helmholtz when he said it. He went on looking at Helmholtz, and color crept into his cheeks. "Hello again, Helmholtz."

"Hi," said Helmholtz.

"Down for your daily shot of cocaine?" said Haley.

"Cocaine?" said Helmholtz.

"How else," said Haley, "could a man get dreams of cornering the world output of nylon ribbon treated to glow in the dark?"

"It costs much less to make things glow in the dark than most people realize," said Helmholtz.

Haley stood. "So it was you!"

Helmholtz laid his hand on Haley's shoulder, and looked him in the eye. "Stewart," he said, "the question on everybody's lips is, 'How can the Ten Square Band possibly top its performance at the Westfield game last year?'"

"The big question is," said Haley, "'How can a high school with a modest budget like ours afford such a gorgeous, vainglorious, Cecil B. DeMille machine for making music?' And the answer is," said Haley, "'We can't!'" He jerked his head from side to side. "Ninety-five-dollar uniforms! Biggest drum in the state! Batons and hats that light up! Everything treated to glow in the dark! Holy smokes!" he said wildly. "The biggest jukebox in the world!"

The inventory brought nothing but joy to Helmholtz. "You love it," he said. "Everybody loves it. And wait till you hear what we're going to do with those reels and that ribbon!"

"Waiting," said Haley. "Waiting."

"Now then," said Helmholtz, "any band can form block letters. That's about the oldest stuff there is. As of this moment our band is the only band, as far as I know, equipped to write longhand."

In the muddled silence that followed, Bert, all but forgotten, spoke up. He had put his shirt back on. "Are you all through with me?" he said.

"You can go, Bert," said Miss Peach kindly. "I didn't find anything wrong with you."

"'By," said Bert loudly, his hand on the doorknob. "'By, Mr. Helmholtz."

"So long," said Helmholtz absently. "Now what do you think of that?" he said to Haley.

Just outside the door, Bert bumped into Charlotte, the dewy pink tulip of a girl who often walked home with him.

"Bert," said Charlotte, "they told me you were down here. I thought you were hurt. Are you all right?"

Bert brushed past her without a word, leaning, as though into a cold, wet gale.

"What do I think of the ribbon?" said Haley to Helmholtz. "I think this is where the spending spree of the Ten Square Band is finally stopped."

"That isn't the only kind of spree that's got to be stopped," said Miss Peach darkly.

"What do you mean by that?" said Helmholtz.

"I mean," said Miss Peach, "all this playing fast and loose with kids' emotions." She narrowed her eyes. "George, I've been watching you for years—watching you use every emotional trick in the books to make your kids march and play."

"I try to be friends," said Helmholtz genially.

"You try to be a lot more than that," said Miss Peach. "Whatever a kid needs, you're it. Father, mother, sister, brother, God, slave, or dog—you're it. No wonder we've got the best band in the world. The only wonder is that what's happened with Bert hasn't happened a thousand times."

"What's eating Bert?" said Helmholtz.

"You won him," said Miss Peach. "That's what. Lock, stock and barrel—he's yours, all yours."

"Sure he likes me," said Helmholtz. "Hope he does, anyway."

(*Continued on Page 60*)

"Have the Easter egg hunt in the house, he says!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MOST of us *expect* to be tricked on April Fool's day, and we can join in the fun with our tricksters.

But being tricked on *other* days isn't so funny.

Take this matter of "cheap" federal government power. It's "cheap" for the people who get it only because you and other taxpayers pay part of their electric bills.

First, your taxes help pay for the government power plants that serve the folks in this privileged class. And, second, the taxes you pay in your electric bill have to be *higher* because *those people* don't pay a fair share of taxes in theirs.

So when you hear about "cheap" federal power, think of the trick that's behind it. Remember—one of the *victims* of that trick is *you!*
America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies.*

**Names on request from this magazine*

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(*Continued from Page 58*) "He likes you like a son likes a father," said Miss Peach. "There's a casual thing for you."

Helmholtz couldn't imagine what the argument was about. Everything Miss Peach had said was so obvious. "That's only natural, isn't it?" he said. "Bert doesn't have a father, so he's going to look around for one, naturally, until he finds some girl who'll take him over and ——"

"Will you please open your eyes, and see what you've done to Bert's life?" said Miss Peach tautly. "Look what he did to get your attention, after you stuck him in the Ten Square Band, then sent him off to Mr. Fink, and forgot all about him. He was willing to have the whole world laugh at him, just to get you to look at him again."

"Growing up isn't supposed to be painless," said Helmholtz. "A baby's one thing, a child's another, and a man's another. Changing from one thing to the next is a plain mess." He opened his eyes wide. "If we don't know that, who does?"

"Growing up isn't supposed to be hell!" said Miss Peach.

Helmholtz was stunned by the word. "What do you want me to do?" he murmured wonderingly.

"It's none of my business," said Miss Peach. "It's a highly personal affair. That's the way you made it. That's the way you work. I'd think the least you could do would be to learn the difference between getting yourself tangled up in a boy and getting yourself tangled up in ribbon. You can cut the ribbon. You can't do that to a boy."

"About that ribbon ——" said Haley.

"We'll pack it up and send it back," said Helmholtz. He didn't care about the ribbon any more. He walked out of the office, his ears flame red.

Helmholtz carried himself as though he'd done nothing wrong. But guilt rode on his back like a chimpanzee with a very bad breath. In his tiny office off the band-rehearsal room, Helmholtz removed stacks of sheet music from the washbasin in the corner and dashed cold water in his face, hoping to make the chimpanzee go away for at least the next hour. The next hour was the rehearsal period for the Ten Square Band.

Guilt tightened its grip. In his desperation, Helmholtz telephoned his good friend Larry Fink, the trumpet teacher. He started the conversation with weary, worried snickering.

"What's the trouble this time, George?" said Fink.

"I dunno, I dunno, I dunno," said Helmholtz. "The school nurse just jumped all over me for being too nice to my boys. She says I get too involved, and that's a very dangerous thing."

"Oh?" said Fink.

"Psychology's a wonderful science," said Helmholtz. "Without it, everybody'd still be making the same terrible mistake—being nice to each other. We'd still be like cave men."

"What brought this on?" said Fink.

"Bert," said Helmholtz.

"Oh," said Fink significantly. "Well that's sure a special case. Isn't something you come across every day."

"Shows how much you know about days around here," said Helmholtz.

"Well," said Fink, "judging from most of the kids you send on to me, they've got a little talent to keep 'em going, after you kick 'em out of the nest. Bert hasn't got any. When a kid's got to face a fact like that, there's bound to be a certain amount of extra thrashing around."

"No talent?" said Helmholtz incredulously. "Bert took to music like a duck takes to water!"

"Like a camel takes to quicksand."

"He went from the 'C' band to the Ten Square Band in two years flat!" said Helmholtz. "When I had him, he always had his lessons beautifully prepared."

Fink was silent.

"Well?" said Helmholtz.

"Yeah—I guess that's right," said Fink in a dead voice.

"But what?" said Helmholtz.

"I hate to ——" Fink stopped. He cleared his throat. "George," he said, with mighty reluctance, "I hate to think of what it cost him to do it."

"Cost him?" said Helmholtz.

"Buckets of blood is all I can think of," said Fink. "He didn't have a second or an ounce of energy left over for anything else—not even that pretty little Charlotte, who waits outside while he takes his lesson."

Helmholtz's flesh crept. He didn't have to ask why Bert had traded buckets of blood for music. He knew. Bert had done it to please him.

"See you around," said Helmholtz, and he hung up.

From the rehearsal room outside Helmholtz's office came the cracks and slams of folding chairs being set up for the Ten Square Band. Bandsmen with a free hour before rehearsal time were setting up the chairs, polishing brass, whisk-brooming uniforms, and doing all the other chores that were the price of glory. The coming hour was ordinarily a perfect hour, in which Helmholtz became weightless as he sang with the band. But now he feared the hour, because he was going to have to face Bert again, and he didn't know how to do it.

There was a faint knock on Helmholtz's door, and Helmholtz's conscience made him jump. "Yes?"

The door opened, and there stood young Charlotte—a little woman in mint condition. She was wise and affectionate, and somewhat sad.

"Mr. Helmholtz," she said, "I haven't got any class this next hour. Can I watch the band?"

"Glad to have you."

"I think it's just the best show there is," said Charlotte.

"Sometimes I think so, too," said Helmholtz.

He went into the rehearsal room with her, and showed her where she could sit. He was so rattled about Bert that he thought nothing of it when he saw bandsmen measuring and cutting lengths of silver ribbon from two great spools of the stuff. Other bandsmen stretched out the lengths on the floor, over newspapers by the wall, and spattered them with aluminum paint.

And then Bert came in. A wave of embarrassment swept over Helmholtz as he smiled glassily at the boy he'd won, the boy whose life he'd made a hell. Bert smiled back in grateful surprise and took his seat in the trumpet section.

"Hi, Bert," said Charlotte, brightly.

"Hi. How are you?" said Bert, not looking at her.

Helmholtz and Charlotte sighed at the same time. Helmholtz was thinking about the thousand other boys he'd been close to, trying to remember in detail how they'd behaved toward him. He could remember only that they'd all grown up. All he could muster from his memory in the way of faces was a sea of pale pies. They'd gone away. They were always going away.

The bandsmen were all in their chairs now. Helmholtz banged his baton against his music stand. "Let's start off with Lincoln's Foes Shall Wail Tonight," he said. "Everybody hear that? *Fortissimo. Con brio.* A-one, a-two, a-three, a-four!"

When the band played, Helmholtz didn't sing. He forced himself to think of Bert as a boy he was to keep for a son, a boy he was to watch with special pride, a boy never to lose sight of, a boy of boys.

"Him? He's one of them crackpot inventors you read about."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He screened out the rest of the band, and listened to Bert's trumpet alone. Bert was playing sloppily. At one point, Bert quit playing altogether, and looked around himself irritably.

For the second half of the hour, the band formed its famous ten square in the parking lot next to the rehearsal room.

Charlotte followed the band outside, and made herself inconspicuous.

"Shouldn't we get the ribbon and reels?" said the drum major to Helmholtz. "We've got it all cut up, and the paint dried right away. I just tested it."

"That's all off," said Helmholtz, his eyes on Bert. "I promised Haley we'd send it all back for credit."

"Chopped up in fifty-foot lengths?" said the drum major. "Spattered with aluminum paint? You think they'll take it back?"

"All that's happened to the ribbon?" said Helmholtz.

"You told us to do it yesterday," said the drum major.

Helmholtz closed his eyes, and bit the back of his hand until the feeling of mild panic passed. "An honest misunderstanding," he said, in a voice like wind in the treetops. "Go get it."

And while the wire-laying reels on the pack frames were being strapped to the backs of men in the rear rank, and lengths of ribbon were being wound onto the reels, Helmholtz worked his way between ranks to Bert.

Helmholtz had to squeeze his bulk past many boys he cared about just as much. "Excuse me, Stanley," he said. "Wupps—sorry, Knox. Didn't break that reed, did I? . . . Bud, Robert . . . Wupps." He came to Bert. "Here's the young man I want to see!"

Heads turned curiously. Helmholtz had never waded into ranks before.

"How's it going with you, Bert?" said Helmholtz heartily.

Bert was startled. "All right, I guess."

"Sure glad to hear it," said Helmholtz. "Gee—I think and worry about you a lot. You'd be surprised."

"Huh," said Bert, increasingly restive.

"Yes-sir-ree," said Helmholtz. "After I took you home last night, I said to my wife, 'Fern—we ought to have that boy to supper sometime.'"

The bandsmen looked away, pretending to notice nothing.

"And I sat up half the night, trying to figure out what to do about your marching problem," said Helmholtz. The fulsome talk was making him squeamish. He hoped to God it was making Bert strong and happy.

"Gee, that's sure nice of you," said Bert. He had a hunted look.

Helmholtz called to the drum major, "Lop off about a yard of that ribbon, and pass it on in."

The yard of ribbon went from hand to hand, over many heads, to Helmholtz. Its spatters of aluminum paint glinted like scales, made it look like something alive.

Mistrustfully, Bert watched it come. So did the rest of the band.

"Here we are," said Helmholtz. He looped one end of the ribbon around Bert's belt. "Now," he said, turning to the boy in front of Bert, "Hal, if you don't mind, I'm going to tie this other end to you. Then as long as Bert keeps his ribbon taut, his interval is bound to be perfect."

Gadgetry fascinated Helmholtz. He lapsed into a daydream of tying together the whole C band, and the worst band in school. The only problem then would be to prevent their square from becoming a rhombus. If, however, the boys at the corners were trussed up so that ——

Helmholtz sensed that something in the present (*Continued on Page 62*)

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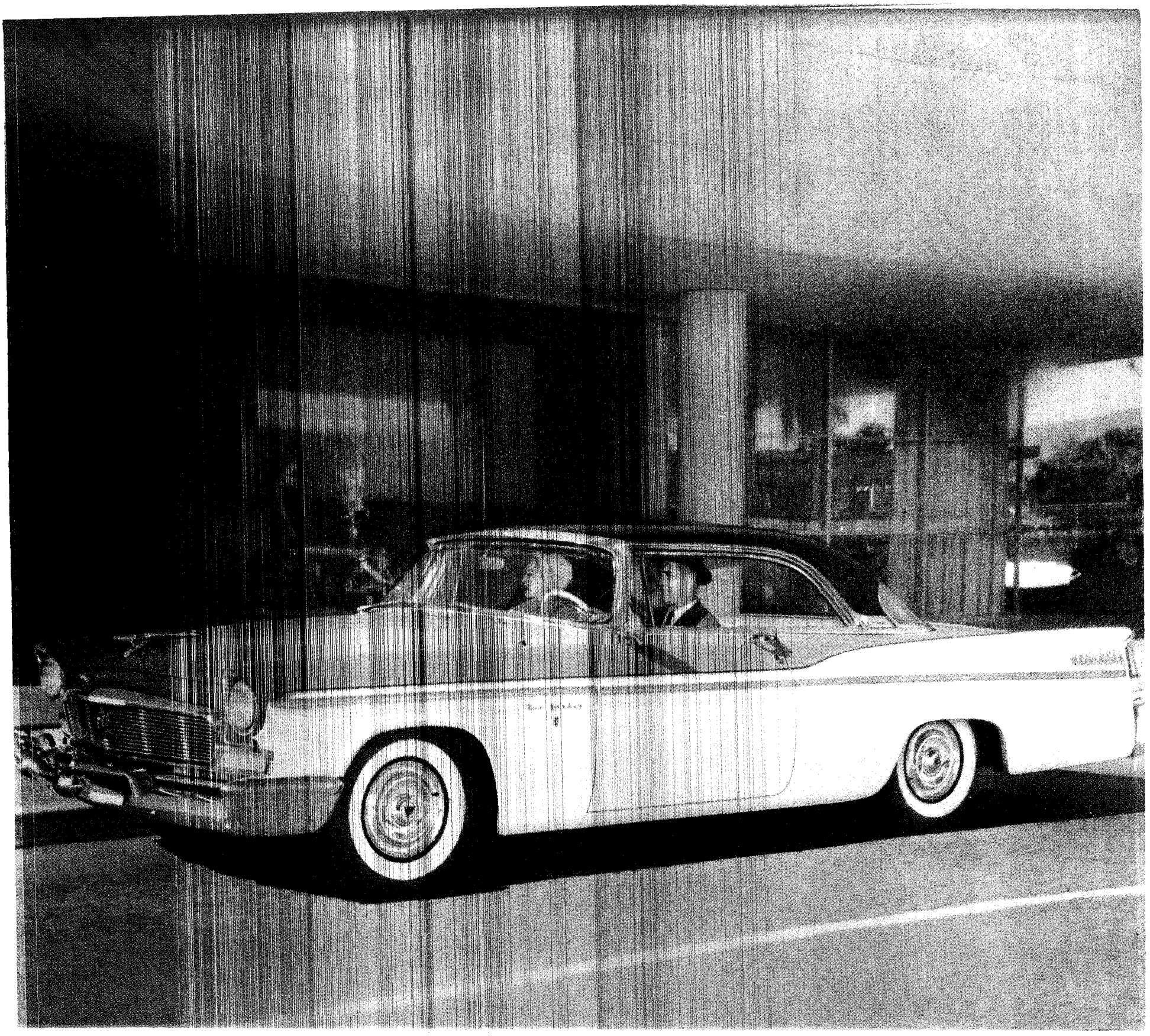

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(*Continued from Page 60*) wasn't quite right. As he started to tie the ribbon to Hal, he realized that Bert was no longer on the other end. "Where's Bert?" he said.

There was a boom like a cannon shot.

"There goes Bert," said the drum major, "slamming the rehearsal-room door."

Helmholtz overtook Bert in the echoing vacancy of the band-rehearsal room. Bert was emptying his locker noisily, vengefully. Charlotte stood nearby, her blue eyes wide with pity and respect.

Bert faced Helmholtz with dread and fascination.

"Hi," said Helmholtz anxiously. "Going somewhere?"

"Why'd you have to do that to me?" said Bert in a choking voice. He looked down at the silver cord in Helmholtz's hand. "How d'ya think that made me feel?"

Helmholtz stuffed the cord into his pocket guiltily. "I just wanted to help, Bert," he said.

"Help?" said Bert, close to tears. "You helped me right out of the band. How can I ever face those guys again?"

"I—I don't know what to say, Bert," said Helmholtz wretchedly. "I don't seem to be able to do anything right these days. I got so interested in that stupid ribbon, I just lost sight of everything else."

"I can't go back," said Bert. He teetered between childhood and manhood. He puffed his cheeks and let out the air with a fizzing sound. "Can't go back." His eyes went soft, like the eyes of a cold, wet spaniel. "It's all over."

"They're a pretty broad-minded bunch," said Helmholtz. "I don't think they'll say anything. They'll forget it."

"Even if they do," said Bert, "I won't." Childhood had become insufferable.

Bert offered his hand to Helmholtz slowly, and he kept his eyes down. "Good-by, Mr. Helmholtz."

There was nothing final about the good-by. It was a helpless, pleading good-by, that begged for everything to start over again, to be just like the good old days.

Helmholtz hesitated, afraid of what he was and what he did. He glanced at the audience, Charlotte, feeling naked. He was amazed to find her radiant with perfect understanding.

Drawing strength from her, Helmholtz grabbed Bert's hand, and shook it hard. "Good-by, Bert," he said. "Maybe it's for the best. Maybe you'll find better things to do with your time—things closer to your talents, things that are more fun for you."

He let go of Bert's limp hand. It hurt. It always hurt. Bert looked down at his hand in shock. Now he really was all alone.

He was alone for about ten seconds—for as long as it took him to count his blessings, and to find that Charlotte was the only one alive.

"Let's get out of here, Charlotte," said Bert, as though they had come in together, and had never been far apart. "Thanks for everything, Mr. Helmholtz." There was everything in the thanks—irony, gratitude, frustration, and heaven knows what else.

"You're welcome," said Helmholtz.

Bert left, with Charlotte on his arm. His back was straight, his shoulders were back, his gut was in, and his eyes weren't very clear.

Helmholtz went back to his band—ten square, less one. Bert's face was already fading into the ranks of the manly—come and gone.

"Gentlemen," said Helmholtz to his band, "you are, to the best of my knowledge, the first band equipped to write in longhand. The ribbon is our ink. It will glow in the dark and twinkle in the sunlight. When we come out on the gridiron at the Westfield game, the first word we're going to write is 'hello.'"

It was always the next word after good-by.

"Shall we see how it works?" said Helmholtz. "Band—'ten-*hut*!"

From a study-hall window three stories above, a small freshman, green around the gills, without a shred of confidence, watched and wondered and adored, and played with the catches on his trumpet case.

THE END

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Rough weekend, eh?"

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Look Who's Teaching School

(Continued from Page 39)

Although her conscience occasionally troubles her, Mrs. Jameson seldom gets her bed made until she's ready to tumble into it at 11:00 P.M. With dinner over and the kitchen straightened up by 8:30, she usually rounds off the evening with an hour or two of school preparation. Over weekends she attacks the bulging hampers of dirty laundry, and the dust which has sifted into the rambling ten-room house.

Last year Mrs. Jameson went to bed when school closed for Christmas vacation, and didn't get up until it was time to trim the tree three days later. Even summer vacations don't seem long enough to catch up on rest. Yet she's never considered quitting her new career. "When children no longer require a mother's complete energies," she says, "it's good to know you're needed elsewhere."

Our public schools need teachers like Mrs. Jameson, and will need them desperately for at least two decades. One of the participants in last November's White House Conference on Education jokingly reported that in his area of the Northwest, "we define a good teacher as any teacher we can get." Other educators have called the single requisite "a warm body." One new California teacher commented, "I think my district would have signed up anyone who could breathe." The gap between the number of trained teachers and the number of school-age youngsters is widening daily. Our birth rate has been leaping since 1946, and reached an all-time high of over 4,000,000 births in 1954.

With a new classroom of children reaching school age every ten minutes, the elementary schools are swamped already. By 1960 the high schools will be receiving the birth rate's full impact. Soon afterward, the offspring of our war and postwar babies will start knocking on schoolhouse doors.

Unfortunately, the bumper crop of students is being harvested during a biological famine of teachers. Today's young teachers were born in the 1930–40 decade, when, due to depression and the threat of war, the birth rate nose-dived.

Last June some 85,000 teachers were graduated from traditional training institutions. One out of every five of these will probably never teach, and the rest are barely sufficient to replace those lost annually through death, retirement and more lucrative careers. One hundred thousand more teachers are needed to staff new classrooms, reduce overcrowding and replace untrained persons teaching on emergency certificates.

When Alice K. Leopold went to Washington in 1953 to head the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, she knew about the teacher shortage, and she thought she knew an untapped source of supply. Mrs. Leopold was forty-four, a suburbanite from Weston, Connecticut, and the mother of two half-grown boys. Many of her friends, college-educated women, were deeply envious of her. They were fed up with volunteer community activities, committee meetings, teas, dessert bridges. They, too, wanted careers. "Why did I bother to go to college when I don't make any use of it?" was a common wail.

An area of labor shortage and a source of labor surplus sounded to Mrs. Leopold like an ideal (*Continued on Page 65*)

Winter's End

By VIRGINIA BRASIER

Now stripling rivers deep
with rain,
And drunk on mountains,
melting,
Roar in the night like
beings insane
Above the spring storm's
pelting.
Orchard and forest boughs
are torn
With sounds like ripping
silk—
And rain is caught in
leaves, newborn,
And blossoms white as
milk.

I taste the rain upon your
lips,
Cool on your shoulders,
too,
And listen as the roof rim
drips
Past windows silver blue;
And love the spring and
love the rain—
And most of all love you!

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69¢ PEARSON SAKRIN equals sweetening power of OVER 10 LBS. of SUGAR SAVES YOU 18,144 CALORIES!

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SAVE ONE POUND A WEEK IN SWEETENING CALORIES ALONE! Squeeze a drop of PEARSON SAKRIN from its attractive squeezable dropper bottle—and you have the sweetening power of 1 whole teaspoon of sugar *without any of its calories!* In just coffee, tea, with desserts and in cooking, it can save you up to 511 calories and more a day—*that equals over one pound of weight a week in "sweetening calories" alone!* Every calorie saved helps control weight.

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(in foods where you usually use sugar)

		CALORIES ADDED BY: PEARSON SAKRIN	SUGAR
Breakfast	Fruit Juice	0	16 (1 tsp.)*
	Cereal	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Coffee or Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Morning Break:	Coffee or Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Lunch:	Fruit Cup	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Dessert	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Afternoon Break:	Coffee or Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Dinner:	Grapefruit	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Dessert	0	32 (2 tsp.)
	Coffee or Tea	0	32 (2 tsp.)
Misc. sweetening, incl. mixed drinks, snacks while watching TV, as well as between meals and late evening snacks, etc.		0	175

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*LEVEL TEASPOON

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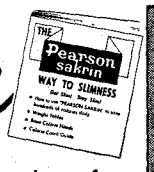
Free — 

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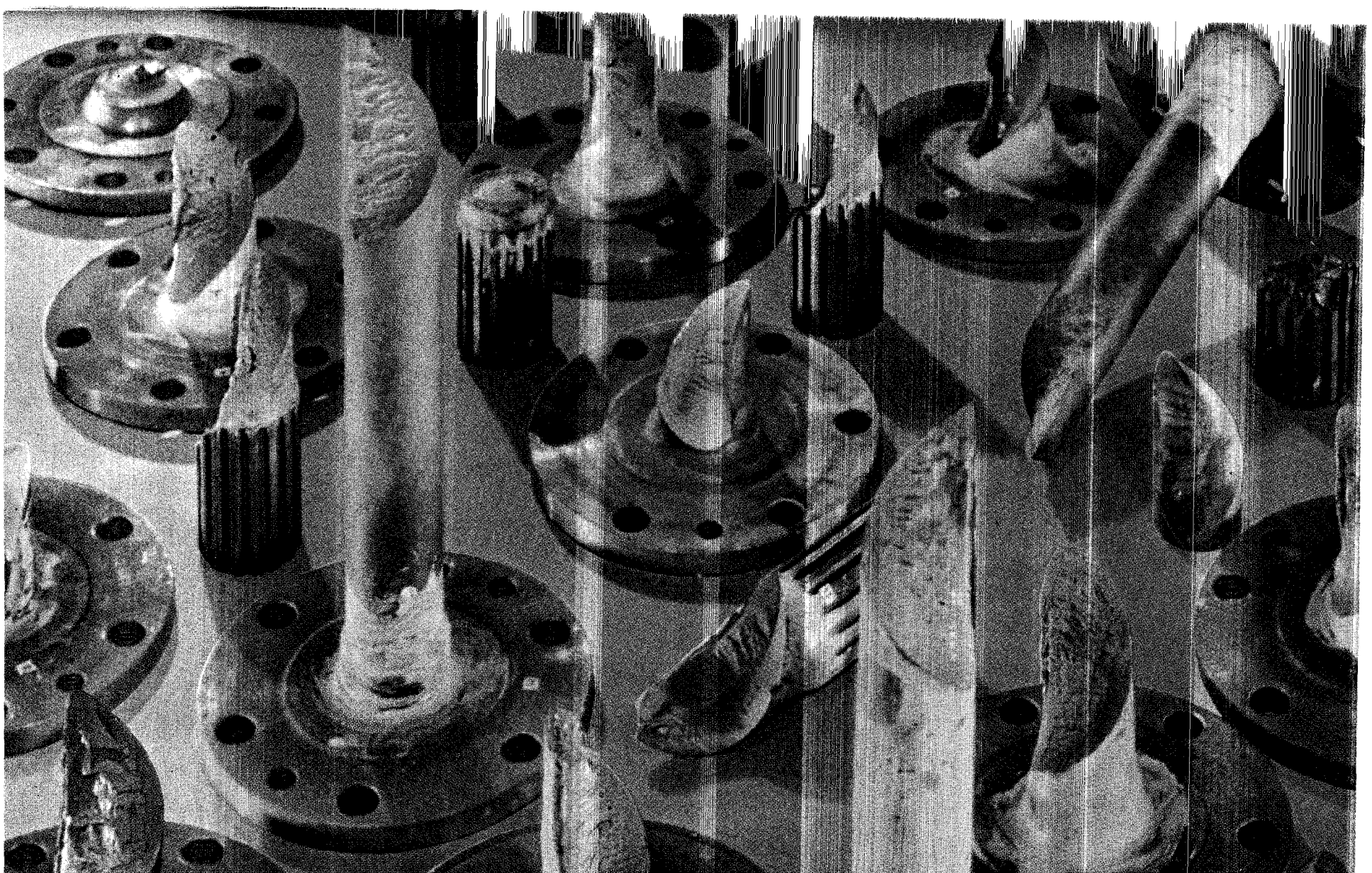

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(*Continued from Page 63*) marriage. She took her idea to Dr. Samuel M. Brownell, United States Commissioner of Education, and he liked it too. They were heartened to learn that thousands of potential teachers were hidden in the kitchen. Statistics show that approximately 500,000 women college graduates under fifty-five are neither employed nor caring for preschool children.

In May, 1954, Mrs. Leopold and Doctor Brownell explained their scheme to educators and women's groups. The women were enthusiastic, but the educators somewhat skeptical. A few doubted the emotional stability of women who might want to leave their homes and teach. "We're not running a mental-hygiene program for a bunch of restless middle-aged women," one educator commented.

The Women's Bureau was asked to sample community opinion throughout the country and report back to a second meeting. It did better than that. It brought back proof that the idea worked. In fact, it had been working since 1953 in Ohio.

The Ohio Department of Education was sponsoring an accelerated course to equip college graduates to become teachers, and candidates were being recruited to the tune of over 250 a year. A one-year "earn-as-you-learn" program was in operation at the University of Southern California, Claremont College and San Diego State College. More than half of San Diego's students were over thirty, and three fifths of them were women. In Detroit, Wayne University was snagging older housewives by sending Wayne professors out to the suburbs to teach them, instead of requiring the women to fight their way through Detroit traffic to go to school.

At a meeting in Washington in August, 1954, the Committee on New Teachers for the Nation's Classrooms was born. With the Women's Bureau and the Office of Education as fond parents, its aim has been to promote special intensive college courses to equip older women for teaching careers. Reports arriving almost weekly in Washington indicate that Mrs. Leopold's brain child is growing fast. Programs attracting older college graduates have been organized throughout three states—Connecticut, Ohio and Kansas. Courses are also being offered in half a dozen colleges in Illinois, in New York City, California, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Washington, D.C.

Many housewives with half-grown children, who could return to more lucrative careers in commerce or industry, are rejecting them for the lure of teaching. Why? Partly because these idealistic mothers feel a social responsibility to their communities. Partly because they love children. Largely because teaching is the only career which allows a working woman to keep the same hours and enjoy the same vacations as her own youngsters.

Alice Kane, thirty-nine, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, found time heavy on her hands when her youngest child entered the first grade two years ago. "I don't like bridge parties," she recalls. "I'd finished my stint with the Brownie Scouts and the Parents' Club at school. Every spring I gardened like mad, and I spent two hours a day practicing the piano. I did the housework, but it seemed so trivial. After all, how much cooking and cleaning and sewing can you do?"

Mrs. Kane, a Wellesley graduate, could have gone back into social work, her field before her marriage. But she felt that a year-round, nine-to-five job would cheat her two growing youngsters. After a year's graduate work at the University of Bridgeport, she started teaching sixth grade in suburban Stratford.

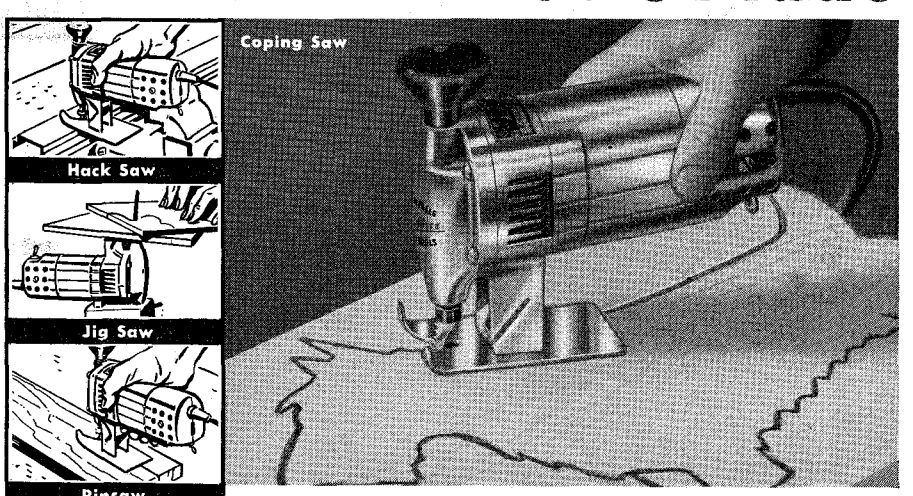
The meager size of a teacher's salary does not disturb Mrs. Kane because her husband, a lawyer, is the main family breadwinner. She and other teaching housewives have found to their delight that a second pay check allows for a few extras formerly beyond their reach. When Clara Jameson landed her job at Yorktown Heights, she and her family promptly bought a car and took off for Professor Jameson's twenty-fifth reunion at Andover, Massachusetts. A Connecticut teacher squandered her first month's salary on shiny two-wheeler bikes for her two little boys. In Michigan a new teacher has been banking her salary as a college fund for her sixteen-year-old son.

Few teacher-housewives have much time to enjoy their earnings. The school day may run from nine to three, but their schedule is more likely five A.M. to midnight, and the pace is grueling. Any short cut in routine is seized on hungrily. One mother in the Brooklyn College program changed to an Italian-style haircut to save herself a weekly trip to the beauty parlor. Another quit the family dentist because she just couldn't spare the hour he habitually kept his patients waiting. In Philadelphia, a new teacher discovered that Christmas gifts and even her own clothes could be bought through catalogues and (*Continued on Page 69*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm not losing a daughter, I'm gaining an idiot."

Finest Power Tools Made



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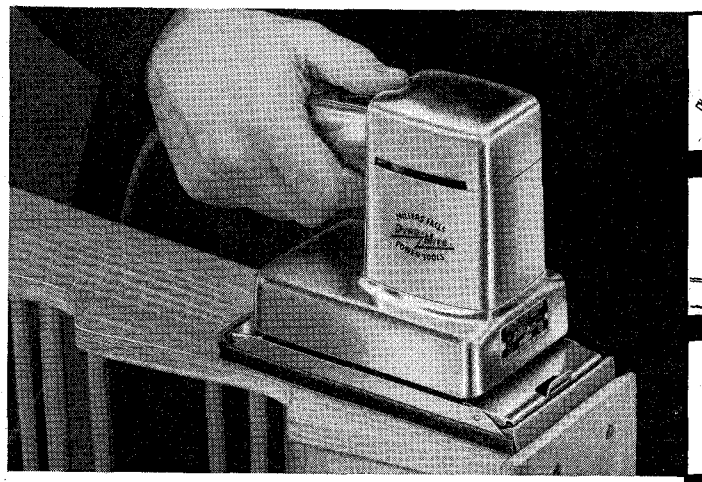

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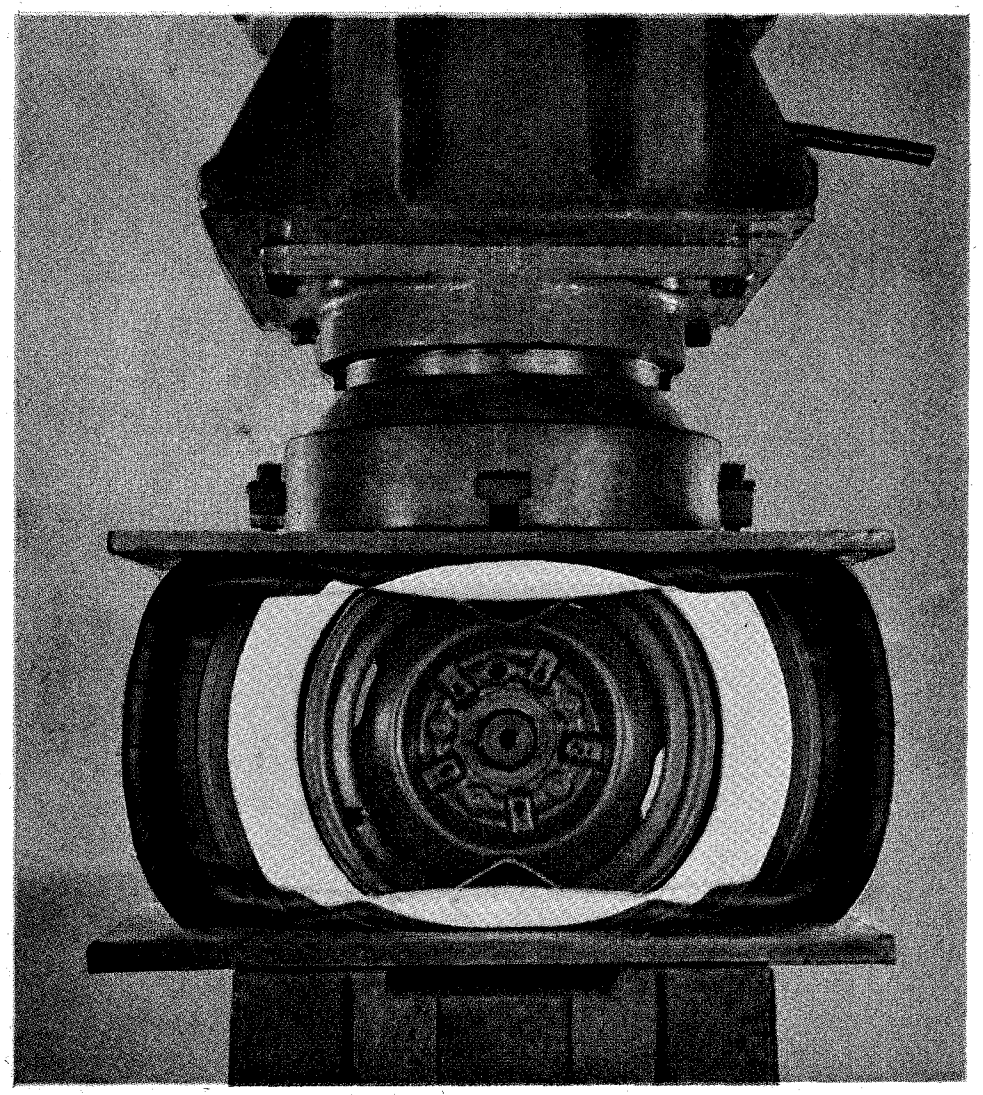

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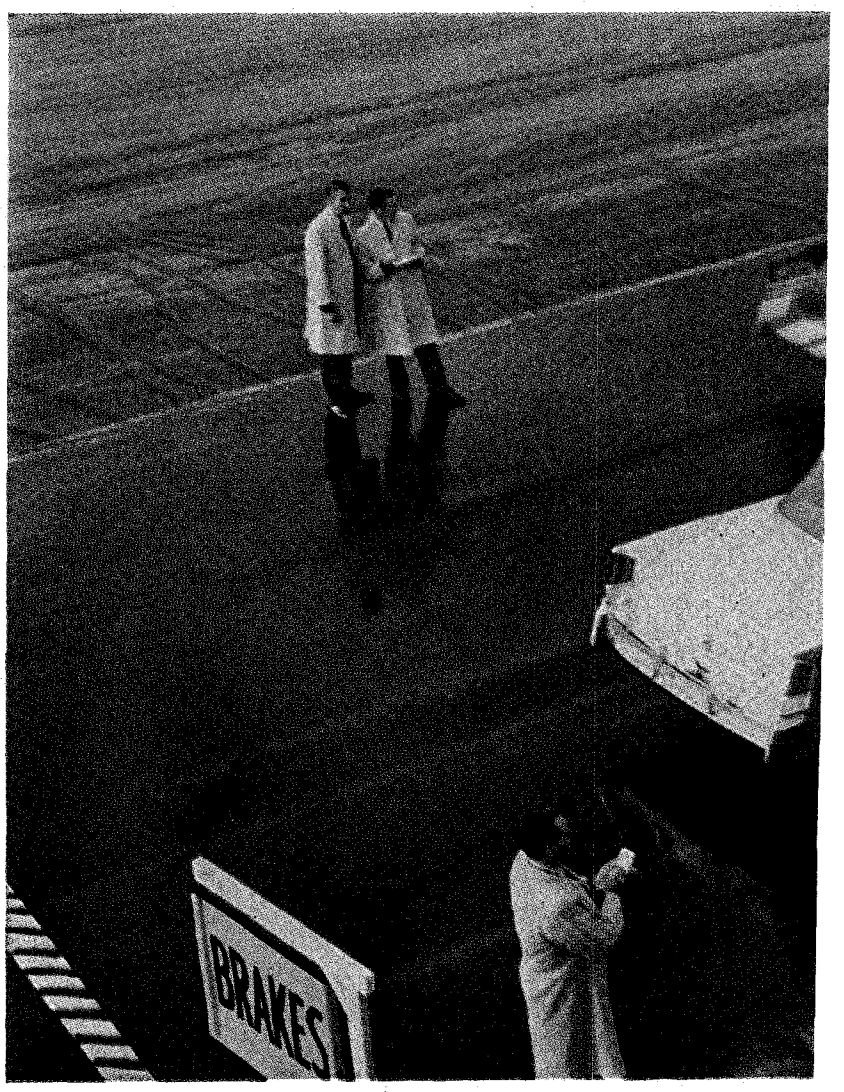

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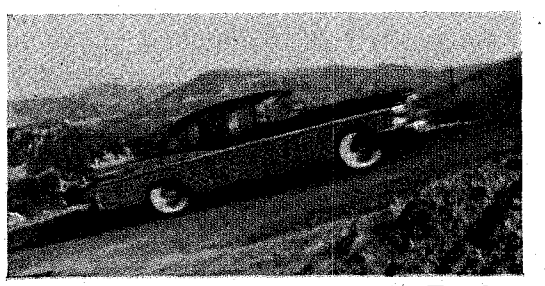

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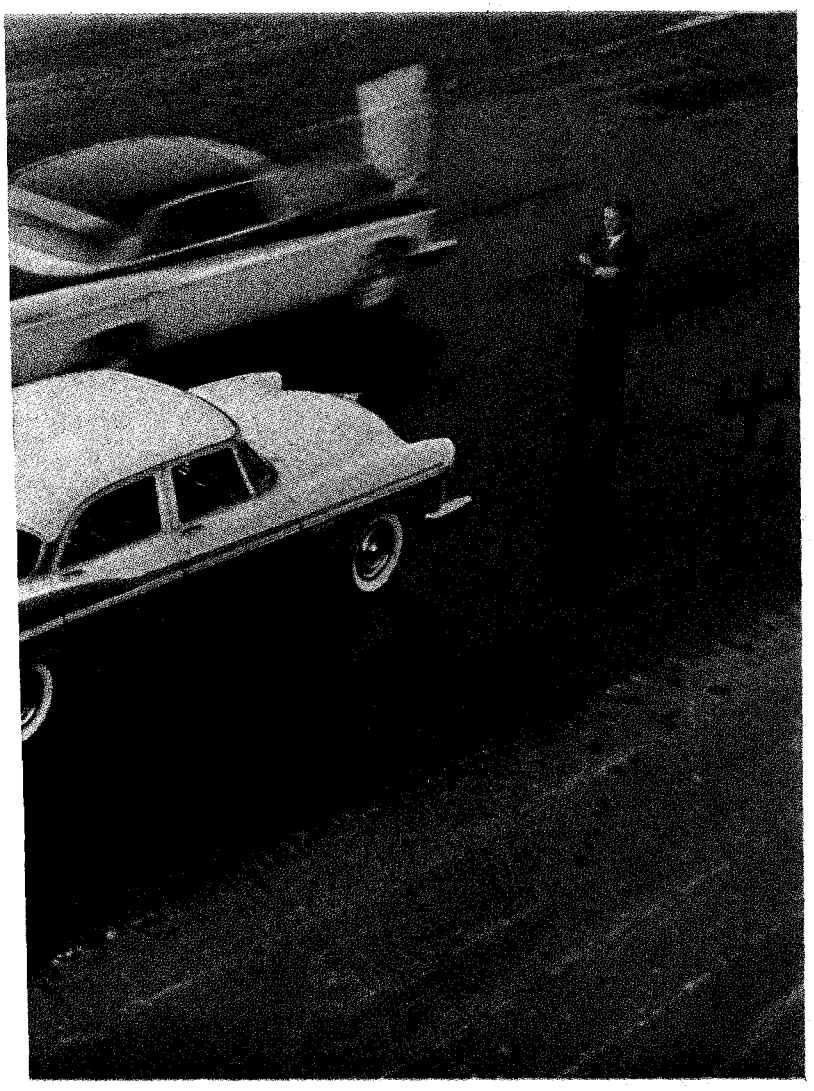
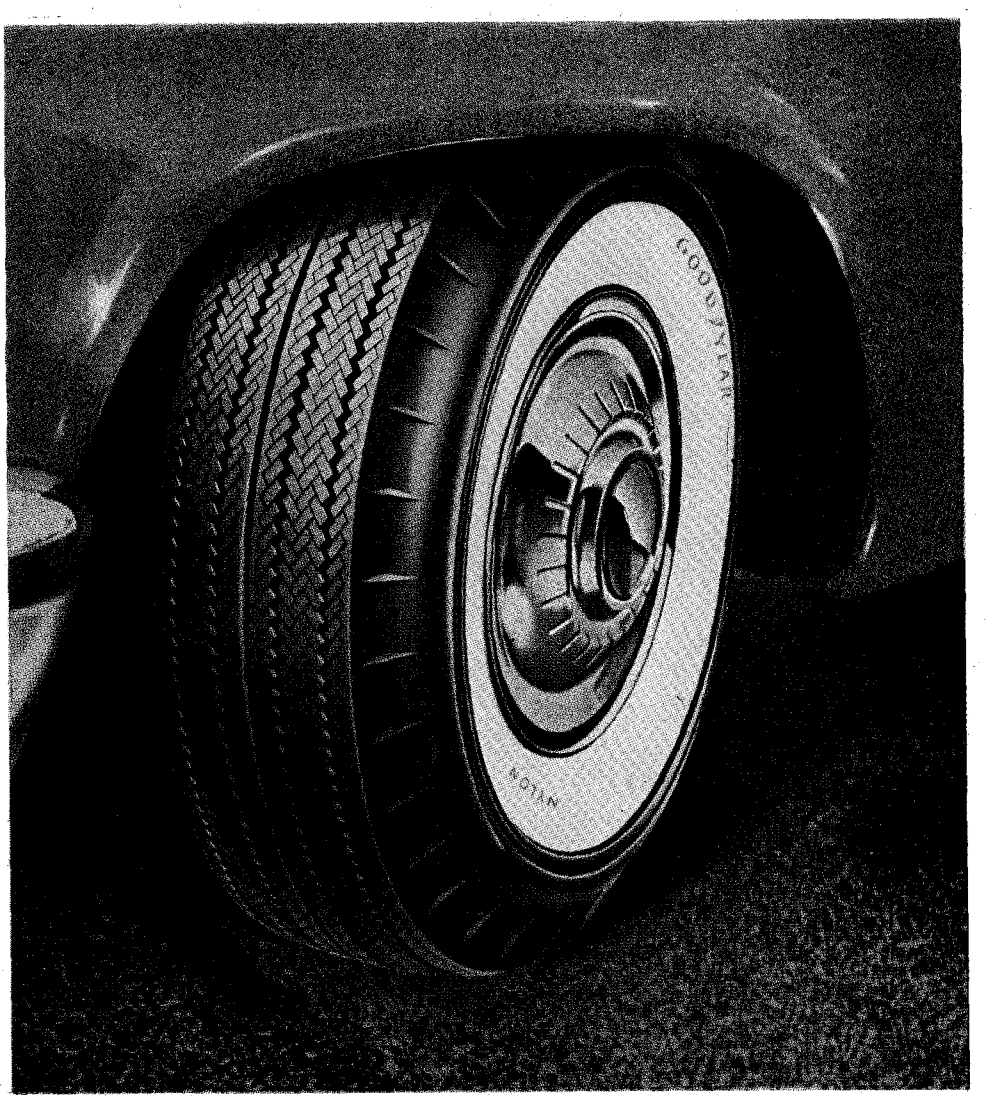
‘SS TIRE BY GOODYEAR

ead that stops 24% quicker at 40 miles an hour!





new Nylon Custom Tubeless Super-Cushions, gets braking action
same time, but comes to a swift, safe, straightline stop in front of
nharmed Mr. Wilson. That's 24% greater traction—in action!
ıatic proof that this new tire's 8640 traction edges give you an
margin of safety that can save a life.

Styled for today's fine cars . . . Maybe you've never noticed how much difference a tire can make in a car's appearance. The new 3-T Nylon Custom Tubeless Super-Cushion—standard equipment on some of America's finest new cars—has a modern, clean-lined, smart design—complementing the functional beauty of the car itself.

There's nothing quite like a set of supremely dependable tires to lend you a feeling of security when you travel today's crowded highways in a high-powered car.

That's why we suggest you take to the road in a set of Nylon Custom Super-Cushions. You get the extra safety of 3-T Nylon and the extra safety of a new tread design with up to 24% more traction.

And this safety-built 3-T Nylon Cord tire costs only a few dollars more than a standard tubeless tire. Your nearby Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

This new Twin-Grip tread design is also available in a tube-type Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.

YEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

There's a Goodyear dealer near you. See him for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

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1866 · For 90 Years The World's Standard of Excellence · 1956

Longines

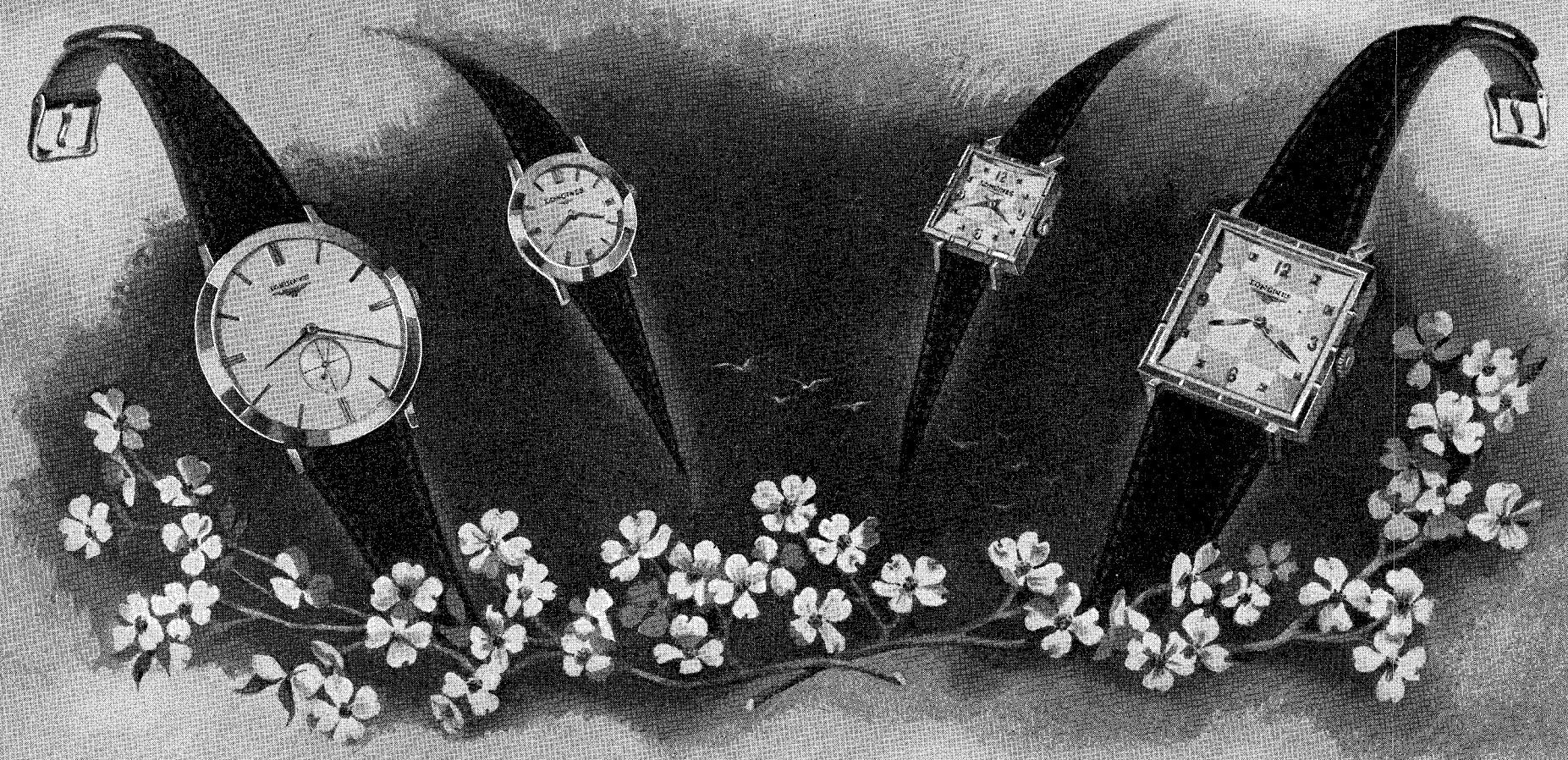
THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes · 28 Gold Medal Awards

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

Official Watch For Timing U.S. Olympic Committee Events

THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION, EXPLORATION AND SPORT



New for Spring

Off with the old—on with the new—it's Spring! Fresh, new styles in Longines watches await you at your jeweler. New mechanical features reflect the rapidly increasing tempo of technical progress. As for 90 years, Longines watches are still the finest—there are none better. Yet, for as little as $71.50, you can have the pride and joy of owning or giving a *Longines, The World's Most Honored Watch.* It is not too early to think about those gift occasions ahead—a graduation, an anniversary, an engagement or a wedding. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Illustrated—Longines Matching Duets of exquisite style and workmanship. Left to right: Longines Pres. McKinley, $150 and Louisa, $125—both in 14K gold; the square "twins" are the lady's and man's Longines Anniversary Duet, at $89.50 each. Watches illustrated have applied 18K gold hour markers.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

WWW.CALTIMES.COM
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(*Continued from Page 65*) advertisements, with a consequent saving in time.

"And yet," she recalls wistfully, "how I used to love window-shopping!"

Housewives who have turned to teaching have found the first few months pretty rough sledding. Most have learned, to their sorrow, that their school charges are not simply thirty little extensions of their own Johns and Janes at home, and that an indulgent motherly attitude can result in chaos in the classroom. Once they have toughened and become more impersonal, control of the group has been achieved.

Tension and nervousness are typical at the start. Clara Jameson rose at 5:30 every morning during her first school year. "I needed that extra hour," she says, "to screw up my courage to face my class." All through the year she had a recurrent nightmare. At recess, so the dream went, she took the children out on the playground. When it came time to go in, her pupils wouldn't budge. "They just looked at me and laughed and went on playing. I used to wake up in a cold sweat."

After the first strained months, a mother's experience starts paying off. Women who know what an eight-year-old considers funny, who can fashion a snowman out of an apple, an orange and a piece of cotton, who have invented word games for long car trips, are putting this knowledge to good use in the class.

A $64,000 Question game, which Rosalyn Solomon, thirty-four, of New Rochelle, New York, devised for her fourth graders in order to stimulate interest in using reference books and maps, never could have succeeded without the aid of her own children, Perry, twelve, and Laurie, eight. When five of her pupils picked baseball as their category, Mrs. Solomon desperately sought Perry's aid in devising the eleven questions needed for each. Questions in other categories were tried out for size on the children. If they were a little too hard for Laurie and a bit too easy for Perry, Mrs. Solomon knew they would suit her nine-year-olds to a T. Doctor Solomon, a dentist and amateur carpenter, devised an ingenious isolation booth, which could be brought to school knocked down and set up in the classroom.

Mother's schoolwork has thrown increased responsibilities on children and husbands, and many of the teaching mothers feel it's all to the good—for the children, at least. In Royal Oak, Michigan, Bob Davies, a high-school junior, pares potatoes, sets the dinner table and does the family marketing to help out his teaching mother. Alice Kane's two youngsters—Patricia, eleven, and John, eight—make their own beds and wash and dry the breakfast dishes. Since she started teaching, Mrs. Kane has noticed that family griping over chores has ceased.

One Brooklyn College student even solved a feeding problem through her school work. Her seven-year-old son used to dawdle over his breakfast until it drove her crazy. One day she announced that she wasn't going to wait for him to finish, because she didn't want to be late for class.

"What will happen if you're late?" the child wanted to know.

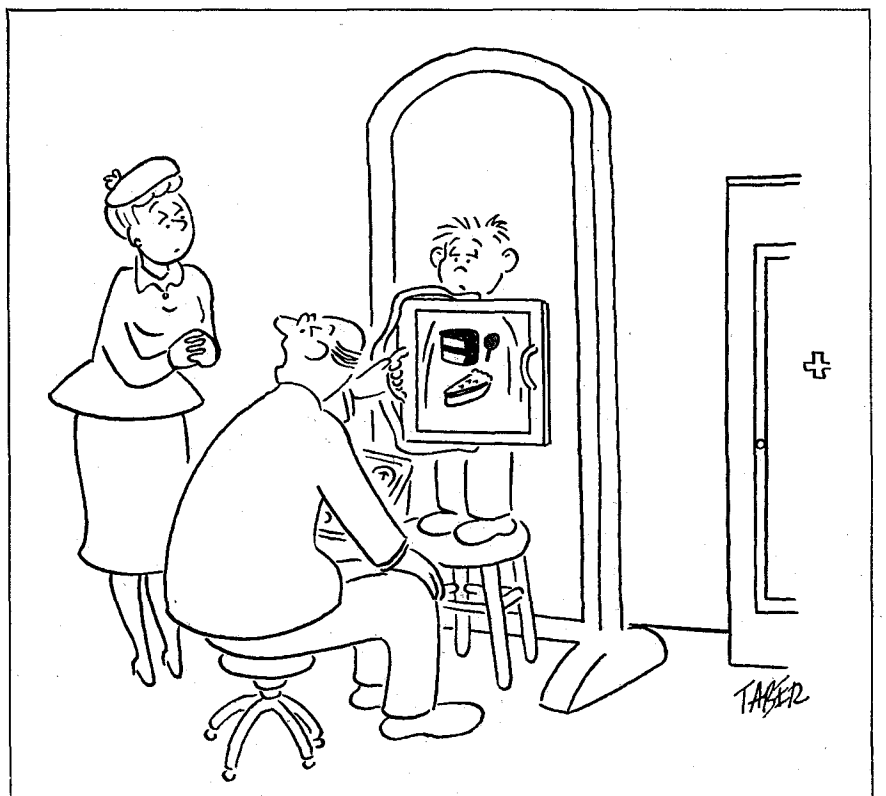
"If the professor gets disgusted enough," his mother said, "he'll probably throw me out of the class, and then I will cry."

This was reasoning that the youngster could understand. He's been shoveling in his cereal ever since.

Teen-agers particularly have benefited from the loosening of maternal apron strings. Mothers who are now too busy to nag about the homework, criticize a daughter's clothes and check on a son's bathing habits find that their youngsters, far from being deprived, have grown immeasurably in self-reliance.

Life is not quite so rosy for the husbands. Most women who skimp on the housework in order to teach, swear that their husbands are delighted with the new setup. "Of course, I never could swing it without my husband's help," they add. Their spouses, who often wash the breakfast dishes, take the children to school and load a week's wash in the machine, ruefully agree.

"I don't know why you always have to do more than any other woman in the neighborhood," one of them grumbled recently, as his wife started correcting school papers at nine P.M. Others, feeling their wife's job is a subtle affront to their earning capacity, have been motivated to better their own careers. One man plucked his wife out of the Brooklyn College program by landing a better-paying job in California and moving his family out there.



"He'll have to stop gulping his food."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The typical husband, however, takes considerable pride in his wife's new career, especially when she wins the praise of the school superintendent who hired her. Such praise is widespread. Superintendents in the main are delighted with their graying teachers.

One reason for the teachers' high caliber is the thorough screening for emotional stability which the best-planned programs insist on. Temple University, in Philadelphia, puts its applicants through a day-long battery of personality tests, and Wayne University turns down 40 per cent of those who apply. Eager, but unrealistic candidates—the Brooklyn mother with four preschool children, the sixty-two-year-old Detroit lawyer wearied of torts—are gently rejected.

Intellectually, the older students have proved a keen group. Women who received only mediocre grades in their college days have been delightedly snaring straight A's in their graduate work. When the University of Southern California compared a group from its special Teacher Education Project with a class of college students, it found that the older women, some of whom had not cracked a textbook in twenty years, scored higher in general knowledge and in English, reading and arithmetic.

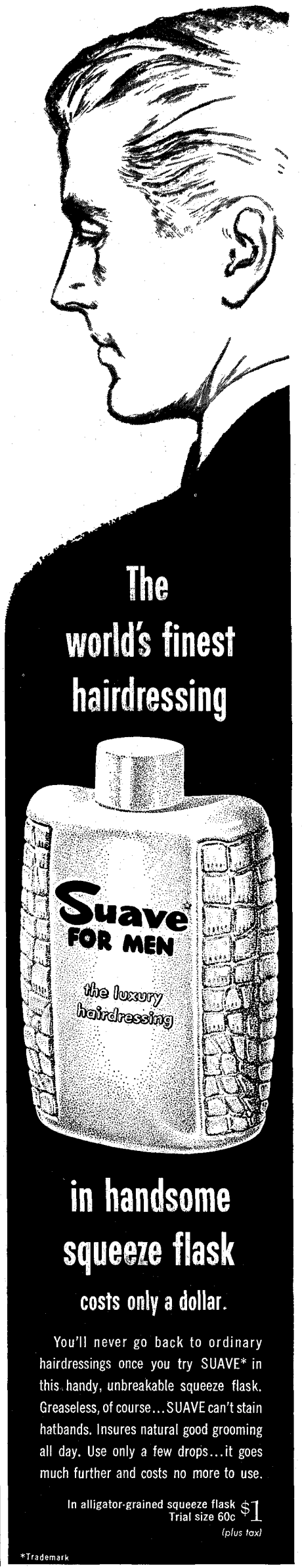
Most of the accelerated training programs take a year or less, and the best are planned so that academic learning flows from the actual problems met in the schoolroom. In the three Southern California colleges, a year of supervised teaching is sandwiched between two summers on the college campus. The San Diego schools keep costs down by organizing a team of four novices and one experienced teacher to fill four school jobs, and paying each beginner three quarters of a regular salary.

Brooklyn College has the only program specifically limited to women with children, and the professors who teach them refer fondly to their students as "our mothers." To accommodate its mothers, Brooklyn holds classes only in the mornings, and keeps a group at school for two years before they qualify to teach in the New York City high schools.

For the college graduate the cost of becoming a teacher ranges from Brooklyn's six-dollar registration fee—the course itself is free—upward to the $800 charged by the Bank Street College of Education in New York. Lack of funds has stopped few women who are determined to become teachers. Viola Theorell, forty-three, wife of a Connecticut minister, even negotiated a $150 loan from her thirteen-year-old son, who had saved the money from his newspaper route. Mrs. Theorell, a student at the University of Bridgeport, hopes to repay him and to set aside the cost of a college education for both of her sons when she begins teaching.

All sorts of unlikely by-products accompany the appearance on the campus of the graying coed. Mrs. Theorell and other middle-aged students at the University of Bridgeport are expected to join the Future Teachers of America, an organization largely composed of high-school bobby-soxers. On other campuses the mothers are requested to peddle tickets to college dances. Most of the older students have become inured to lunching in the college cafeteria, prim among the youngsters in Bermuda shorts and blazers, deafened by the din of the omnipresent jukebox.

Such minor inconveniences do not seem to deter the housewife from becoming a teacher. As one of them put it recently, "I feel like an overage destroyer called out of the mothball fleet, but I love it!" THE END


The world's finest hairdressing
Suave FOR MEN
the luxury hairdressing
in handsome squeeze flask
costs only a dollar.
You'll never go back to ordinary hairdressings once you try SUAVE* in this handy, unbreakable squeeze flask. Greaseless, of course... SUAVE can't stain hatbands. Insures natural good grooming all day. Use only a few drops... it goes much further and costs no more to use.
In alligator-grained squeeze flask $1
Trial size 60c
(plus tax)
*Trademark

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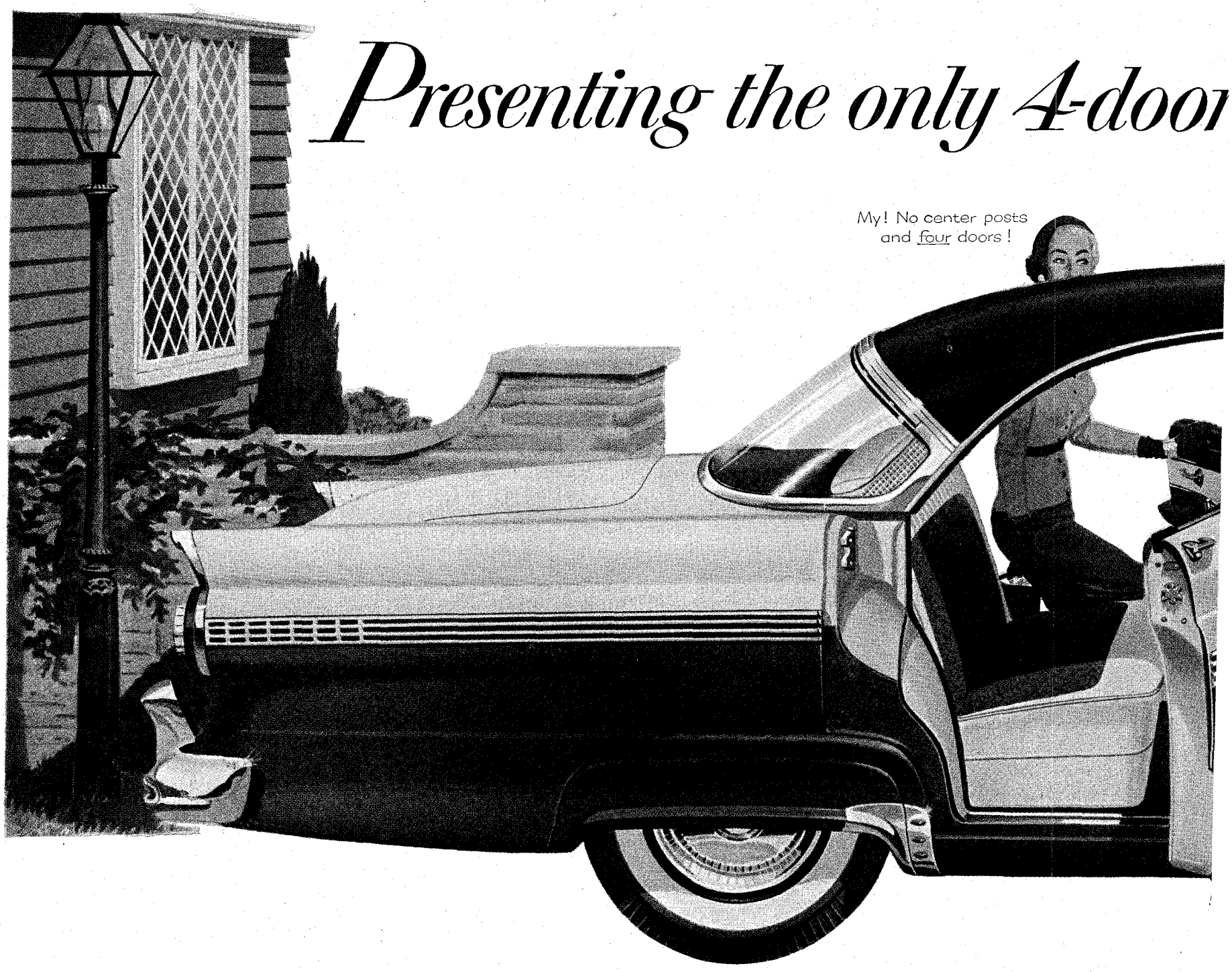
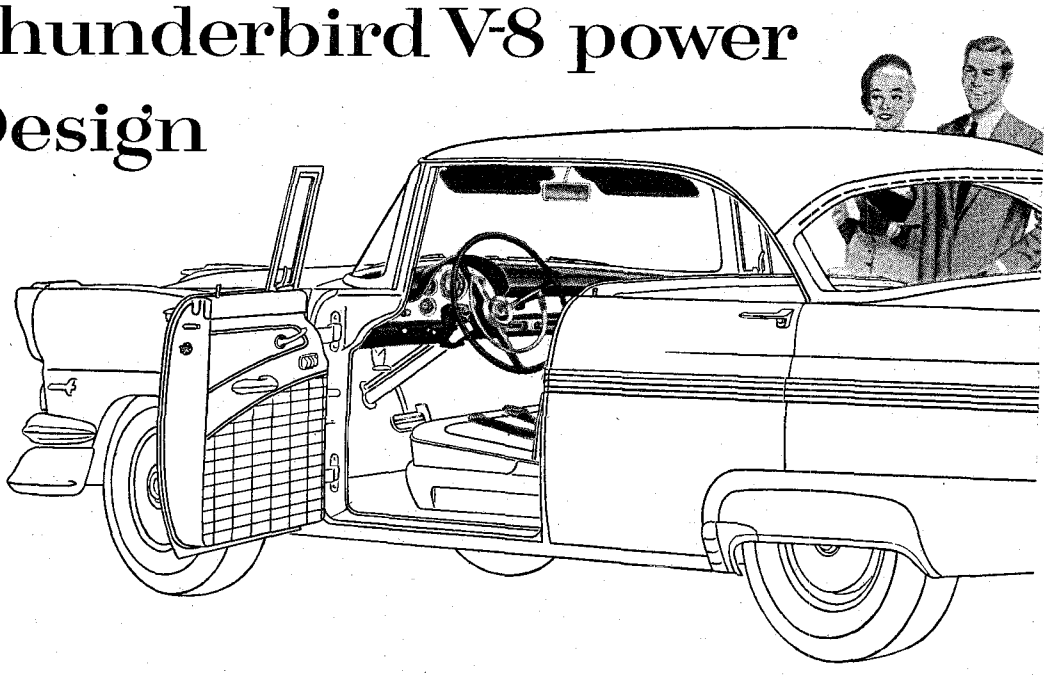
Presenting the only 4-door



It's the new Fordor Victoria

with new 225-h.p. Thunderbird V-8 power and Lifeguard Design



Like all '56 Fords, the 4-door Victoria adds the extra safety of exclusive Lifeguard Design. Lifeguard double-grip door latches, a Lifeguard deep-center steering wheel, the Lifeguard rearview mirror, optional floor-anchored seat belts and optional Lifeguard padding for instrument panel and sun visors . . . *all* give you added protection from the major causes of accident injury.

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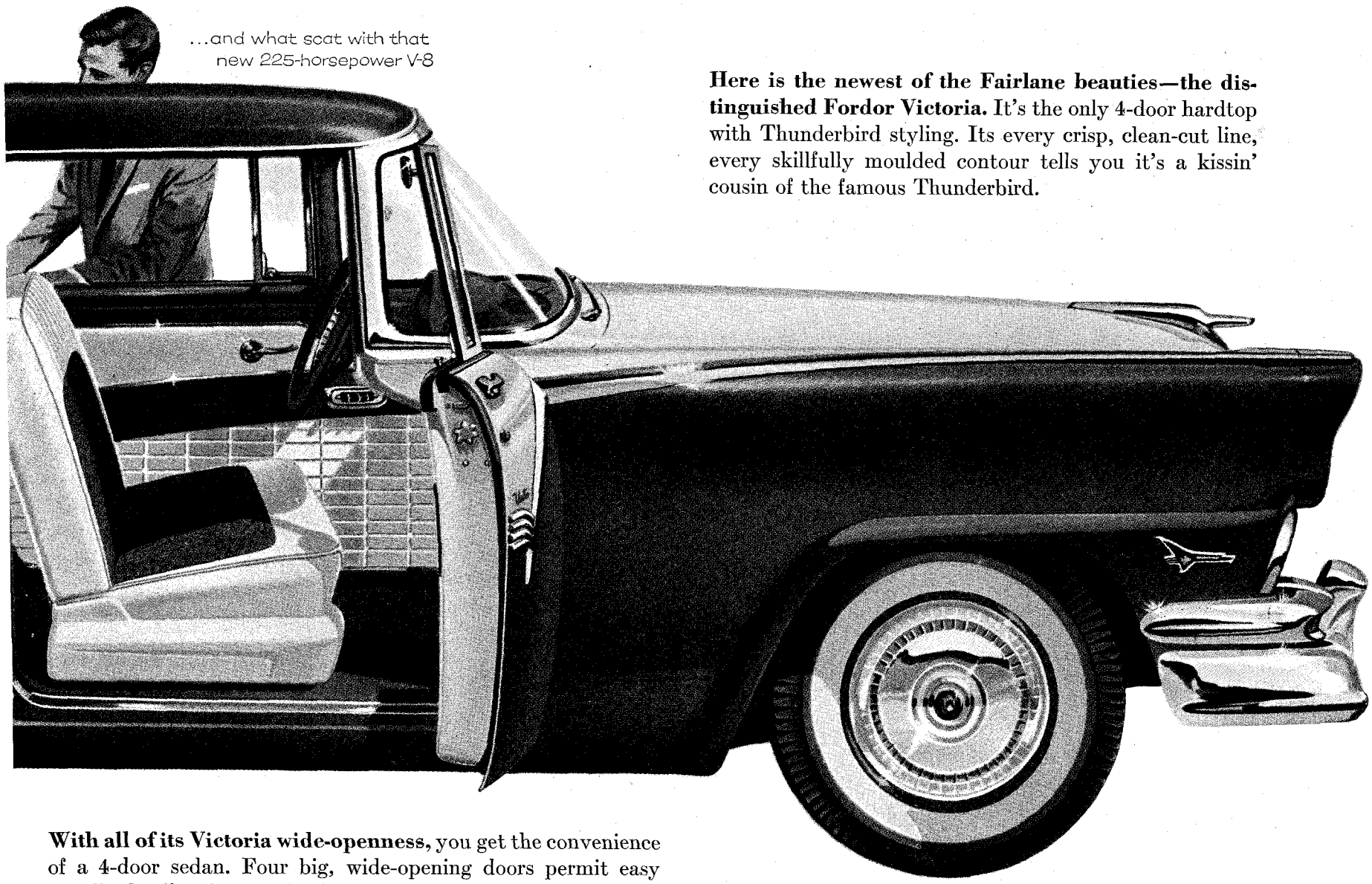
"hardtop" with Thunderbird styling...

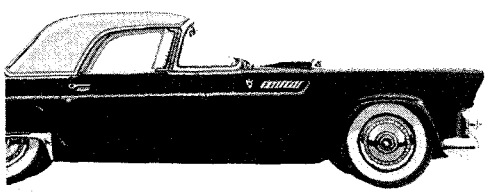
...and what seat with that new 225-horsepower V-8

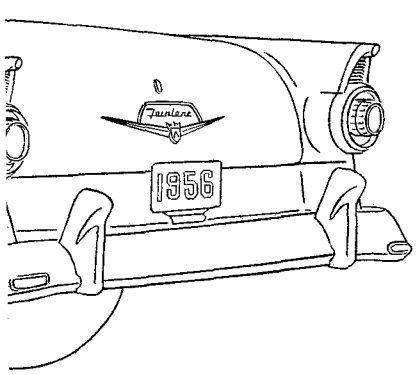


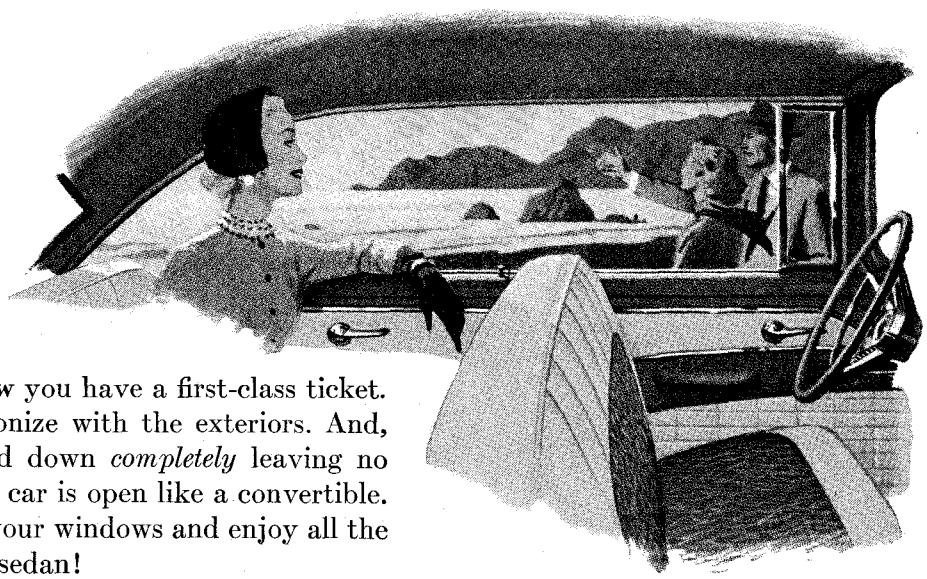
Here is the newest of the Fairlane beauties—the distinguished Fordor Victoria. It's the only 4-door hardtop with Thunderbird styling. Its every crisp, clean-cut line, every skillfully moulded contour tells you it's a kissin' cousin of the famous Thunderbird.

With all of its Victoria wide-openness, you get the convenience of a 4-door sedan. Four big, wide-opening doors permit easy "traffic-flow" to front *or* back seat. You get ruggedness, too, because this car has an extra-strong 5-cross-member frame, extra-heavy body sills and a half-height door post reinforced three ways.

What's more, you can team the great 225-h.p. Thunderbird Special V-8 with Fordomatic for the most responsive power ever in the low-price field. And, remember, even the standard "8" in Fairlane and Station Wagon models is the field's most powerful "8" at no extra cost.







Once inside you'll know you have a first-class ticket. All interior colors harmonize with the exteriors. And, with side windows rolled down *completely* leaving no center posts in view, the car is open like a convertible. In bad weather, roll up your windows and enjoy all the snug comfort of a town sedan!

Look for the Fordor Victoria at your Ford Dealer's. It's sure to fulfill your dreams.

'56 Ford *the fine car at half the fine car price!*

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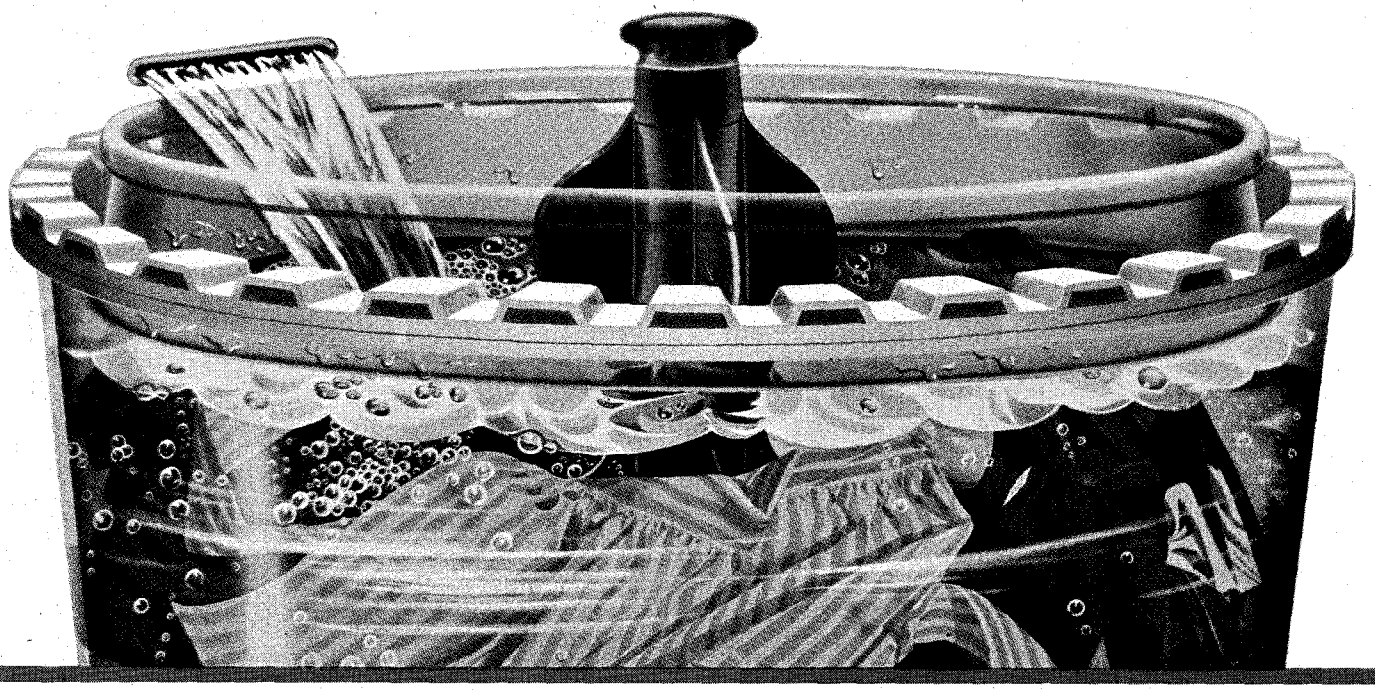
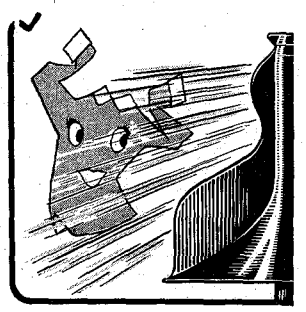
'56 NORGE WASHER brings you exclusive SUPER-RINSE

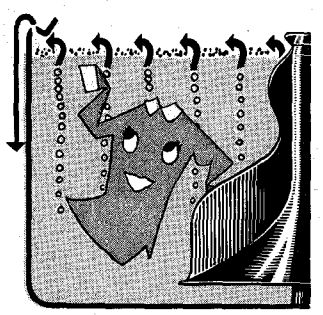


5 SEPARATE PURIFYING ACTIONS with fresh, clear water, flush away everything from lint to sand!



TWO FORCE-SPRAY RINSES!

1 Heavier dirt and soap whisked away by whirling "needle-point" sprays.

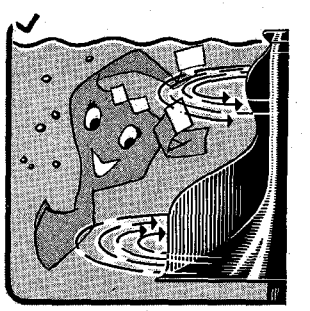


OVERFLOW RINSE!

2 Lighter-than-water soap scum and lint skimmed off, up and out of washer.

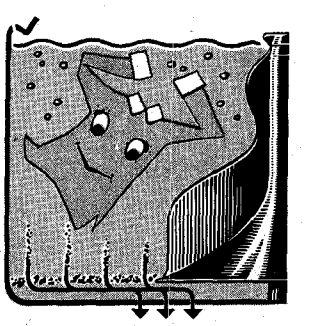
AGITATOR OVERFLOW RINSE!

3 Embedded dirt flushed out by agitator action; excess soap scum carried away.



AGITATOR DEEP RINSE!

4 Special "insurance rinse" gets out every last trace of embedded dirt.



AUTOMATIC DIRT DISPOSAL!

5 Heavy particles trapped at tub bottom and ejected during final rinse.

Model AW-450LS

Two Separate Automatic Cycles Wash Everything from Blue Jeans to Cashmeres . . .

New Automatic ReSUDSer Provides First Fully Automatic Suds Return

With exclusive Time-Line® Control it's like having two washers in one. Normal Cycle gives you fully automatic washing and rinsing for regular loads . . . Short Cycle gives you fully automatic washing and rinsing for delicate fabrics or part loads. Even cashmeres can be washed automatically the famous Norge Ripplette® way. Any way you wash, Norge uses gallons less total water than many other makes.

There's no watching or waiting with the Norge fully automatic reSUDSer . Just toss in the second load, turn knob, set Time-Line and walk away. Suds water is returned, after which complete new wash cycle begins, all automatically. Remember too, Norge is rated number one by independent laboratories. Yet prices are really low. You have a wide choice of Norge washers priced from $168.00.

'56 Norge Washers now come in your choice of pink, yellow, green or Glacier White. Be sure to see them and the wonderful new matching Norge Hamper-Dor Dryers at your Norge Dealer.

NORGE

NORGE SALES CORP., Subsidiary of BORG-WARNER CORP., MERCHANDISE MART PLAZA, CHICAGO 54, ILLINOIS — Canada: ADDISON'S LTD., TORONTO

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Treasure at Tandem Key

(Continued from Page 49)

or, being Wonder, understanding. George would also have been told by now. Finding his brother gone, he might already have left for Miami and New Orleans or Texas. Pete, for his part, would be chagrined. Or would he?

Des brought the Poseidon up smartly to a dock that was anything but smart. A small boat run by a sailor was putting out from the Marytay. In its bow stood a man who waved a sombrero and yelled. What he yelled was carried away by the wind, but it was evidently a welcoming "Yip-pe-e-e-e!" That would be George.

Crunch watched with interest as George leaped to the dock from the tender and began to thump his brother's back. George Shade was not like Pete. He was even taller, and a good deal heavier. For a man of such size, he was extraordinarily quick and agile. He wore cowboy boots—though he'd been on board the yacht with Mrs. West and Wonder—frontier pants, a red silk shirt with a blue neckerchief and a leather jacket.

The reunion seemed to be enthusiastic on Pete's part also. He had his arm around his brother as he turned him to introduce the skipper and mate. And he explained his return, as he approached them, with a swift, plausible alibi which startled Crunch: "Mom brought Wonder here, George. You know how I love Wonder, and you know how I dislove mother. I scrammed, finally. But when we spotted your plane this morning, naturally I came back! . . . This is Crunch Adams."

"Naturally," George smiled. He was always smiling. His mouth, in fact, seemed almost fixed in a generous and apparently genuine smile. . . . "Hi, skipper! Mighty nice to know you!"

You could like George, Crunch thought, if you didn't know how he had brought up Pete. He held out his hand and found it seized in a huge vise. The grip was more than the absent-minded compression of a man who doesn't know his own strength. It was purposeful, if unconscious, and Crunch couldn't be sure of the latter.

Some men regard the handclasp of introduction as a test—and George was such a one. His hand was bigger and he had the advantage of knowing, somewhere inside himself, what he wanted to do: make Crunch give up squeezing and let go. The minute Crunch yielded, George would too.

It was that simple, that childish: George Shade had to "take" not only Pete but everybody. Crunch had stiffened his grip automatically, defensively, as a man does under such circumstances. Gradually, he brought to bear the power of his tremendous arm. He felt George do the same, but all the while George kept smiling, as if unaware of any contest. He even went on talking. "I hear you and my kid brother have got a line on a sunken treasure. I'm surprised Pete ran out on that, Wonder or no Wonder. Isn't like a Shade." George chuckled—and broke it off in the middle. He gave a little grunt of astonishment, tried, with an effort that brought blood to his face, to crush the hand that was gradually threatening his own, and gave up.

"Man," he murmured, withdrawing his hand, "you sure got a grip there, pardner."

He wheeled to his brother, flushed by a defeat so trifling it would scarcely have been felt by an ordinary man. "Let's go up to the Inne and have a drink. Tell me about this treasure business. You should have sent for me right off. Understand you've already wasted two weeks looking."

And that's George, Crunch thought, as he and Des piled Pete's baggage on the dock. A "wonderful guy" so long as he was on top or winning; a man who made every relationship a compulsive challenge. And the thing was that many men—many fine men—regarded such relentless determination to win as an unmitigated virtue. He asked a question of himself: *What next?*

To his surprise, nothing happened next. His judgment of the weather had been wrong.

For three days the wind blew with intermittent fury from the northwest. Pete and his brother, Wonder and her mother—who had transferred to the Inne because the rocking of the Marytay even in the harbor made her sick—occupied themselves with games of bridge, walks about the island, and shopping at the native stalls.

The commissioner and his constables learned nothing about the identity of Mrs. West's kidnapers. Her fur jacket, purse and scarf were found—as if washed ashore—much the worse for immersion, but seemingly untouched otherwise.

Crunch and Des ate their meals with the group at the (*Continued on Page 75*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We'll be out of here sooner than you think—I removed the speaker's notes along with his soup plate!"

B16 POWERMATIC World's most distinctly different toaster. Power-Action lowers bread automatically, toasts it, and serves it up fast—*all by itself!* **$27.50**

Toastmaster

presents the ultimate in toasting perfection

Your choice of 5 models...$17.50 to $39.50

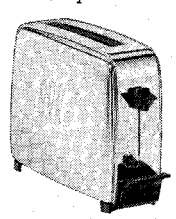
You must get more from Toastmaster. Because more people own Toastmaster Toasters than any other kind.

More experience. Way back in 1926, "Toastmaster"* introduced America's first automatic toaster for home use. It was the finest then. Just as the Toastmaster Toaster is the finest now.

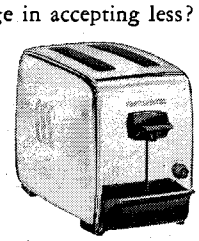
More endurance. Over the years, we have received much comment from satisfied users. One letter reads, in part: "*In 20 years of continuous service, our Toastmaster Toaster has never required service of any kind. No other kitchen utensil, mechanical or otherwise, has been with us longer.*" *C. Fenstermaker, 4213 Lowell Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.*

More models. Today, after 30 years and 12 million Toastmaster Toasters, you have your choice not of one model but of *five*. In one-, two-, and three-slice sizes that suit every personal or gift-giving need.

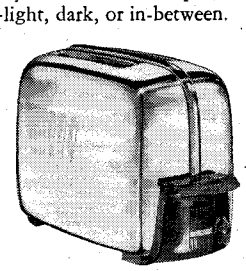
More price choice. Only Toastmaster gives you a price range from $17.50 to $39.50. Everything we have learned in 30 years is yours today in the Toastmaster family of fine toasters. Is there any real advantage in accepting less?



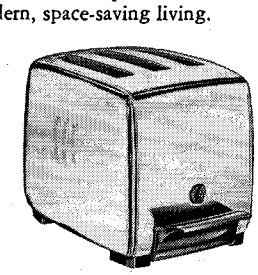
A6 AUTOMATIC—Just right for the small family or the person living alone. Stows away anywhere. Makes one perfect slice every time—light, dark, or in-between. **$17.50**



B18 AUTOMATIC—America's most compact 2-slice toaster. Up to 40% smaller, yet full-size in performance. Designed for modern, space-saving living. **$22.50**



B14 AUTOMATIC—This model has many millions of satisfied users. Extra-high toast pop-up. Push-button crumb tray. Large, cool handles for easy lifting. **$17.95**



C4 POWERMATIC—Toasts up to *three* slices at one time! Breakfast-rush boon for the "king-size" family. Features Toastmaster's exclusive Power-Action. **$39.50**

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if you buy work clothes, read this:

both machine-washed, both drip-dried—but the one made with Acrilan needs little if any ironing

These two sets of work clothes were dumped into a washing machine, drip-dried, and then photographed, just as you see them here. Neither set was ironed. Results? The same you'd get if you made this test at home. The set without Acrilan looks like it's been slept in. The one with Acrilan is so fresh-looking it's hard to believe it wasn't ironed. Acrilan acrylic fiber makes these remarkable work clothes different from any you've ever known. They won't shrink; they dry overnight. Washing won't weaken the fabric, acids won't eat holes in it. Wear points like elbows, knees and seat won't get frayed. These work clothes keep their good looks when others have worn out. But tough as they are, they feel soft on the skin. Take home a set. See how easy it is to care for them – how hard it is to wear them out.

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(*Continued from Page 73*) Inne. The boatmen thus learned that Pete had told his brother, as well as his former fiancée and her mother, about his solution of Endibbie's riddle and their method of search. George and the two women were impatient to go ahead with the hunt. Apparently Pete had simply taken it for granted that, since they were on the island, they would join in the effort.

Crunch also learned from Mrs. West—whom he was steadily growing to like—that she had brought Wonder to Tandem Key by a stratagem because she had honestly been afraid that the girl, bereft of Pete, would break down completely. It was a tricky, officious thing to do, but Crunch realized that the big woman had been overwhelmed by her daughter's state. Mrs. West had no other children.

Most of the three days were spent by Crunch and Des at the perpetual tasks involved in the proper maintenance of a fishing cruiser. They even tinkered for half a day with the motors of George's plane, which had not been behaving perfectly on the last leg of his flight. They found certain new parts were needed, and when they were ordered by ship-to-shore phone, they learned that it would take some days to get the parts sent from Miami.

On the second of the last three days of blowy weather, one thing did occur, or begin to occur, which, however, was unrelated to the emotional tensions of the party.

Invitation

By LEIGH HANES

With peepers winding
marshy clocks,
And water laughing at old
rocks,
And robins coming back in
flocks,

I sat and cupped an anxious
ear
To catch the far and hold
the near,
And this is what I seemed
to hear:

Why sit you there in dark
debate
With Time and Circum-
stance and Fate?
Get up, get up, fling wide
the gate!

Let in the sun, the rain, the
dew,
The hills rolled back against
the blue,
The earth that's looking up
at you,

The pattern of an old design,
The shadow moving with
the vine,
The body broken and the
wine—

Oh, life is grief and grim
and grit,
But here and there the
flowers fit
Around the very heart of it!

Toward midafternoon boats began arriving at the harbor. Crunch and Des, busy with the Poseidon's pumps, only vaguely noted the first two incoming vessels—a fast cruiser and a luxurious schooner. The third craft—a fishing boat from the Gulf Stream Dock, captained by a friend, Towsy Martin—tied up between the Poseidon and the Buddyboy. After receiving entry permission, Towsy walked over to the Poseidon.

"Hi, Crunch. Can I come aboard?"

Crunch's face, grease-streaked, rose above a hatch. "Hi, Towsy! What's the idea, crossing in this weather?"

"You oughta know." Towsy's feet hit the deck.

Crunch leaned out of sight. "Get some more grease on that bearing before you put back the housing," he said to Des. He straightened. "Whaddaya mean, I ought to know?"

"Cagey," Towsy answered, as if to himself, settling his short, stout body in a chair. "I told my customers you were. I said the fact that I know you wouldn't help 'em a bit."

Crunch was perplexed. "Make sense."

"That treasure. Guy came tearing down to the dock yesterday—lot of guys—wanted to trek quick to Tandem Key. The hell with the weather. Think they can beat you birds to the treasure."

"Wha-a-a-at?"

"Don't play dumb, Crunch. It's in the papers. Brother, is it!"

"What's in the papers?"

"Show you." Towsy bounced ashore and hurried to his boat.

Crunch looked over to the salvage ship, now withdrawn to a distant corner of the harbor, waiting for the weather to break. Bentley had probably left by plane; Paul had been in a time or so.

Crunch said quietly, "Hey, Des."

The tone of voice brought the mate's head into view. His face was anxious and greasy. "What's wrong?"

"Remember when Bentley threatened to bring us competition? Said he'd spoil our game if we wouldn't cut him in?" Des nodded. "Well, the story has hit the wires. Towsy's bringing it."

A moment later Des and Crunch were reading the black, four-column headlines of the Miami Gazette for the previous day:

FISHING GUIDES SEEK PIRATE HOARD

PROMINENT TEXAS OIL MAN FINDS CLUE TO FAMED ENDIBBIE LOOT

REPUTED WORTH KING'S RANSOM

Crunch read the story and he looked at Towsy with agitated eyes. "You say a mob of people are trying to get here?"

"Are going to get here!" Towsy answered. "You wait till this wind drops! I don't suppose—on the basis of an old friendship—you'd be willing to give me even a hint, Crunch, about where my customers might start digging?"

"That story," Crunch replied in a level tone, "is a pure hoax. You guys better sell your party on the fishing or check out. That's what Des and I are doing here—fishing!"

"—— and that," Crunch said to Pete and George, as soon as he could round them up, "is what I recommend. Two more boats have come in, in the last hour! Tomorrow it'll look as if the Spanish Armada was offshore! Hatsie'll be out of rooms—out of food, likely!"

"How are we going to try your dye experiment, if the whole place is crowded?" Pete looked disappoi ed.

"It's a problem," Crunch agreed. "Of course nobody will be looking for a

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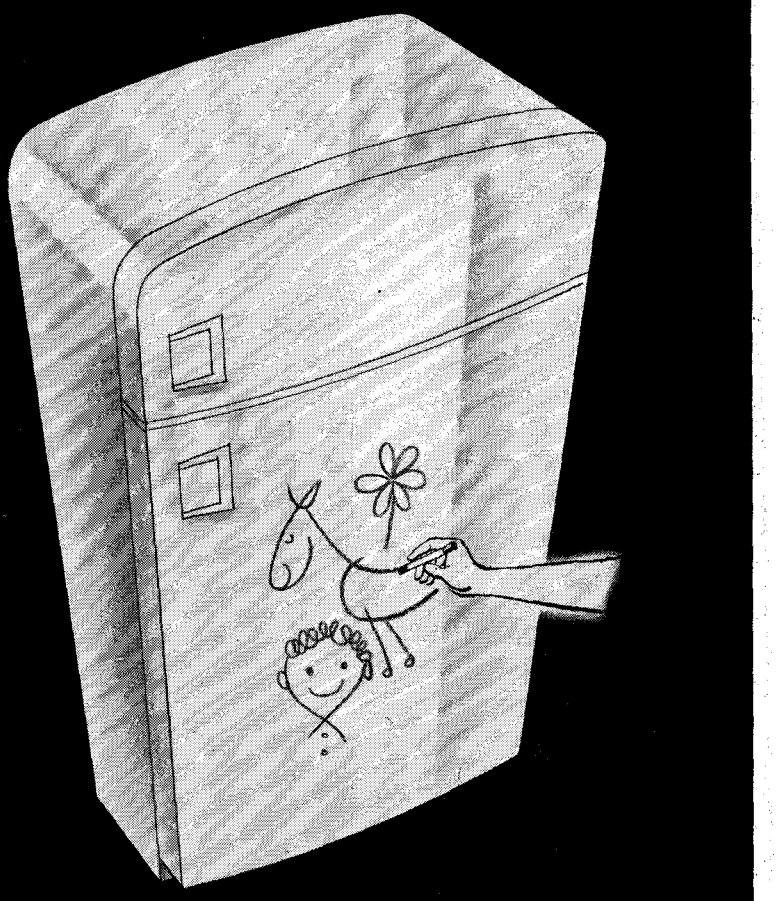

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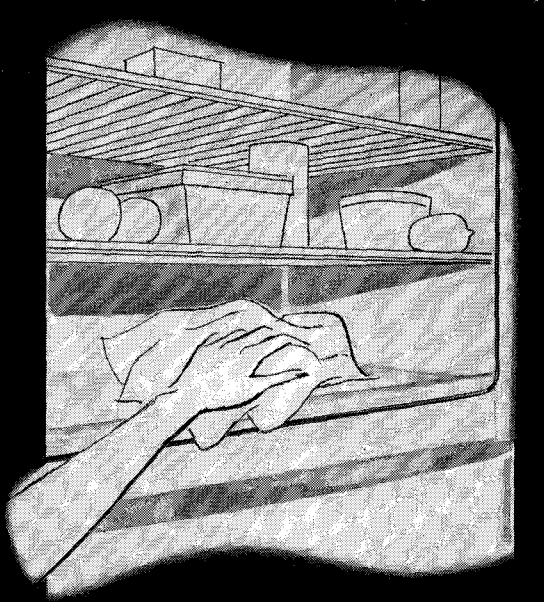

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smudge of yellow-green dye somewhere off the island."

George Shade snorted disgustedly. "First things first!" he expounded, in the classic manner of a Texas, or any other, executive. "How do you get the dye from the mainland here, without the whole world knowing?"

Pete turned to his brother. "There's a radio station. The ship-to-shore phone ——"

"And, in any case ——" Crunch began. He was forced to stop because the big Texan had interrupted.

George took the opportunity—an unfounded one, the skipper felt—to deliver a little talk to Pete. "That's your trouble, boy! One of them! No self-discipline. No thought. No insight. With the word 'treasure' in the air, with a fleet of people trying to horn in, every message we attempt to send will be intercepted. Mail's too slow—goes via Nassau. Someone will doubtless bribe the radio man to report anything we send. Hope for a clue. And any fool knows that everybody can listen in on the ship-to-shore telephone. Besides, all deliveries go through customs. No, sir! We've got a real problem, Pete, you dope—sending for that dye. If my plane were fixed ——"

Pete was taking this unwarranted lecture with a hurt, unhappy look.

Crunch, however, tired of it. "I can handle the message, George," he said, interrupting in turn. "We'll have more problems than that."

The elder Shade was skeptical. "If you can order anything as tricky from here, and get it sent, and not get caught at it, you're a good one!"

"I am a good one," Crunch answered, grinning—and hoping that attitude would furnish an example for Pete. "But we've got a heck of a lot more to figure out than the problem of secretly arranging a private shipment! I suggest, first off, since a mob is coming here, we turn this temporarily into a straight fishing trip."

George Shade nodded. "Not bad. We can plan while we fish."

"Exactly. And I can arrange for the dye."

"By phone?" George asked.

"By phone," the skipper answered.

George considered arguing. He decided not to do so until Crunch failed. Instead, he turned to Pete. "Bet I catch a fish before you do," he asserted. "And I bet I catch a bigger one than any you catch." He whacked his wincing brother's back.

Crunch went below. Mrs. West lay on a bunk, moaning slightly. Crunch carried a paper cup containing water and a yellow pill on a teaspoon.

"If you'd take this, Mrs. West ——"

"I'm such a fool, captain! Insisted on coming! Why is it I can't resist being in the thick of things? Butting in, actually?"

"I wouldn't worry about that," Crunch answered. "Take the pill." He smiled. "You're safer here, at least!"

The big woman took the pill, swallowed water, shuddered, and lay back against the pillows. "I ought to learn to knit, and sit ashore like other, rational mothers! I ought to learn to quit taking a hand in Wonder's life! Serve me right if I dropped dead on this beastly little boat! Sorry! I know it doesn't seem beastly to you."

Crunch went up on deck.

They had been fishing for two hours. George had caught a bull dolphin—a big one. And won his first bet. Pete had caught two medium-sized dolphins and a bonito. Wonder hadn't caught anything yet. Des was on top, at the controls. The sky was blue and the smoothly rolling ocean bluer still. Two bonefish banged along—alternately plunged into the sea and whipped through the air by the tall outriggers. A cut bait flicked from the center line where Wonder, taking her turn at the light rod, held on excitedly as she sat in the fighting chair—braced, Crunch thought, for a tiger shark.

He glanced toward Tandem Key, a couple of miles away. Along its green shores were the hulls and cobwebby superstructures of some twenty assorted boats, all searching where the Poseidon had searched—over the reef. Some of the new vessels carried plastic-lung users, some, mere swimmers with face plates; one had a diver with a professional rig.

Crunch picked up the ship-to-shore phone and called the Miami marine operator. He gave his letters and the number of his telephone at home. Presently he heard Sari's voice. For a minute, they traded affectionate greetings, reassurances and news.

Then Crunch said, "Look, Sari, got a pencil and paper? I have a list of words ——"

He waited till she said she had a pencil and paper. He sat down and began to read words—some familiar, and some, as his pronunciation made plain, utterly unfamiliar to him. These, he spelled. The list began: SENATOR, URTICATE, VEXILLARY, AERONAUTICS, FIFTEEN, CAMPUS, SCYPHOZOAN, MARK, DWINDLE." He broke off. "How you doing? All right?"

"Yes. Go on."

Crunch continued reading peculiar words for some time. The three anglers listened—George Shade with back-craned neck and satirical eyes. When the skipper finished his list, and a few personal remarks of a frank, affectionate nature, Sari read back the inscrutable words. Then, reluctantly, they hung up.

"Code?" George asked with scorn.

The skipper smiled. He handed George a sheet of paper on which was printed:

SEND US VIA AIRPLANE FIFTY CANS SEA MARKER DYE. COAST GUARD COMMANDER HALL WILL HELP OBTAIN IF NEEDED. ABSOLUTE SECRECY IN WHOLE OPERATION IS ESSENTIAL. HAVE PAUL AIR DROP IN SECRET WAY TO POSEIDON FISHING EVERY AFTERNOON SOUTH OF TANDEM KEY AND GO ON IN TO DELIVER ANOTHER LOAD COMPRESSED-AIR TANKS. LOVE. CRUNCH.

"That's the message," Crunch said pleasantly. "On the other side, beginning SENATOR, URTICATE, VEXILLARY, and so on, is what I read Sari."

"Word-substitution code!" the big Texan said disdainfully. "Any amateur could break it."

"Any amateur," Crunch replied, flushing, "who knew that the right words could be found in a certain edition of a certain dictionary printed by a certain publisher, by counting five words from the one you look up. Sari and I have used it several times, knowing people listened in on the marine phone. I had a customer, for instance, who traded on the stock market while he fished. Sari took his orders. I had another—a lawyer—who sent some rather important private information that way. But my wife and I worked it out, and bought two identical, secondhand dictionaries, primarily to have a little privacy for personal messages."

"Might work," the Texan said grudgingly. "Hope your wife gets it! And I trust you threw your copy of that dictionary overboard!" George turned to fishing.

Crunch looked at the back of the hefty Texan as if he might throw him overboard. The elder Shade brother, Crunch reflected, was not only abnormally determined to be first in all matters, but he was almost pathologically fearful of delegated authority. He trusted no one but himself. Born wealthy, George had become powerful, too; but, like a nervous child, he was still panicky concerning all things beyond his personal grasp. It was not a happy condition of the mind.

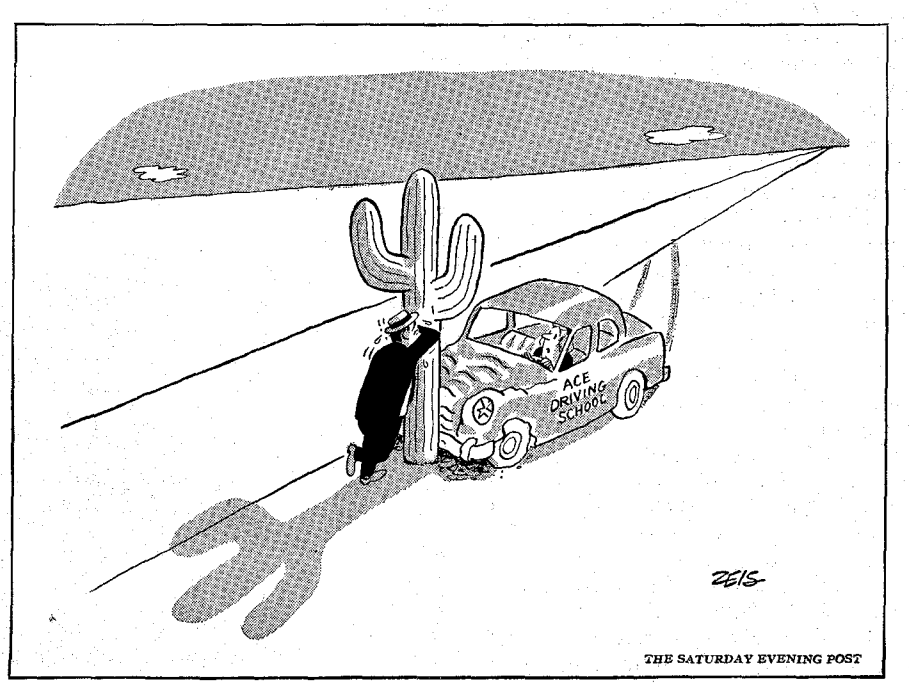
A big man, Crunch meditated, *with a small soul*—hardly worth chucking overboard.

In Miami, as Crunch had expected, his lovely wife, Sari, after sighing with a lonesomeness intensified by the recent sound of her husband's voice, sat down and rapidly worked out the message. Then, efficiently, she went to work on the phone.

Off Tandem Key—and en route to that sudden ship Mecca—persons who had hopefully, spyingly monitored the Poseidon's phone call swore irritatedly. Obviously, the Poseidon's skipper had transmitted a super-secret message—*ergo*, there was confirmation of the newspaper story about treasure. But just as obviously, the Poseidon's message was incomprehensible. Even persons who had copied it stared at the jumbled words in frustration and tore up or threw overboard the pilfered verbiage.

Thus, all of George Shade's doubts were groundless. He seemed, in a way, to know it; he fished the rest of the afternoon in bleak silence, breaking it only to criticize the way Pete held his rod or the way he took his eye off the baits occasionally.

On the following afternoon the Poseidon was trolling in about the same area, though somewhat farther offshore. George Shade, having collected both fishing bets from his brother, had doubled them for this second day. He was in a good humor.



Pete was somber. Wonder had announced that she and her mother would return the next morning to Palm Beach. Mrs. West had remained on shore for this second foray into the Gulf Stream. The skipper's seasick remedy had helped her, but not sufficiently. Mrs. West was, in addition, tired of the heat, sunlight, dampness and the mob of people who now crowded the Inne, so that two sittings were required for every meal. She had been appalled, furthermore, by the pièce de résistance at dinner—a conch pie baked in a turtle's carapace under a thick crust of biscuit dough. Mrs. West might also have found the strength to resist "butting in."

Pete fished morosely. He stole an occasional glance at the lovely girl and, often, a matching glance at his elder brother. Crunch who had watched the performance all day, had reached the decision that Peter Shade was, at bottom, just what he had asserted—a man without moral courage. Pete hated the dominance of his brother—as any man would—but he seemed powerless to end it and unwilling simply to escape it by avoiding George. Pete seemed equally allergic to the dissimilar but real quality of command exhibited by Mrs. West. He was always polite about it, but he always conceded, and he always pushed Wonder further from himself by his distaste for his own concession.

Crunch had wished for days that something would happen—that somebody would get mad—somebody would act or at least yell. But all four people remained relentlessly polite and apparently good-humored. It was, Crunch thought, the most intangible and yet the most impenetrable case of frustration he'd ever seen. Pete was like a man held by cobwebs—filaments so thin that you had to come close to notice them at all, yet real and strong as cable steel.

"Left outrigger!" Des called from aloft.

Crunch's eyes flicked. There it was. The bonefish made a wake like a toy boat yanked through smooth water. In the wake, wavering from side to side, was a bill, black, club-thick. Behind the bill, emerging now, was a fin. High and pointed, blue as a teal's wing bar. Between were the great, gogglelike eyes.

"Get set, Pete. It's a marlin," Crunch said calmly—and noted the envious snap of George Shade's head.

"What do I do?" Everybody who faces his first blue marlin asks that, in the same panicky tone.

Crunch strode to the young man's side. "Take the rod to the center chair. . . . George, make way!"

Pete nervously grabbed the heavy rig and tottered to the center chair. George got out slowly, saying, "The lad'll probably miss. Greenhorn. Got buck fever. Look at him!"

"That's mean!" Wonder cried. Then she returned her eyes to the sea. "Great goodness!"

The marlin hit. He came out like an exploded land mine. His wide maw opened and the bonefish bait vanished. There was a splash, a big swirl, and the outrigger line drifted down.

"Got it!" Des yelled from his vantage point. "Swallowed it!"

"Put the drag on," Crunch said. "No need for a long drop-back. The drag," he repeated quietly, as Pete fumbled. "The lever! Right!" He added sharply, "And for the love of mackerel, hold that rod!"

Pete's hands gripped. The line whipped tight, throwing spray. The reel gave a buzzing, tentative (*Continued on Page 80*)

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(*Continued from Page 76*) spurt and then screamed steadily. The big rod bent. Crunch said, smiling, "Hit it a couple, Pete."

Pete struck three times. The marlin felt himself impeded. He felt, perhaps, a stab of pain or at least a foreign body in his right jaw. Something unfamiliar was pecking at his mouth and pulling at him. He decided to shake it out; it had been a mistake, somehow, to eat the apparently injured silver fish.

Once, twice, thrice, he flung himself into the air, clear and clean and high, tossing his great head from side to side, every fin rigid, great gills wide. That didn't work.

He would simply break the thing that pulled at his jaw, then. He came out on the smooth purple water—a huge fish, silver below and white, cobalt above, with a bill like a medieval weapon. He came out aslant—bill, head, body—with only his mighty caudal fin in the sea. He gave every pound of thrust in his mammoth, biological engines to the run that followed—a "tailwalk" that took him, like a sprinter able to run on the surface of an ocean ten, twenty, forty yards—to failure and a gigantic splash. He leaped and twisted himself in the air, landing belly-up. He leaped from his side, and came down bill-first, cleaving the sea like a porpoise. It didn't free him.

He sounded. The reel moaned and was silent, buzzed and stopped, murmured and was still, raced and halted. In surges, spiraling around the line, the great fish drove down a hundred feet, two, five, a thousand. And Pete held on—fascinated, exhilarated, unbelieving.

Half an hour passed while the fish, laboring in the lightless abyss, and the man, straining and sweating in the orange blaze of afternoon sun, battled each other. Then the marlin came up again, fast, like an elevator escaping hell—defying pressures and physical laws till he cleaved the shining, slick surface and went twisting into the air.

Wonder whispered, "It's awesome."

George was sitting in what had been Pete's chair, staring with dull, unhappy eyes.

The fish made a long, long run on the surface.

Des said, "Crunch," quietly.

The skipper turned from his post behind the fighting chair, where he had been swiveling the angler toward the fish. Des pointed west and up, and Crunch looked. Paul's plane was approaching—as if off course on a trip to Tandem Key. Crunch thought of Sari. *How bright she is. How faithful. How dependable.*

Then he thought of the marlin and looked at the line and the sea; he saw a far-off splash, saw the line slacken. "Wind! He's coming this way, Pete! Crank, pal!"

With sweat-slick hands, with arms that had long been aching, Pete began again to wind in the line, trying the impossible task of keeping up with the racing marlin.

"There," Crunch said, and pointed. Wonder saw—and George saw by standing up part way—the striped blue torpedo that raced past the boat and out of view. Des jammed levers, turned the Poseidon a little, then straightened her.

"Come around!" Crunch bellowed.

"Can't!" The answer snapped from the top controls. "Paul's getting set for the drop!"

Crunch took a quick look. Paul's plane, headed for Tandem Key and destined to pass over the Poseidon, was approaching swiftly, losing altitude. Paul opened a window and was waving an arm. If anybody on shore were watching with glasses, only the bulk of the boat would screen the air drop.

Des was right: he could not come around. They had planned it that way.

"Get up. Take the rod to the port side!"

Somehow, Pete managed to obey the skipper. He stood with the big rod and the great reel cradled in his arms while the marlin surged ahead of the boat.

George had heard the plane and looked. In an instant he realized its purpose.

Crunch found himself wishing, for the only time in his life he could remember, that they weren't encumbered by a marlin. "Encumbered" was the very word his mind used. The plane was a loud roar now, and a detailed object in the air. Something fell from its window and the plane shot over the Poseidon, barely missing the spread outriggers, seeming to pass between them. The arm of the pilot waved at them and the seaplane climbed again, heading in toward the harbor.

The object that had been dropped hit the sea with a heavy splash. It was a carton around which life preservers had been lashed. It bobbed to the surface, rolled, and one of the life preservers floated free.

"Broke loose!" Des called. And he added in a voice of sharp alarm, "It's sinking!" Almost automatically, he gunned the Poseidon toward the carton, which lay awash briefly and then began to settle under the surface.

Crunch wanted the contents of the carton. He had been at great pains to get them sent so far and delivered so cunningly. He made ready to dive, worrying a little about the hooked marlin.

Without asking, without a word, George Shade, picked up the sharp fish knife, strode across the cockpit and cut his brother's line. "Tough luck, old boy," he said.

Crunch dived. Pete wasn't, he thought, going to catch the biggest fish. He wasn't going to win the doubled bet from his big brother. He wasn't going to make his big brother, George, look like a second-rater. He was going to lose his fish—and take it like a little man.

Of course, Crunch reflected, as he swam toward the sinking carton and surface-dived neatly, George had a reason. It would cover what George had done—excuse it, almost. But not quite. Crunch's behavior had made it perfectly plain that he intended to dive in after the carton in spite of the fact that a hooked blue marlin was fighting in the vicinity. Crunch hadn't thought it a very great risk. The fish was in no condition to notice a mere man in the water, or a carton, or anything else save its incomprehensible, unshakable predicament.

For that matter, a suddenly freed marlin might be more dangerous—if it saw a swimmer—than a hooked fish. George, in short, had no way of predicting that his deed was useful or even sensible. He had done it for other reasons than to assist the boatmen and their party.

Crunch grabbed the bundle and swam it to the surface. Des had the boat almost alongside; hands were reaching down. Crunch pushed the carton a few strokes. It was hoisted aboard and Desperate's fingers grabbed his. Crunch was glad to be out of the water, but not so glad but that he would have been far happier if Pete were still fighting his fish.

"Thought I better," George said.

Pete, white as a sheet, said, "Sure George! Right thing to do!"

Des opened his mouth and closed it and opened it again. "Maybe," was what he finally said.

Wonder didn't say a word. She merely stared at George Shade with her eyes as coldly contemptuous as any Crunch had ever seen. She sat down, suddenly, in a fishing chair and turned her back. It seemed to Crunch she turned her back on Pete almost as much as she turned it upon his big brother.

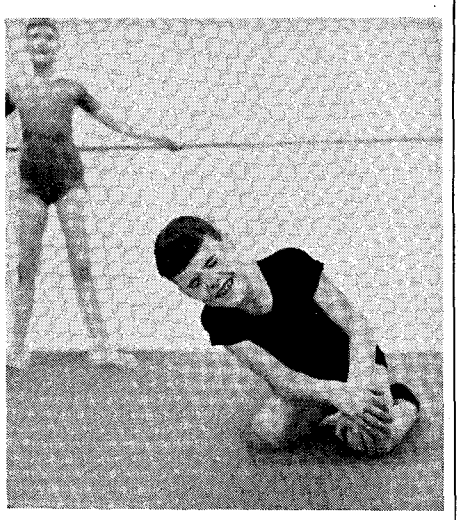
The wind was blowing again. Lying in his bed, looking at a scrap of sky outside the window, Crunch saw a few stars and an occasional cloud. He wasn't asleep. Perhaps nobody in the Inne was asleep yet. The men in the bar kept the hotel noisy until late, drinking, talking treasure, going repeatedly to the wall to read and reread Endibbie's verse, which, as everyone now knew, Peter Shade was presumed to have "deciphered." Nobody much bothered any more to accost Crunch and Des, the Shade brothers or the women. That had proved futile. But the crowd at the Inne and the people living in the harbor on their boats followed every member of the party every moment, with eager, envious eyes.

"Hey, Des," Crunch whispered.

"Yo?"

"Stick your head closer so I can whisper." Crunch saw the tousled silhouette. "Wind's northeast. Likely to blow all day tomorrow. Then drop. Right?"

Des yawned. "Check. Probably."



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Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Elizabeth Taylor

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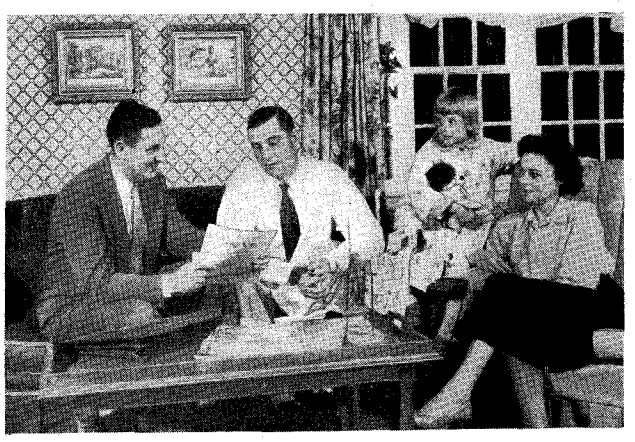
P.S. stands for Personal Serv



PERSONAL SERVICE BEGINS when your Ætna Casualty agent studies your needs, tailors a program to fit, then keeps it up to date. Special plans, exclusively Ætna's, equip him uniquely to perform this valuable service for individuals and for businesses.

Thousands of Ætna Casualty agents provide it . . . over 1,000,000 Ætna policyholders profit by it

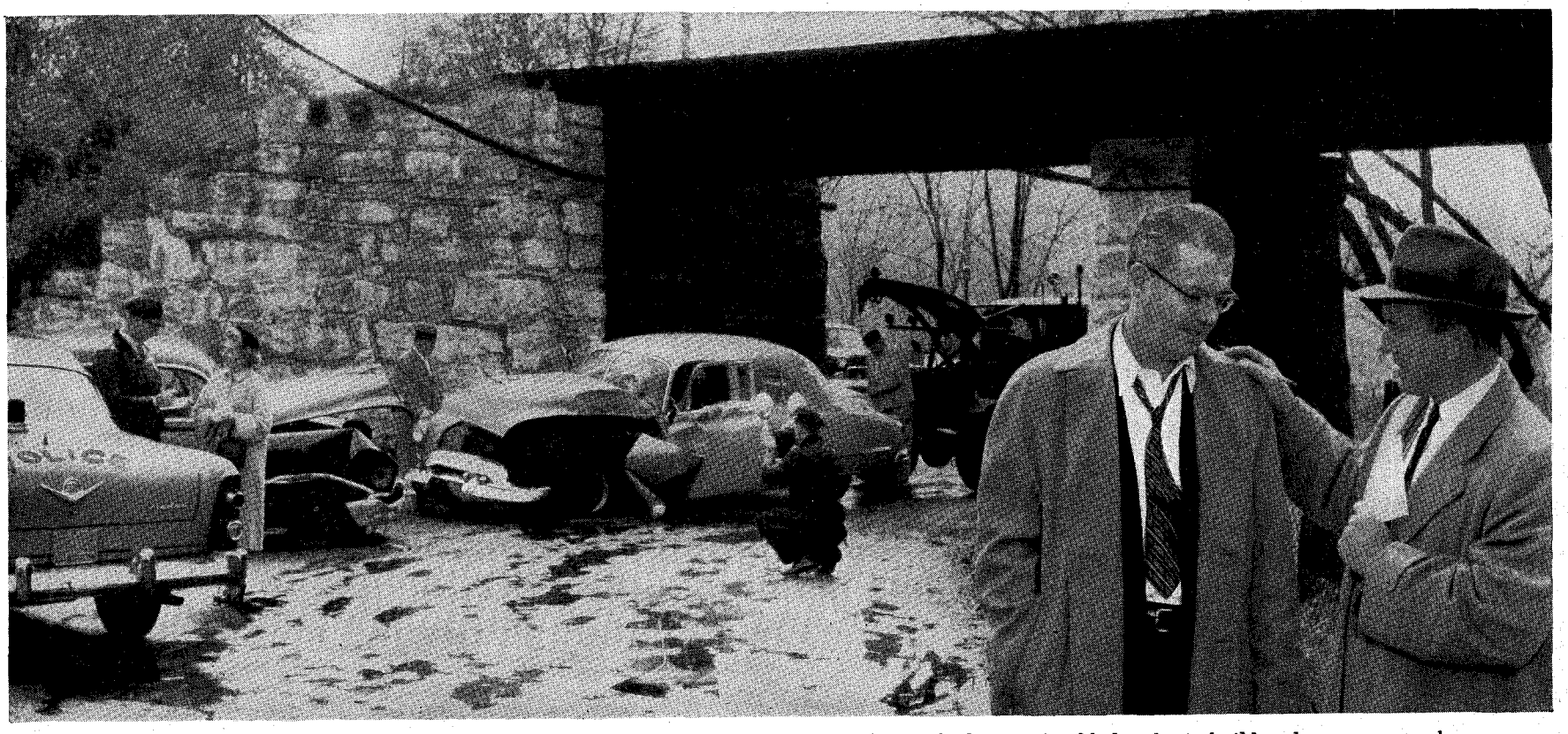
Protecting your family from harm is something very personal. You do it yourself, as far as you can — with good food and clothing, a safe home, a sound car. But when you need help, you turn to a friend — the family doctor, lawyer or clergyman — someone you trust who knows your needs . . . someone who has your interests at heart.

The same holds true in protecting your family from financial loss. It's a personal matter — yet one that requires both expert and friendly help.

That's why so many are turning to the Ætna Casualty agent in their community. *He is an experienced, independent businessman whose entire livelihood depends on giving you intelligent personal service.*

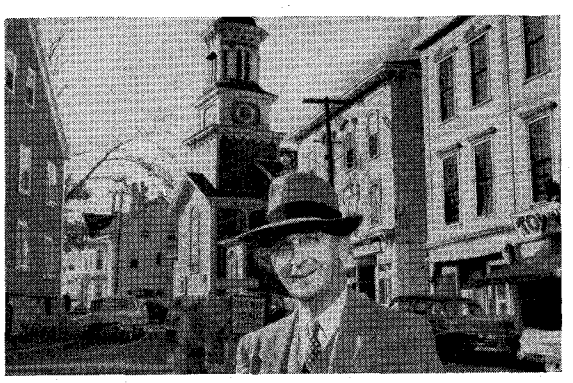
He studies your needs *personally* and sees that you have exactly the right kinds and amounts of protection. He *personally* keeps your program up to date as circumstances change. And in time of accident or loss, he's there again to give you *personal* service.

We at Ætna Casualty are proud of the agents who represent us — as proud as we are of our own reputation for prompt, fair and courteous treatment of policyholders. Illustrated here are some of the ways we work together to provide you with the finest insurance protection money can buy — *the policy with the P.S.*

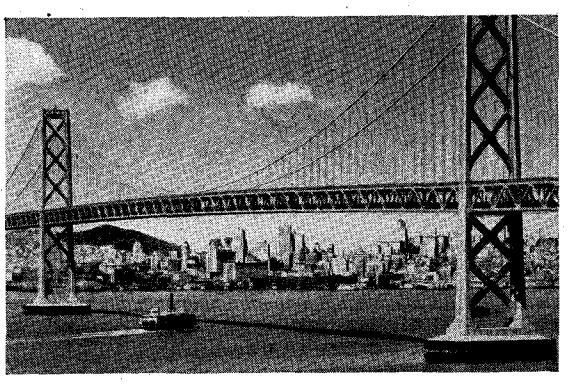


PERSONAL HELP WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST. Wherever you are when an accident or loss occurs, you'll find Ætna Casualty agents and claim men ready to serve you in every way they can. For example, they are often able to interview witnesses, arrange hotel accommodations, locate the best medical help, obtain bail bonds or prompt releases from writs of attachment. In short, Ætna Casualty agents are well-known, respected local businessmen who know how to *give and get personal help* whenever and wherever you need it.

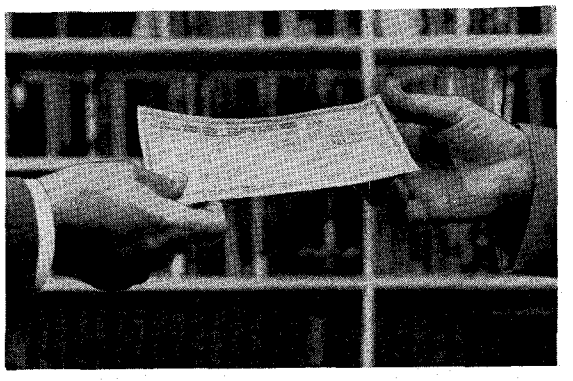
In small towns and large, coast to coast, Ætna Casualty policyholders get valuable personal service



MARBLEHEAD, MASS., is home of Ætna Casualty agent (and civic leader) Edward Farrell. He serves his friends and neighbors every day, stands ready to help vacationing policyholders when needed.



THE SAN FRANCISCO AREA has 224 Ætna Casualty agents and 12 full-time, salaried claim men. Day or night, coast to coast, Ætna personal service is always as close as the nearest telephone.



PROMPT, FAIR SETTLEMENT of just claims is an important part of personal service. Ætna is known for courtesy to policyholders — *as well as to anyone who may have a claim against them.*

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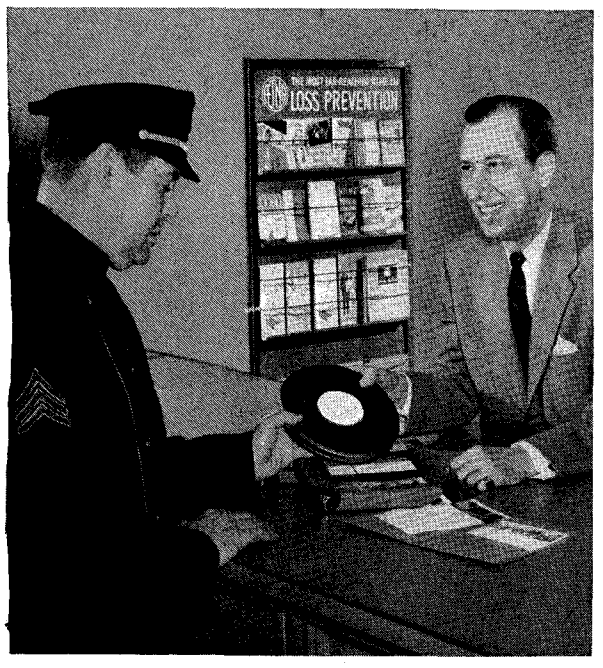
...ice THE IMPORTANT PLUS VALUE THAT MAKES THE REAL DIFFERENCE IN INSURANCE PROTECTION

TOP-NOTCH TRAINING SCHOOL is just one way Ætna Casualty serves *you* by serving its agents. Here more than 5,000 men have acquired knowledge and skills to help them give you the finest possible insurance protection — personally planned.

EXPERIENCED FIELD REPRESENTATIVES work constantly with Ætna Casualty agents — keeping them up to date as new policies become available to meet your needs — helping them solve special problems for their clients — always aiming at better service.

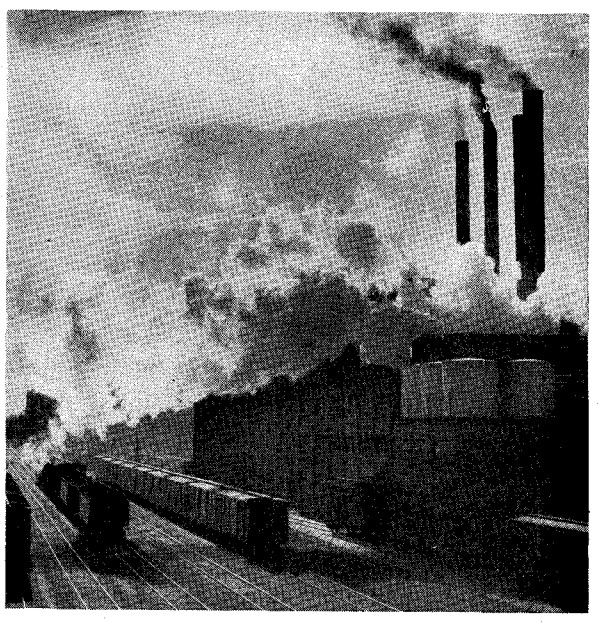
THROUGH ONE COMPANY, ONE AGENT, you can get personally planned protection for almost everything you have — family, home, car and business — either with individual policies or with one of Ætna Casualty's modern "package policies."

"P.S." benefits practically every branch of business and industry, too



PUBLIC SERVICE is a vital part of an Ætna Casualty agent's work. Using Ætna's many free educational motion pictures, driver tests and safety booklets, he renders valuable personal service to his community — helps cut down accidents, crimes and fires.

LEADING CONTRACTORS rely on Ætna Casualty for bonds on every kind of construction — from sidewalks to super highways. One of the top surety companies, with nationwide facilities, Ætna Casualty is equipped to give prompt service on bonds of *all* types.



MANY MAJOR MANUFACTURERS and businessmen benefit from Ætna's safety engineering service. Over 200 Ætna Safety Engineers work with Ætna agents to help prevent accidents and thus reduce costs, increase production, raise employee morale.

P.S. **Why not let an Ætna Casualty agent show you how his personal service can give you better insurance protection — for your family, home, car and business? Just call him.**

ÆTNA CASUALTY
AND SURETY COMPANY

Affiliated with ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • Hartford, Conn.

ALL FORMS OF CASUALTY, BONDING, FIRE AND MARINE PROTECTION

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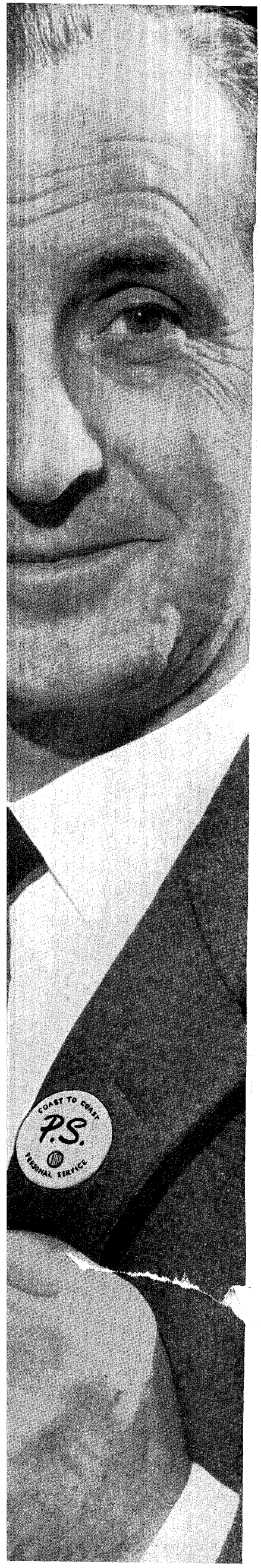

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"May keep the Marytay over here for another day."

"No doubt will. That Mrs. West is all for not getting seasick."

"Gives us another whole day, likely."

"For what?"

Crunch was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Think if we could locate that treasure cave tomorrow, it would—well, it would do any good? Straighten those people out?"

Des understood. He understood his skipper's meaning and his sympathetic spirit, which often made him take part—an urgent and sometimes dangerous part—in the tribulations of those who had chartered him and his boat. Des often engaged in such efforts too. But now he said, "Unh-uh." He paused. "A billion bucks in doubloons wouldn't make old Pete stop being a worm. And a trillion wouldn't make a gent out of that Texas gorilla."

"I hate to see—well, see George fly away. See Wonder and her mother leave. See old Pete trek off to Lord knows where, beat. He sure takes a shellacking from that crowd."

"Bums," Des murmured.

"Not bums." Crunch thought of his long years of experience with people well enough heeled to go deep-sea fishing. "Trouble is, people don't realize folks with money are still just folks. No better. No worse. No different. Got problems, like the rest."

"Why," Des whispered hotly, "didn't Pete grab a marlin billy and at least lay open George's scalp, when he came up smirking and cut off his fish?"

"Did he smirk? I thought so. Well, forget it. Just an idea."

There was silence for a time, but Des did not lie back in his bed. "You mentioned we might be able to locate that loot."

"The place where it was hidden. Yeah."

"That's what I hate most about this trip! Seeing it break up without discovering if that Endibbie left a pile someplace or if the whole routine is just screwy!"

Crunch said, drowsily, "M'm'm'm."

"Have anything special in mind?"

"Tide's coming in now. Be going out—oh, around six-seven o'clock in the morning. Be windy. Nobody be outside at that time."

"You mean—tonight?" Des flopped back and sat up. "Man! You have a jungle to cross, and gear to carry and—*night!*"

"Only time when we could do it without a brigade of interested spectators."

"But night? Crocs, likely. 'Gators. Snakes."

"You know there aren't any crocs or 'gators in these Bahamas, Des. No poisonous snakes I ever heard of. Only boa constrictors." Crunch chuckled softly. "And they're little ones."

Des lay still for a while. Then his answer came. He stood up in the murk. "Get dressing," he whispered.

They took a long time crossing the veranda and moving down the rear stairs. The din in the bar helped to cover the faint sounds they could not avoid.

In the street they halted. The sound of feet sent them into a hibiscus bush till the languid native passed by. Then they moved forward until they saw, in the distance, a glimmer of a bicycle lamp. They hid again, and a constable whizzed by.

By such means they reached the water front near the dock. Boats were tied up two and three deep and boats lay everywhere in the harbor. Some were dark, others brilliantly lighted, where people attracted by the story of treasure were spending a gay evening or a restless one—wondering, now that they had reached Tandem Key, what had sent them off so impulsively on such a wild-goose chase. There were people on the dock, talking, laughing, listening to an occasional number played by a few of the Calypso musicians.

Crunch took his mate's arm and pointed to the boat silhouettes. "We wade in here, swim around yonder; then back and in."

Half an hour later two figures locked up the Poseidon again and dropped with silent care into the water. Strapped to their backs were various pieces of equipment which, in the starry dark, looked like knapsacks. The packs made swimming difficult, but they took their time and, before long, both men—mere shapes in the night—waded out on shore again.

The wind blew evenly and they were cold. The island thoroughfare, however, was emptier of traffic and they did not have to hide so often. They hurried, when they could, toward the isthmus. Gradually they grew warmer.

The journey through the jungle was, as Des said later, "The kind of thing crazy people do, and have nightmares about for the rest of their lives."

They followed the isthmus to the south bulge of the key and waded around it on the east side until they could no longer see a light from the harbor or the village. Then they broke into the black tangle of trees, brush and undergrowth, going without a trail, twice climbing trees to look at the stars for direction. They had flashlights, but used them sparingly.

When they reached the pond, they were exhausted, sweat-soaked, scratched in a thousand places and their clothing was tattered. They sat on the sandy rim of the lake, resting, (*Continued on Page 84*)

Get all the "breaks" of Coffee!

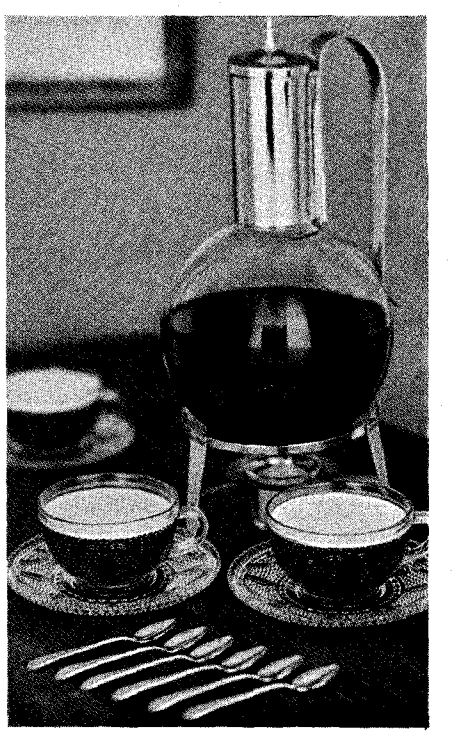
Wake-up coffee. Nothing else starts a day so right! Especially when you use 1 Standard Coffee Measure to each 6 oz. of clear, cold water, like the experts.

Mid-morning break. All's quiet on the home front. Why not call in a neighbor for a friendly cup? (Your husband's enjoying a "Coffee-break" at work.)

Luncheon coffee. Even the simplest bill of fare looks good with a fresh, steaming cup of coffee alongside. (The second cup tastes even better than the first!)

Afternoon break. It's much more fun to shop these days—but still pretty tiring. Doesn't that cup of coffee taste good? It seems to bring your strength back.

Dinner coffee. Nothing finishes a meal in such fine style as coffee. It tastes wonderful – and makes an occasion out of every meal you put before the family.



Guest coffee. Some evening, try coffee a new way! Coffee Boston, for instance. Just float a layer of cream on top; sip your coffee through it. Delicious!

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There is nothing so satisfying as a cup of good coffee

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.

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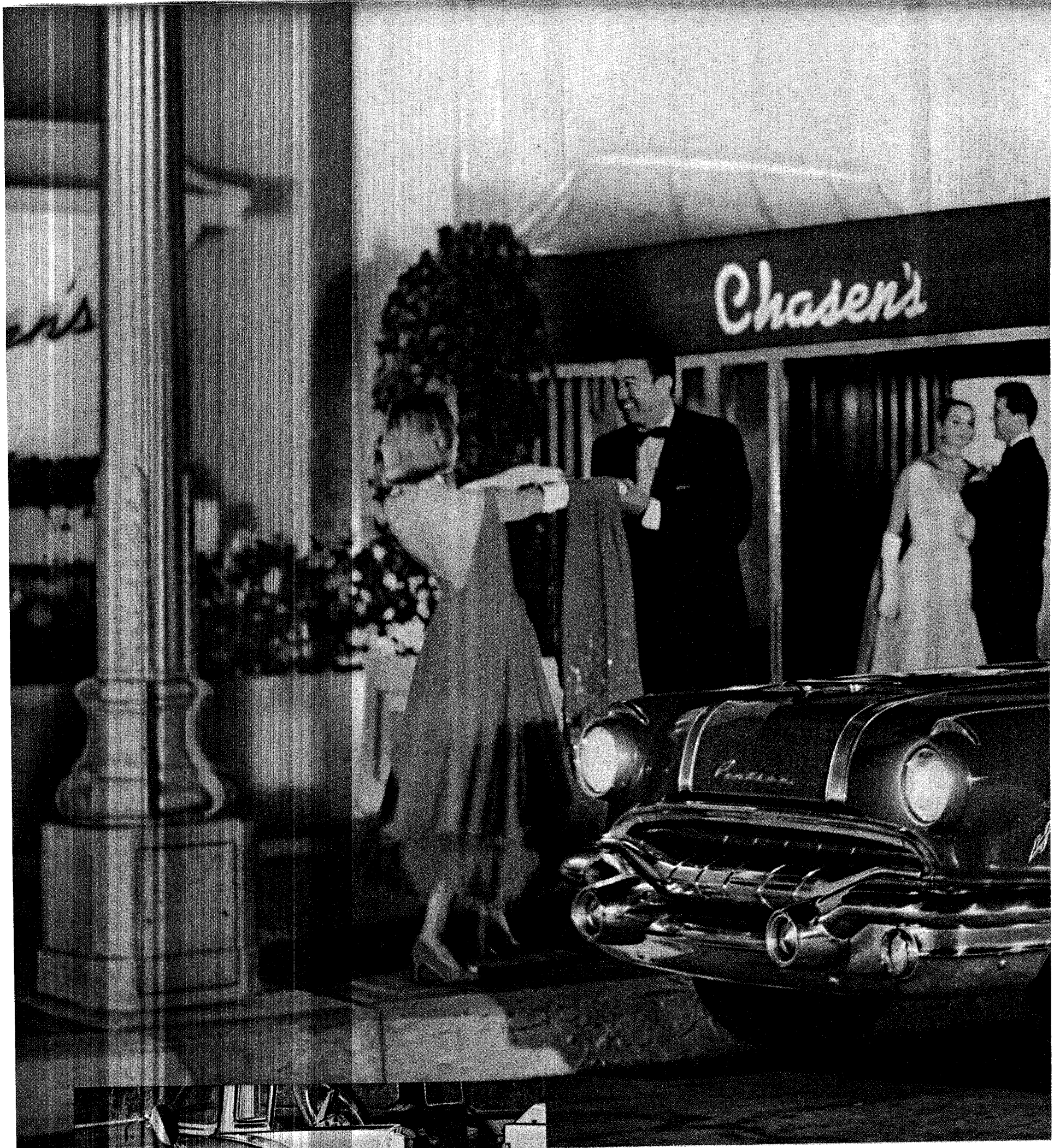

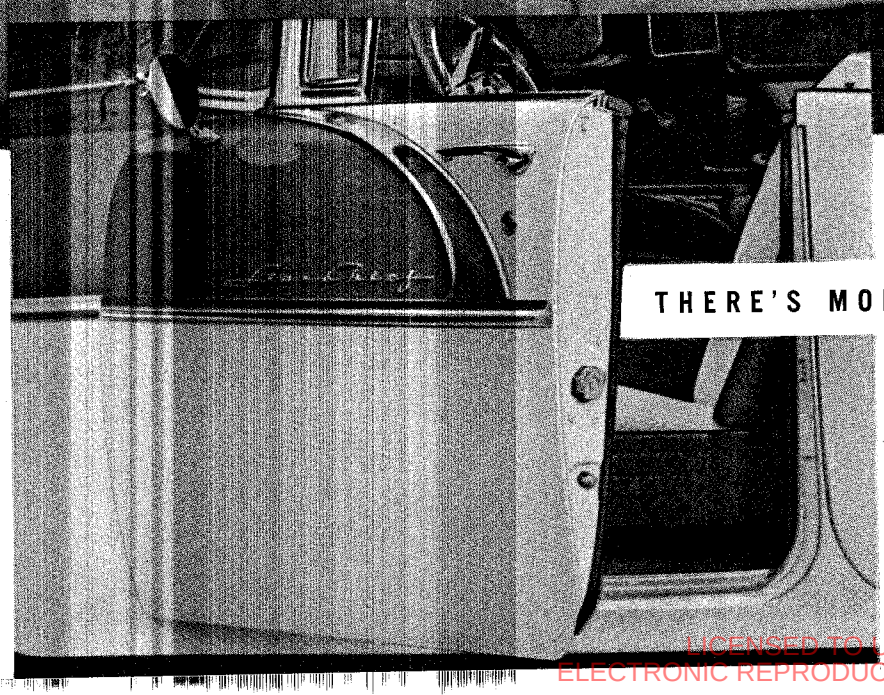

THERE'S MORE BEHIND THE DOOR OF A PONTIAC

BODY by FISHER

And a very important "more" it is—this famous Fisher Body coach emblem. For—like such dramatic style advances as the four-door hardtop and the panoramic windshield—it represents those added values of exterior line and color—of interior luxury—of sturdier, safer construction which only generations of experience and the latest tools and techniques can build into a car body.

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ollywood Set by Chasen's

Star Fashions by Maurice Rentner

Catalina Four-Door Hardtop by Pontiac

Body by Fisher

found only on General Motors Cars

GM GENERAL MOTORS

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(*Continued from Page 81*) gasping, regarding its pale, wind-riffled surface almost with unbelief. They drank from it after a while, lying flat and sucking up drafts of the fresh, warmish water. Then they unlashed their burdens and prepared to enter the water with plastic lungs.

Except for the wind and the night noises in the jungle behind them, there was no sound and no sense of man. On the shore of this lonely, peculiar lake with its irregular, black perimeter of tropical trees, they might as well have been on the margin of a pond in prehuman times, a Jurassic slough from which, at any moment, some inconceivable monster would lift a toothy head on a long neck.

"Spooky," Des said.

Crunch merely grunted with a grim sound and tested his plastic lung. Then he began to wade from the shore. "Unless you see a good place, Des," he called, "don't open any dye. We don't want to turn this whole joint green."

Des called back a soft "Right!" and he also waded in.

They had divided the lake in halves. Crunch started from the approximate center of the pond and began to swim close to the bottom, in what he hoped were widening arcs. He used an underwater flashlight to see by and, occasionally, he surfaced for bearings. The sand patches, the crumbling marl ledges, the rocky outcrops and prairies of waving water weeds supplied no landmark the mind could retain. He saw fresh-water fish and once, in the dim distance, a school of jacks. Salt-water fish!

He found nothing to indicate flow of current over the bottom toward an inlet-outlet. As he swam, bemused and benumbed by the surrounding dark, the unfamiliar night world of water, it occurred to him that any man who knew where the passage to the sea began would not need synthetic dye to mark its opening in the sea. Ordinary marl would do it—putty-colored marl crumbled and dropped into the hole. It stayed in suspension a long time—opaque and white-looking, the bane of shallow-water anglers on windy days.

Quite suddenly his flippers stopped beating and he slid along—a shape at the dark end of a beam of light. The buccaneers might have used marl just that way. In which case the hypothetical cave under the sea would not necessarily be dark. If marl were put in the lake to disclose the sea entrance of the tunnel that drained this pond, the "brave" would, indeed, "see" the treasure in a place where they could not "see." The Endibbie rhyme, he reflected, kept making more and more sense. He swam on, his skin rippling with excitement.

Soon he noticed the bottom was pitching down rather than rising as he neared shore. His senses suggested it; his wrist gauge attested to their accuracy. He came to a place where the underwater grass bent down with the angle of the slope. Then his light touched the parapet of a cliff. He swam along its edge and found it to be a circular precipice. His light did not reach the bottom of the hole that was enclosed, but he swam down confidently. At least, he reflected, there would be no mako sharks here.

He plunged down into the hole and, at about forty feet, his underwater flashlight disclosed its bottom, paved with sand and broken shells. He coasted along its walls behind his light and found, soon, the opening that led to the sea under the island. It was vertical, head-high and rather narrow, apparently eroded from some original crack in the beach sandstone foundation of the key. A current was perceptible. Specks of sand and shell, bright as snowflakes in sunlight, moved across the circle of his torch into the dark cave. Weeds and grasses at its lip were bent inward by the pull of ebbing tide. He prepared to open a can of the dye.

Before he did so, however, his torch struck the rock side of the flaw at a point where he saw markings. These were eroded and overgrown with plant and animal life. But their outline was not that of natural fracture. Crunch played his light over them, coming close. There could be no mistaking what he saw.

Long ago some other underwater swimmer had taken many dives, probably many days of diving, to cut these marks deep into the stone at the side of the outlet. He made out the rectilinear symbol of a lightning flash and, beneath it, a two-foot capital letter, deeply incised: an *E*.

Crunch's skepticism about treasure suddenly vanished. The big letter *E* unquestionably stood for "Endibbie" and had been put there, likely, by the buccaneer's own hand. It showed, perhaps, where marl was to be poured into the fresh water, so as to mark the ocean opening and the treasure hidden there. Everything, and more, that Pete Shade had guessed from the first hearing of the old rhyme had now been confirmed. It seemed possible to Crunch, abruptly, that the loot of old Spanish cities and galleons might still lie "beneath"—but not "in"—the sea—at the other end of the vertical slot before which he now half floated.

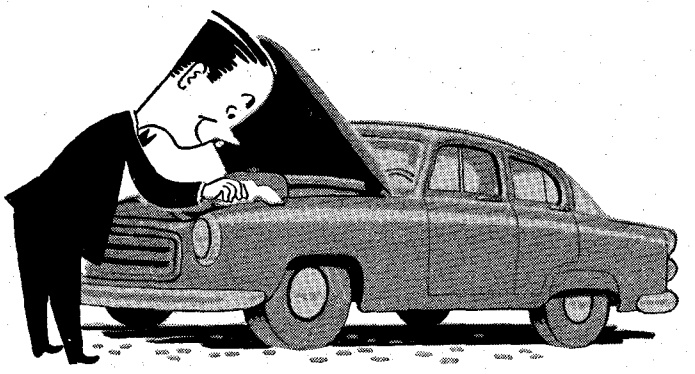
It was therefore possible that the long run of hard luck which had dogged Crunch, and his family, and his mate—the luck which threatened to take away his beloved Poseidon and his very home—might break. It might even break to an incredible opposite—the possession of riches, romantic, fabled, immense.

With shaking hands, he unscrewed the top of the dye can. He began to pour the powdered dye into the slitlike cave. The easy current pulled it in, and though some of it flowed back and began to dull his torchlight, darken the watery world around him, most of it passed on into the black mouth of the cave and was sucked out of sight.

If no one else spotted the dye where it emerged—and investigated it as an inexplicable phenomenon—the site of Endibbie's hoard should be known to Crunch and his party by noon. He let the emptied can drift into the cavern and then headed for the surface. It was still night up there, dark and breezy and overpoweringly lonesome. But he swam along the surface, using a snorkel to breathe now, saving air, looking for a submarine gleam that would disclose the spot where Des was hunting. He had news for Des.

TO BE CONCLUDED

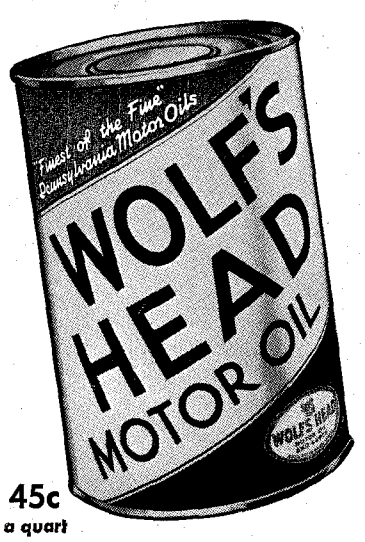
If you're particular about your car



...be particular about your oil

...insist on WOLF'S HEAD

It's the "finest of the fine"! WOLF'S HEAD provides the best possible mile-after-mile protection you can obtain for your car. It's the richest, toughest, oiliest motor oil money can buy.



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"Operator, give me Saint Paul—er, Minnesota, that is!"

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I Love You, Mama Girl (Continued from Page 24)

"O.K., I believe."

"That's a good girl."

"You'll get the best part of all and be ten times as famous as Marilyn Monroe."

"Say a prayer, then."

I closed my eyes real tight and saw a lot of orange colors, which is always nice for praying. Then I opened my eyes.

"What did you pray?" Mama Girl said.

"Let Mama Girl be famous and successful the way she wants to be, and I'll be very kind to worms."

"But you're not *unkind* to worms in any case, are you?"

"Of course not. I've always been kind to them."

"Well, why did you say you'd be kind to them, then?"

"Oh, Mama Girl, don't you know anything about praying? I always ask for something, and then promise something."

"All right. But what worms are you thinking of?"

"The ones in the garden. I never squash them. I just look at them as they wiggle away and hide again."

"All right. Go to sleep. It's almost midnight."

"O.K."

We took a taxi from La Guardia to the Julien on Fifth Avenue, which is one of the best and most expensive hotels in New York, only instead of paying twenty dollars a day for a great big room, Mama Girl pays three for a very little one—a room for the servants or secretaries of rich people. The rich people sleep in the big rooms.

"I don't want anybody to know I'm poor," Mama Girl said. "It's nobody's business but my own how much rent I pay."

"Where do I sleep?"

"Right there, silly."

"Where do you?"

"Right there too."

"Oh, Mama Girl, I'm glad we came to New York!"

The whole room was no bigger than the entrance hall of our house in Pacific Palisades, but it was on the twenty-first floor, Room No. 2109. It had a nice bath, a nice bed, a nice bureau, a nice closet, and of course a telephone, but not a pink one, just black, and with a soft bell, not a fire-alarm bell like the bell of the pink telephone at home.

Mama Girl sat on the bed and called Room Service for a pot of coffee for her, and boiled eggs and toast and milk for me—ugh. I hate boiled eggs and love coffee, but I'm not allowed to have coffee.

Mama Girl drew a bath and said, "All right, Mrs. Nijinsky, go soak, please."

"Don't call me Mrs. Nijinsky, please."

"Well, you were dancing, weren't you?"

"I don't care. Clara Coolbaw calls me that and she hates me, so I hate her, and I don't want you to call me what she calls me. Call me Margaret Rose."

"All right, Margaret Rose, but take off your clothes. I want you to soak; I want you to have a nice breakfast; I want you to stretch out in bed and rest. You didn't sleep at all."

"I did too."

"Well, not well, anyhow—and neither did I. Why do you want me to call you Margaret Rose?"

"Of England, of course. The Queen's little sister."

"Oh."

"You're the Queen of England and I'm your little sister."

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we were?"

"No, *really*, mama, we *are*. We're just pretending to be poor."

"That's one thing we're *not* pretending," Mama Girl said.

"How do you get to be the Queen and her sister?"

"Get in the tub and soak, please—and look here, Grasshopper, you simply have got to eat more; you're all little sticks stuck together. Starting with your breakfast, after your bath, from now on you're going to eat. All right?"

"I'll do my best, Mama Girl."

I got into the tub and soaked and sang while Mama Girl made phone calls. I heard her talking to different people. With some of them she laughed and screamed and called them names, but with others she spoke like somebody else speaking. I heard the waiter push the table into the room and go, and then Mama Girl came and I got out of the tub and she dried me and I put on a nightgown and sat at the table.

She said, "All right, I want you to be a real gobbler from now on; eat everything on that table, please, and make it fast."

"Eggshells, dishes, knives, forks and spoons too?"

"Everything, that's all, and it's no joke. A young mother is terribly criticized if her daughter doesn't look like a fat doll, and you certainly don't."

"I don't want to look like a fat doll."

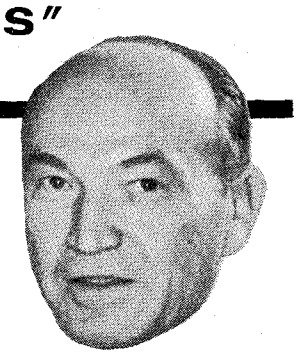
"A mother with nobody in the world but a little girl is terribly criticized."

"You've got Papa Boy."

"No, Frog. *You've* got him. I haven't. We're divorced."

"Well, Papa Boy ain't dead. He ain't dead yet, and (*Continued on Page 88*)

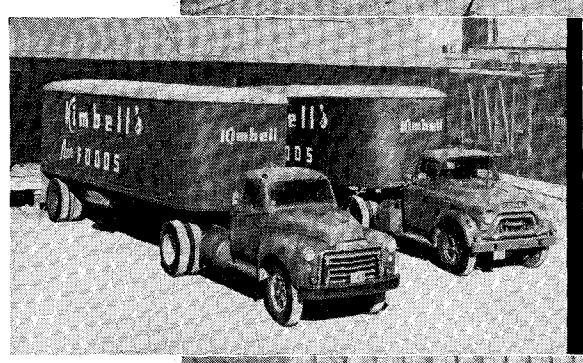
"OUR 400 TRUCK-FLEET STAYS ON SCHEDULE ...WITH EATON 2-SPEED AXLES"



...reports A. L. Scott, General Manager, Kimbell Grocery Company, Fort Worth, Texas

Eaton-equipped International trucks

Eaton-equipped Ford trucks



Eaton-equipped GMC trucks

Eaton-equipped White trucks

Eaton-equipped Dodge trucks

"OUR COMPANY is one of the largest wholesale grocery distributors in Texas," says Mr. Scott. "We operate 400 trucks from 45 wholesale houses—37 in Texas, 7 in New Mexico, 1 in Arkansas. There's one thing our customers always expect—quick, reliable deliveries. Eaton 2-Speed Axles see to it they're not disappointed.

"We use Eaton-equipped Ford, International, White, Dodge and GMC trucks. Altogether they clock millions of miles yearly. Yet, with Eaton 2-Speed Axles, repair and gasoline costs are low, engine life is longer—with less effort on the part of our drivers.

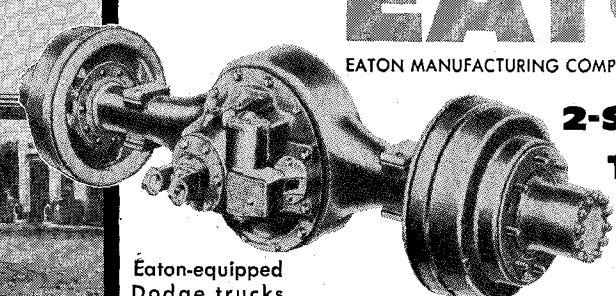
"On straightaways, Eaton's high-gear range gives us fast legal speeds, without harmful high engine RPM. On hills, Eaton's low-gear pulling power moves a heavy load up and over smoothly and easily. In close traffic, Eaton's effortless shifting does away with jerking and stalling, keeps the truck in step with the traffic pattern.

"Over many years Eaton 2-Speeds have saved us so much time and money, we wouldn't think of using any other axle."

Whether you operate one truck or 400, an Eaton 2-Speed Axle can save *you* time and money. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

EATON

EATON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO



2-SPEED TRUCK AXLES

MORE THAN 2 MILLION EATON AXLES IN TRUCKS TODAY

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NEW! COMPLETELY

See the New Stor-Mor Freezer *Plus* Refrigerator at your dealer's

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NEW *from* Amana

The Revolutionary, Double-Duty Freezer *Plus* Refrigerator

Gleaming white, breathtaking beauty for your kitchen! It's the matchless queen of combinations, this bright new Amana Freezer-*Plus*-Refrigerator that brings you revolutionary refrigeration performance!

Place this magnificent Amana creation right where your old refrigerator stands now. It takes no more floor space! Yet gives you refrigerator space equal to conventional 12-cubic-foot model . . . plus freezer capacity for 297 pounds of frozen food!

OUTSTANDING AMANA FEATURES!

Painstaking precision design, expert craftsmanship, outstanding advances—all combine to make this new Amana Stor-Mor Freezer-*Plus*-Refrigerator the grandest thing that can happen to your kitchen!

You get *Single-Cycle Self-Defrosting*...you never have to defrost! *Constant Amana-Matic Temperature Control* . . . always true 0° in the freezer, no freezing ever in the refrigerator! Magic Touch, *Easy-Open handles* . . . allow you to open the FPR with both hands full! Actual freezing coils *in all three* freezer shelves . . . plus top and bottom surfaces! And . . . literally dozens more quality differences only Amana offers. Your dealer will gladly demonstrate the ideal model for your family size and needs.

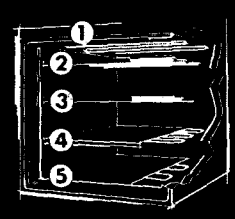
ASK ABOUT AMANA BUDGET PLAN

See this amazing refrigeration appliance that makes all conventional models outmoded! It means happier, healthier, and more economical living for you and your family!

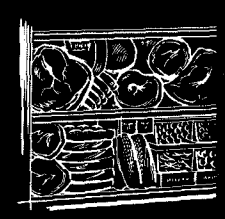
Watch the hilarious "Phil Silvers Show" for Special Laraine Day Invitation Offer. Be sure to see how you can get 76-page, full-color special edition of exclusive Amana "Meal Magic" Cookbook. Tells all about wonderful frozen food recipes and economies. So be sure to see your dealer soon!

Look for all these Exclusive Amana Features!

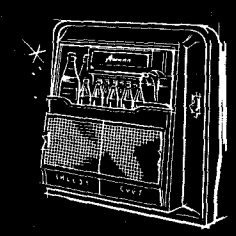
EXCLUSIVE POLARAMIC DIAL CONTROL protects precious foods always! Fully automatic cold maintains even 0° temperature in your freezer, yet permits no freezing in refrigerator ever. No frozen milk, rock-hard butter!



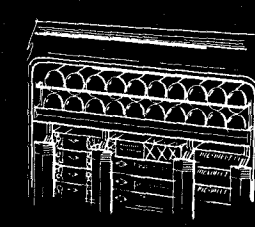
FIVE AMANA-MATIC FREEZING SURFACES! All shelves, and top and bottom Amana freezer section are prime freezing surfaces. It's exclusive with Amana! All foods are stored on, or directly below, a solid freezing plate!



NO SPACE-WASTING BASKETS in sparkling new Amana combination! Reach in, take what you like without fuss or trouble. It's easier this way. Better, too, for food is in constant contact with Amana-Matic freezing surfaces!



JUMBO-SIZED STOR-MOR DOOR! Food at your fingertips! Big bottle space! Butter-keeper, crisper drawers, cheese, egg sections. Exclusive 3-qt. Beverage Pitcher pours from door, or can be removed for table use!



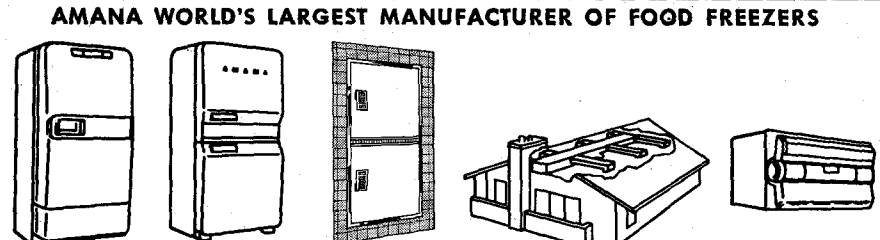
AUTOMATIC PACKAGE DISPENSERS! 20 cans of frozen fruit juice concentrate snuggle in Stor-Mor freezer door. Easily adjustable food racks fit all standard packages! And, both Amana doors open with easy-push handles!

Amana®

BACKED BY A CENTURY-OLD TRADITION OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

AMANA REFRIGERATION, INC., AMANA 5, IOWA

AMANA WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF FOOD FREEZERS



Freezers | Freezers Plus Refrigerators | Built-In Refrigeration | System Air Conditioning | Room Air Conditioners

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(*Continued from Page 85*) as long as he ain't dead, I've got him, and you've got him too."

"I'm afraid not. Besides, he's in Paris, and he plans to stay there for some time to come."

"He sends the money."

"Yes, he does—when he can raise it."

"And you've got my brother Pete too."

"No, your brother's with your father."

"Why?"

"You know perfectly well we all agreed a year ago that your father would have Pete with him if Pete wanted to be with him, and he did; and that you would be with me if you wanted to be with me, and you did."

"I want to be with my father too."

"Just eat your eggs."

"No, *really*, Mama Girl. I want to be with him and my brother, Peter Bolivia Agriculture, and I want you to be with them too."

"Well, I'm here, you're here, and your father and your brother are in Paris, and that's the end of the matter."

"Why?"

"Your father and your mother are divorced, that's all. When a man and a woman are divorced—well, they don't live together any more."

"You love papa more than you love anybody else in the whole world, and you know it."

"Maybe I do, but there's nobody I hate more, either."

"You don't hate papa, mama! You just love him."

"I hate him."

"How can you love each other and hate each other too?"

"It's easy for us."

"I love my father and I love you, Mama Girl."

"Who do you hate?"

"Pete."

"You know you love him."

"I hate him."

"All right, then, you know how it is with papa and me. Now, every bit of that toast, and every drop of that milk too."

"Telephone them and tell them both to come here."

"Here?"

"Yes, right here. In this room. Number 2109 at the Julien. We'll all live here until we die."

"The four of us in this room—we'd be dead in an hour. When you were a little girl the four of us lived in a *twenty-room* house in Oyster Bay for six months, and it nearly killed us."

"What nearly killed us?"

"Being in the same house, trying to be a family."

"Why? Is it hard to be a family?"

"It is for your father and me. I suppose it's hard for everybody, but, of course, I may be mistaken. All I can go by is what I see."

Well, then the telephone rang and I couldn't ask Mama Girl to explain. I'd have to wait again.

"Gladys!" mama screamed on the phone. "Listen, it's now or never. I've got to get started in the theater. I was all set to go to another party last night when I decided the hell with it—the hell with parties forever. I'm just not going to waste my whole life being a pretty girl at parties. It's just not enough fun, that's all. So I flew here, and I'm seeing Mike McClatchey in an hour."

Mama Girl talked and talked and drank coffee and lighted one cigarette after another, because Gladys is Gladys Dubarry, and you know who she is. Just one of the richest girls in the whole world, that's all, and mama's best friend. After a long time, mama and Gladys stopped talking, mama began to throw off her clothes to get into the tub, and then she came out and got dressed.

"All right, Mama Girl," I said. "Who's Mr. McClatchey?"

"He produces plays. We met at a party a couple of years ago, and just think, he didn't forget me."

"Nobody forgets you, Mama Girl."

"I told him I was here to go to work in the theater, and he said, 'Good for you; come to lunch and tell me all about it.' Keep your fingers crossed."

"O.K. Good luck, Mama Girl."

Mama Girl kissed me all over my face, and then she went. Then the telephone rang, and it was Mr. McClatchey. He said he was very sorry, but he hadn't been able to get away from his office yet, so he would be late getting to lunch. I told him it was all right because my mother was late too. He asked about me, and then he said, "Well, young lady, I like your voice. Do you want to be an actress?"

"No, sir," I said. "But my mother does."

"I *know* she does," he said, "but I need a little girl with a nice voice."

"My mother has a nice voice."

"Of course, but your mother isn't nine years old and you are, and the girl in the play is. You think about it, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

Oh, no! How could I ever be an actress?

I read poems in a book without understanding a word. And then I shut the book and put it on the floor and got under the covers the way I do when it's night and time to sleep. I dreamed my mother was getting dressed for a party, and all of a sudden changed her mind and decided not to go, but to go to New York instead, and take me.

Pretty soon I stopped dreaming, but the airplane kept shaking and making noise, and I wished it would stop, but it wouldn't, until I heard a key in the lock and woke up, and there was Mama Girl.

"What's the matter, Frog? You look all hot and red."

She ran and put her hand on my forehead and then ran to the bathroom and ran back with a thermometer and stuck it in my mouth and ran to the phone and talked to somebody about a doctor, and then she talked to the doctor, and then she took the thermometer out of my mouth and read it and said to the doctor, "A hundred and three," and then she talked and listened and hung up and came and sat and held my hands, and I said, "Oh, Mama Girl, I'm not sick."

"Yes, you are," Mama Girl said. "But the doctor's on his way, and he'll make you better. Now, you just lie back and rest and don't think."

"It's just the airplane. It won't stop."

The telephone rang, and it was Gladys. Mama Girl told her all about lunch with Mr. McClatchey.

"He hasn't got a part for me," she said, "but he wants to meet Grasshopper. He likes her voice and wants to see if she's right for the little girl, but I don't know about a thing like that. I flew here to go on the stage, not to put my daughter on. I hate kids on the stage. Besides, she's got a fever. A hundred and three, but she *says* she's not sick. You know how kids are. Oh, no, you don't have to send your doctor; I've got a doctor coming."

"Let her send him," I said. "I want to see Gladys Dubarry's doctor."

"She says she wants to see your doctor," Mama Girl said, "but will you please listen to me, Gladys? It's just a little fever; she's fine, she really is, and I don't want a lot of fuss made about her. Why should it be polio? Listen, I want her to rest. I'll call you after the doctor leaves."

"Polio?" I said. "Oh, Mama Girl, am I going to die?"

"Now, look here," Mama Girl said. "Gladys Dubarry likes to dramatize things. She's been doing that all her life. She did it when she was a kid. No, you haven't got polio, and you're not going to die. Now, you just rest easy, and forget all about being sick."

"I'm not sick," I said. "You're the one who says I'm sick."

"Has the airplane stopped yet?"

"Well, a little."

"When it stops I'll know you're not sick."

The doctor was a little old man with a little smile and little hands. At first he just looked at me and smiled, and then he and I talked, and then he said, "She's tired and keyed up."

"But aren't you going to take her temperature?"

"It isn't necessary," the doctor said, "but let's take it, anyhow. I believe it's gone down a little."

It was a hundred and one now, so I had lost two of them, whatever they are.

"She keeps hearing the airplane," Mama Girl said.

"I can understand that," the doctor said. "Well, give her half an aspirin now, and another half a little later on."

"But I thought you'd want to give her a sedative."

"Half an aspirin *is* a sedative. She's a very strong girl—all bones and muscle and energy."

"She won't eat."

"Well, eating *is* a bore."

"Oh, you mustn't say that," Mama Girl said. "I'll have an awful time getting her to eat now."

"Forget it, my dear," the doctor said. "Really. She's a very strong little girl. She's almost all better already. Why don't you have the desk send up a radio and let her listen to some soft music—or better still, why don't you sing to her?"

"Is that all?"

"Well, if she falls asleep, that'll be fine. Ask the operator not to ring the phone. When she wakes up, take her temperature again. If it's normal, let her get dressed, and then take her for a walk in the park."

"What shall I sing?" Mama Girl said. "I don't know very many children's songs."

"Oh, they don't have to be children's songs," the doctor said.

He broke an aspirin in half and put it in my mouth. Mama Girl handed me a glass of water, I swallowed and the doctor put his little hands on my face and smiled and said, "Rockabye, baby." He didn't sing it, he said it, and then he said, "I often wish somebody would sing to me now and then."

Mama Girl looked at him as if he were very strange, and then she opened her bag and got out her money purse.

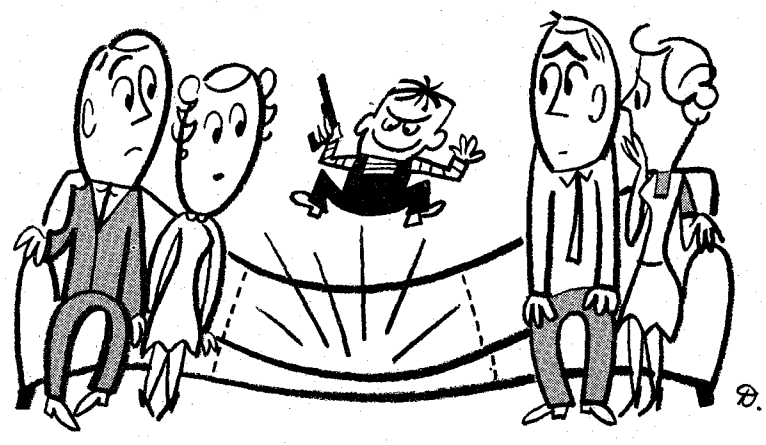
"How much is your call, doctor?"

"My dear," the doctor said.

"No, I insist," Mama Girl said. "Doctors must be paid for their work."

"Oh, a dollar then," the doctor said, and Mama Girl gave him a dollar bill.

Mama Girl walked to the door with the doctor. They said a few things, and then he went and Mama Girl came and sat and began to sing. She sang her favorite song. The one with the words, "Time goes by so slowly, and time can do so much." And then, when she didn't know any more words, she (*Continued on Page 92*)



The Perfect Squelch

Mr. and Mrs. Winters, who had four well-behaved children, were visiting the Grahams, who had one child, a three-year-old terror named Tommy. When the Winterses arrived at eight in the evening, Tommy greeted them with a burst from his water pistol. As the evening wore on, he jumped on and off the davenport, upset glasses, interrupted conversations and generally made the Winterses wish they were elsewhere.

Tommy's parents seemed more bewildered than irritated by their son's behavior. Their only efforts to control him were a few feeble urgings for him to be quiet.

Finally, as the clock struck eleven, Mr. Graham shook his head. "You know," he said in a puzzled tone, "that child just never seems to get sleepy."

"Have you," Mr. Winters asked mildly, "ever tried putting him to bed?"

Helen Ivanhoe

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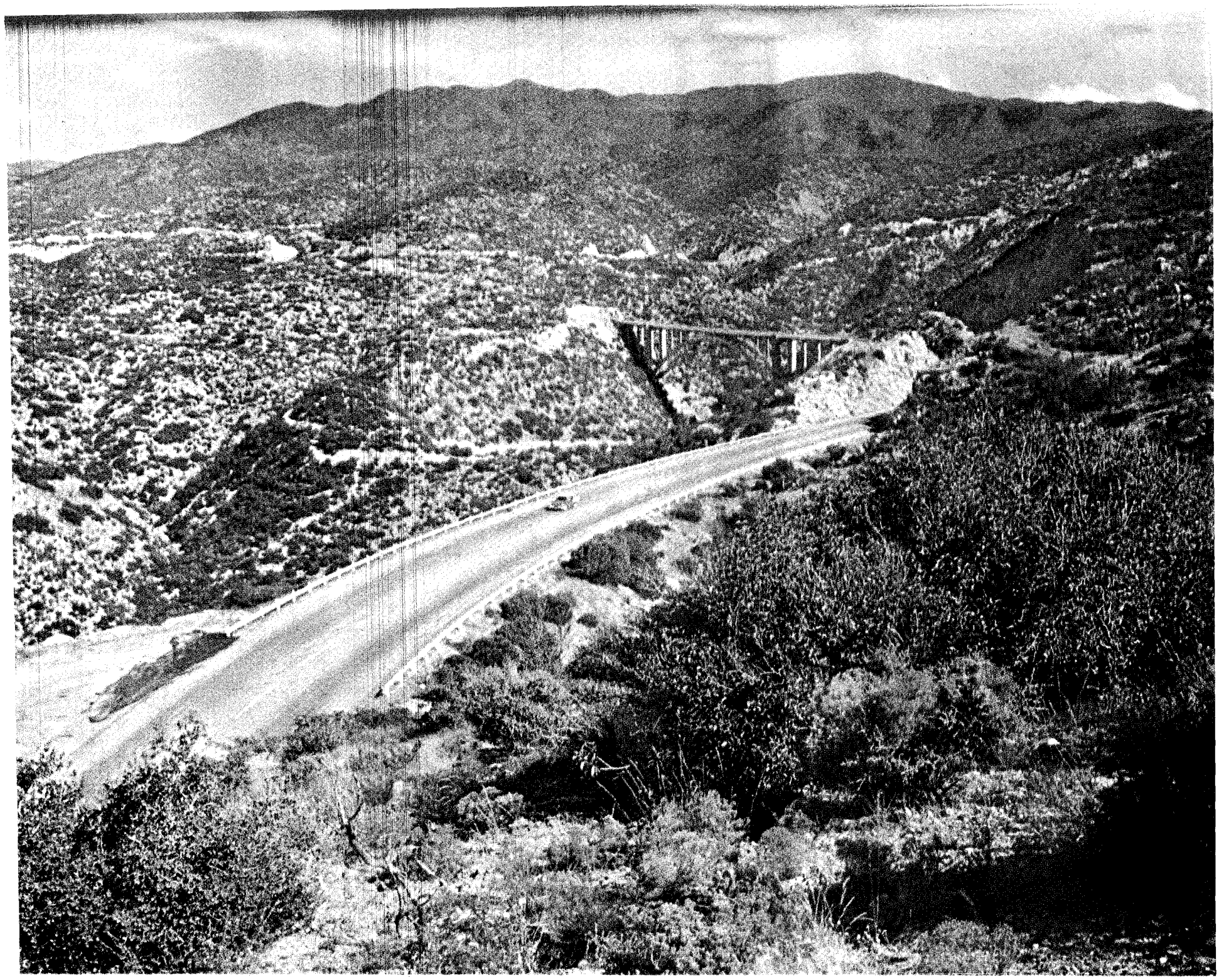

ALL THIS AND GOOD DRIVING TOO!

Arizona, with its grand scenery, big area and small population, does an amazing highway job for citizens like Bruce Cosseboom.

Commuting between his home in Miami, Arizona, and the mining town of Superior, where he works, Bruce Cosseboom used to be too busy watching the road to notice the view along U.S. Route 60 and 70. It was narrow, twisting, dangerous. But no longer. Today he drives safely, saves time and enjoys the grandeur of his surroundings.

Since 1947, Arizona has used the Sufficiency Rating System in its highway improvement planning. This system rates roads on a basis of condition, safety and service, with a maximum 100-point total. Between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000 is spent annually on the 4000-mile State Highway System. And almost 90% of it goes to roads that need it most—roads with a rating of 70 points or less.

This particular section of U. S. 60 and 70 along Pinto Creek had a 30-point rating until three years ago. Necessary improvements were made. Now it rates 100, and handles a total of over 3000 cars a day!

Better highways don't *cost* you money—they *save* it—and perhaps your life as well. What can you do to help your own state improve its roads? Write today for the free booklet, "Road Block." Just drop a card to Dept. 3, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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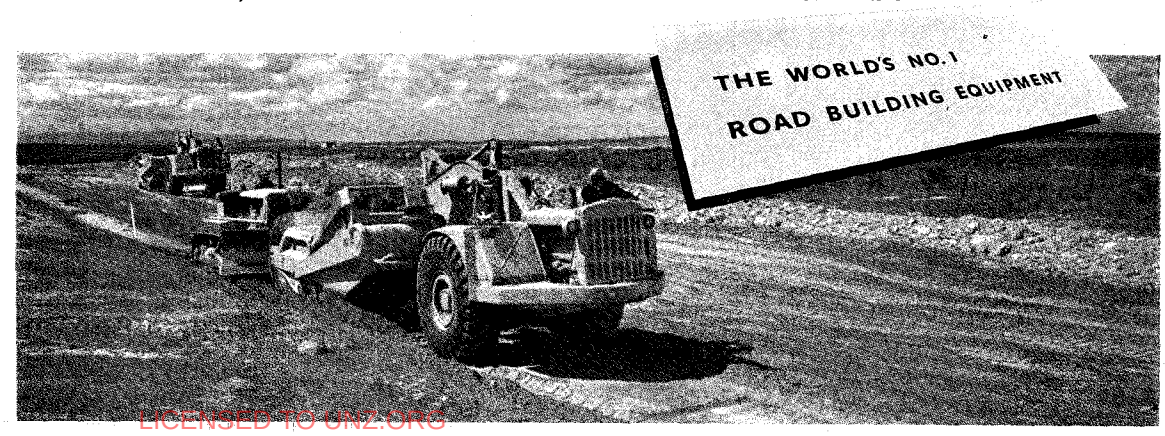
Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.



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How to take the blues out of tomorrow

Enjoy yourself! Equitable's Living Insurance can do your worrying — at surprisingly low cost

Toot a trombone or tinker with machines. Join the do-it-yourself movement. Play golf or bridge or just play.

Whatever your pet form of relaxation, you'll enjoy it even more after you put Equitable's *Living Insurance* to work for you. These 3 steps, for example, go a long way toward taking the blues out of tomorrow:

1. YOUR FUTURE. Give yourself the secure feeling of knowing your family will not want for necessities. They won't when you have Equitable's Adjustable Whole Life Policy. And you can convert this low-cost protection later on at a special low rate to provide a retirement income for yourself (and put your hobby on a full-time basis!).

2. YOUR HOME. Relieve yourself of any concern about the roof over your head. With Equitable's Assured Home Ownership Plan, it will always be there for your family – even if you're not. And this plan provides life insurance with substantial cash values.

3. YOUR HEALTH. Stop worrying that your life savings could be wiped out by serious illness or accident in your family. Today, Equitable's Major Medical Expense Policy goes far beyond ordinary insurance to help pay these overwhelming bills.

These are some of the ways in which Equitable's *Living Insurance* works for you – so you can relax. It's insurance that stresses benefits for you and your family while you live – or for those who live on after you. Spend a few minutes with the Man from Equitable – an experienced insurance advisor – and see how Equitable's *Living Insurance* can lift a load of troubles off your back. *The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S., 393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.*

"Orson Bean and Friend"
Photographed by Harvey Shaman

Living Insurance by Equitable

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.
393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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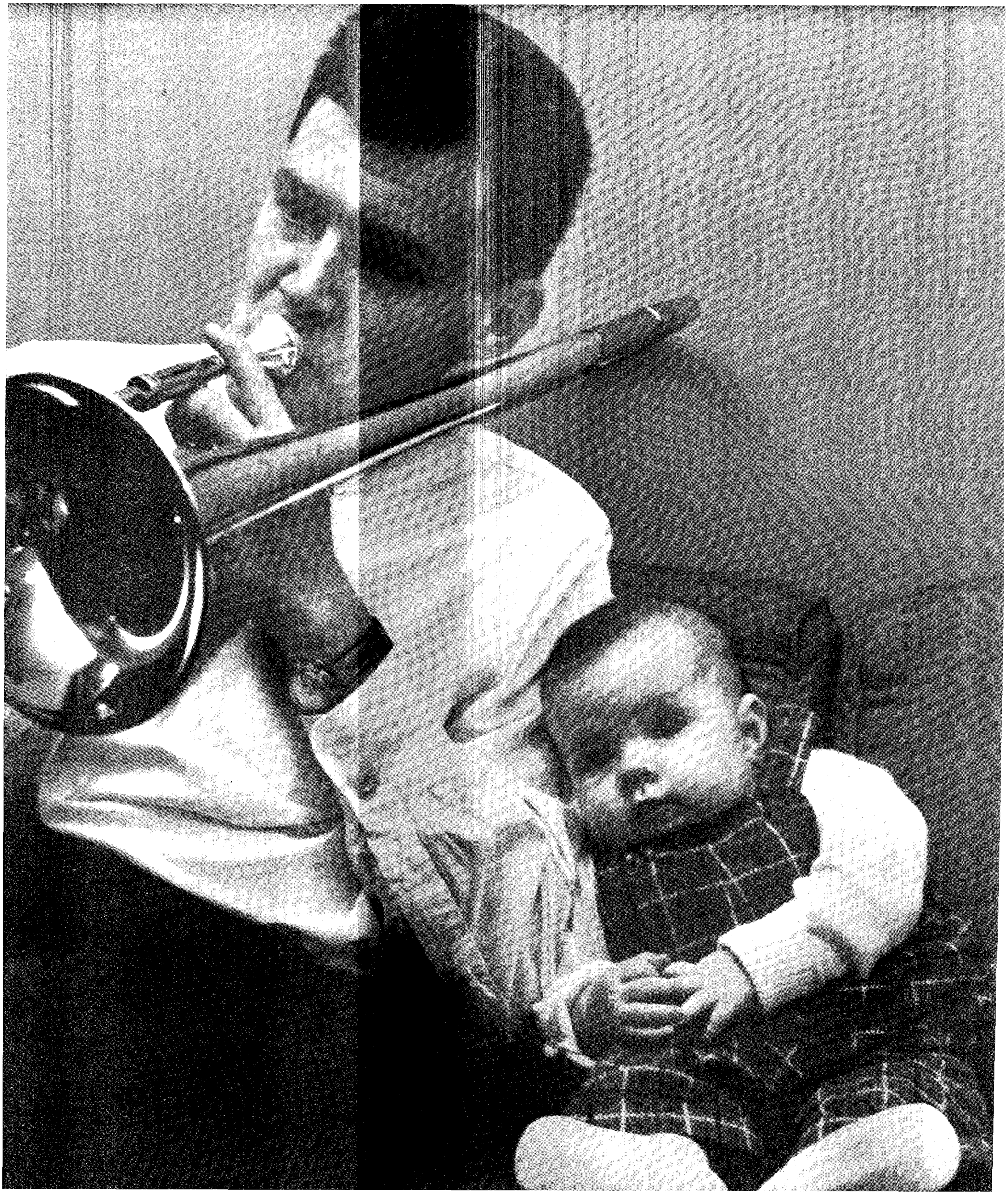

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(*Continued from Page 88*) hummed, and I thought it was beautiful. The telephone rang and Mama Girl spoke quickly and softly, and hung up and came back and began to sing some more. I never felt so good in all my life.

I smelled Mama Girl and went to sleep. It was her regular smell, which is herself, a big girl, then expensive perfume, then cigarette smoke.

I began to hear soft voices, so I opened my eyes, and there was Mama Girl and Gladys Dubarry, and her own private doctor. Gladys looked rich. Very rich. She was very thin, not like Mama Girl. She had a boy's haircut, and a boy's chest too. She was speaking quickly with a high, excited voice.

"Why, I don't understand," she said. "There's not room enough here for people even to stand, let alone sit down. Why, I'll speak to the manager immediately and have you moved to a penthouse. This is silly. You can't live in a closet. I won't have my friends treated this way."

"Now, just a minute," Mama Girl said. "I *asked* the manager for this room."

"But what in the world for?"

"The rent is three dollars, instead of twenty or thirty, that's what for."

"Oh, that's silly. How much do you need?"

"A million," I said, and Gladys turned and screamed, "Oh, Grasshopper, I'm so glad you're in New York with Mama Girl, and I'm going to give you a wonderful garden party."

She came and hugged and kissed me, and I smelled her too. Well, she smells all right, I guess, but she's no Mama Girl, I can tell you that.

The doctor took Mama Girl's wrist and held it, and Mama Girl looked at him, and then at Gladys, and Gladys nodded, so I looked at the doctor again. He was tall and kind of handsome, but he didn't have something too.

"What are you taking *my* pulse for?" Mama Girl said.

"Gladys said you were sick."

"Oh, no, not me. My daughter, but she's all better. Aren't you, Frog?"

"I feel fine," I said.

"She's been asleep almost an hour," Mama Girl said. She took her wrist away.

"I think we'd better take *your* temperature," the doctor said.

He put the thermometer in Mama Girl's mouth, and after a while he looked at it and said, "Just as I thought. Almost a hundred and two. Well, now, what's the matter with you?"

"I like that!" Mama Girl said. "You're the doctor. Why ask me? I haven't the faintest idea."

"All right," the doctor said. "To bed, to rest, to sleep."

"To bed—*here?*" Gladys screamed. "The two of them in the same cleaning woman's bed?"

"Oh, get off your high horse," Mama Girl said. "I've come to New York to go on the stage, not to sleep in famous beds. You sleep in some queen's, don't you?"

"Of course," Gladys said. "You must pick up your darling daughter and get out of this clothes closet."

"Cut it out," Mama Girl said. "This is my home in New York, and I'll thank you to remember I didn't ask you here. And I shall expect you not to blab this all over New York either. I live at the Julien, that's all."

The door buzzed, and it was a hotel bellboy with a package for me. It was a little Indian doll with a sticker on the bottom of one foot, and on the sticker was a little stamp that said, "$1." The card said "To a very lovely little girl." It was from my doctor.

Gladys and Mama Girl talked and argued, and Gladys screamed and found fault with Mama Girl's room, and offered money, but Mama Girl refused, and finally Gladys and her private doctor went away.

Mama Girl told the hotel operator to let absolutely nobody ring the bell, and then she got in bed and hugged me and whispered and laughed, and said, "Oh, Frog, first you get a fever, and then I get one, and I think we're both dying."

"I don't care if we are," I said. "I like it."

Pretty soon Mama Girl fell asleep, and I just watched her and listened to her breathing. It was the two of us and the whole world. It was a big round girl and a little straight one, and I loved her. I loved every bit of her. I even loved the cigarette part of the smell of her, which most of the time I don't. Mama Girl almost smiled when I put my fingers on her lips, and then she brought her hand up slowly and took my hand, but she didn't squeeze, so I knew she was asleep—but she knew it was me just the same.

I got out of bed and took off my nightgown, because it was too hot, and I went looking around 2109, our home in New York, which Gladys Dubarry lifted her nose at—but what does she know about anything?

Still, it *was* a small room. I loved it, though. I loved every bit of it, because it kept Mama Girl and me close together. I opened the door to see what there was to see, and of course it was a hall. I went down the hall, and then I heard the door slam. I ran back, but the door was locked from the inside. I couldn't get in and I didn't want to wake Mama Girl. I heard the elevator stop. I heard the door open. I heard footsteps. I got ashamed, but there was no place to hide.

Pretty soon a very tall lady carrying packages came around the corner and said, "Young lady, please help me with these packages and I'll ask you in to tea."

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

I reached up and took four of the small packages. We walked all the way to the end of the hall, and the lady put a key into the lock and turned the key and pushed the door open, and we went in. She plopped her packages on a low glass table, so I did too.

She sat down and sighed, and then she said, "Well, now, let me have a look at you."

She looked at me straight up and down, and then she said, "Will you turn around, please?" So I did, and then she said, "You're awfully skinny, but there's something about you I like. Is there anything about me that you like?"

I said, "Yes," and the lady said, "Well, all right, don't keep me on tenterhooks. What is it?"

"Well," I said, "I don't know."

"It's the same with adults, only it's the other way around—they *don't* like me, and don't know why. Where do you live?"

"On Macaroni Lane, in Pacific Palisades."

"How'd you get here?"

"Airplane."

"Where's your father?"

"Paris."

"Where's your mother?"

"2109."

"Isn't that the little room up the hall?"

"Yes."

The lady thought a moment, and then she said, "Well, then, look here; let's have a cup of tea."

"O.K."

The tall lady had a silver teapot and tray and sugar and creamer and slops dish, a whole set, with roses and rose leaves carved in the silver, and very thin cups and saucers that you could almost see through.

She drank tea strong, with only a little lemon in it—a very thin slice, which she ate, peel and all. For me she put a little tea in the bottom of a cup, and then all the rest was cream. I liked it very much. It tasted better than cream alone, which I hate. She had a whole plate loaded with all kinds of store cookies, or biscuits, as she called them, and then she had a cake straight from a famous baker's, soaked in rum. She had a small piece, and she let me have a small piece too. I liked the tea, and some of the cookies, but best of all I liked the rum cake; I liked the wet, cool flavor in there.

While we were drinking and eating, the lady talked, as if she were my own age and we were pretending to be having tea, from a play set. I kept noticing where we were—in one of the finest apartments at the Julien with a lot of the furniture brought in by the lady herself—most likely, her own stuff; certainly the fine paintings on the wall, two of her, and two of children, a girl about my age, and a boy a little older. She was the little girl, I guess, and the boy was her brother. She was somebody. Somebody *nice*, too, nicer than anybody I had ever met.

We made a lot of conversation; we drank tea and ate cookies and rum cake; we laughed, and the time went by. Mama Girl was fast asleep, and she needed to sleep. I was all better. I could get back to 2109 in a jiffy, so, of course, I didn't give the matter of going back a lot of thought. I *should* have, though.

I guess Mama Girl woke up. What woke her up, I don't know. Maybe she could smell that I was out of the room. Anyhow she must have thought at first that I was hiding because we do that a lot—sometimes I hide, sometimes she hides, and we find each other. Well, I guess she didn't get out of bed, she just lay there and talked, and she believed I heard her, but of course I didn't because I wasn't there; I was down the hall having tea and rum cake with the tall lady. So then, I guess, Mama Girl said to me to come out of the closet, or the bathroom, or from under the bed, or from behind the end of the bureau, or from anyplace in the room where I could hide, but of course I wasn't there. So then, I guess, Mama Girl got out of bed to find me, and began to look and of course didn't find me. And then she got scared. She begged me not to hide any more, to please come out, and then she just happened to look at the window of 2109 and of course it was open from the bottom for ventilation—not all the way open, but halfway—and she screamed, and began to run around half crazy. She tried to calm down and then got the manager on the phone and talked very calmly and told him everything. The manager had the assistant manager speak to the desk, and the desk spoke to the bellboys, and so a search was started for me. The manager himself went out into the street to have a look, and of course everything was the same as ever out there. He told Mama Girl she had given him one of the worst scares of his whole career in the hotel business. Little girls just don't fall out of the Julien Hotel, he said.

I was drinking more tea and eating more rum cake when I began to hear walking up and down in the hall, but I didn't think it had anything to do with me. It did, though. It was bellboys, and the male house detective and the female house detective. They stopped at 2109 first and talked to Mama Girl, who showed them a photograph of me, and then they began walking in the hall. The dragnet was out.

Finally the female detective buzzed the tall lady's door. The lady asked me to please see who it was, so I did, but when I opened the door, the female detective jumped and made a funny little noise, and the lady said, "All right, now, who is it?"

The female detective said who it was, which annoyed the tall lady.

"Well, what do you mean buzzing *my* door?" she said.

"A little girl has been lost out of 2109."

"Who says so?"

"Her mother."

"Oh-oh," I said. "I got to go."

There just wasn't time to say a polite thank-you (*Continued on Page 94*)

"Do you ever get a bit curious as to what goes on here between Easters?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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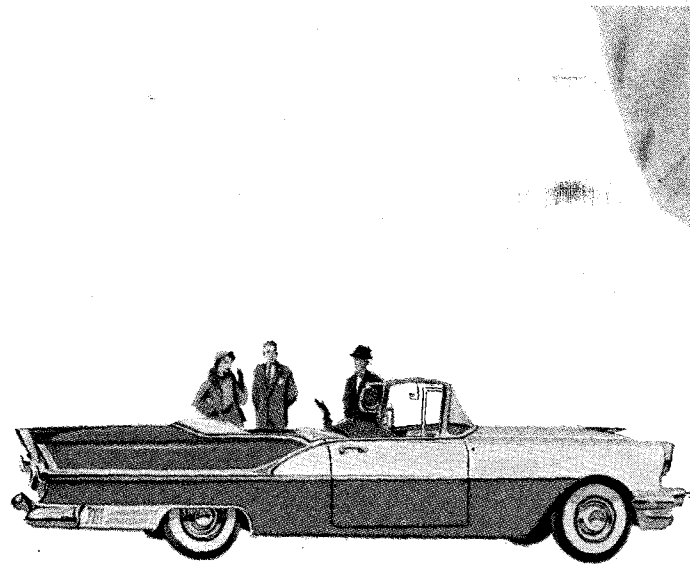

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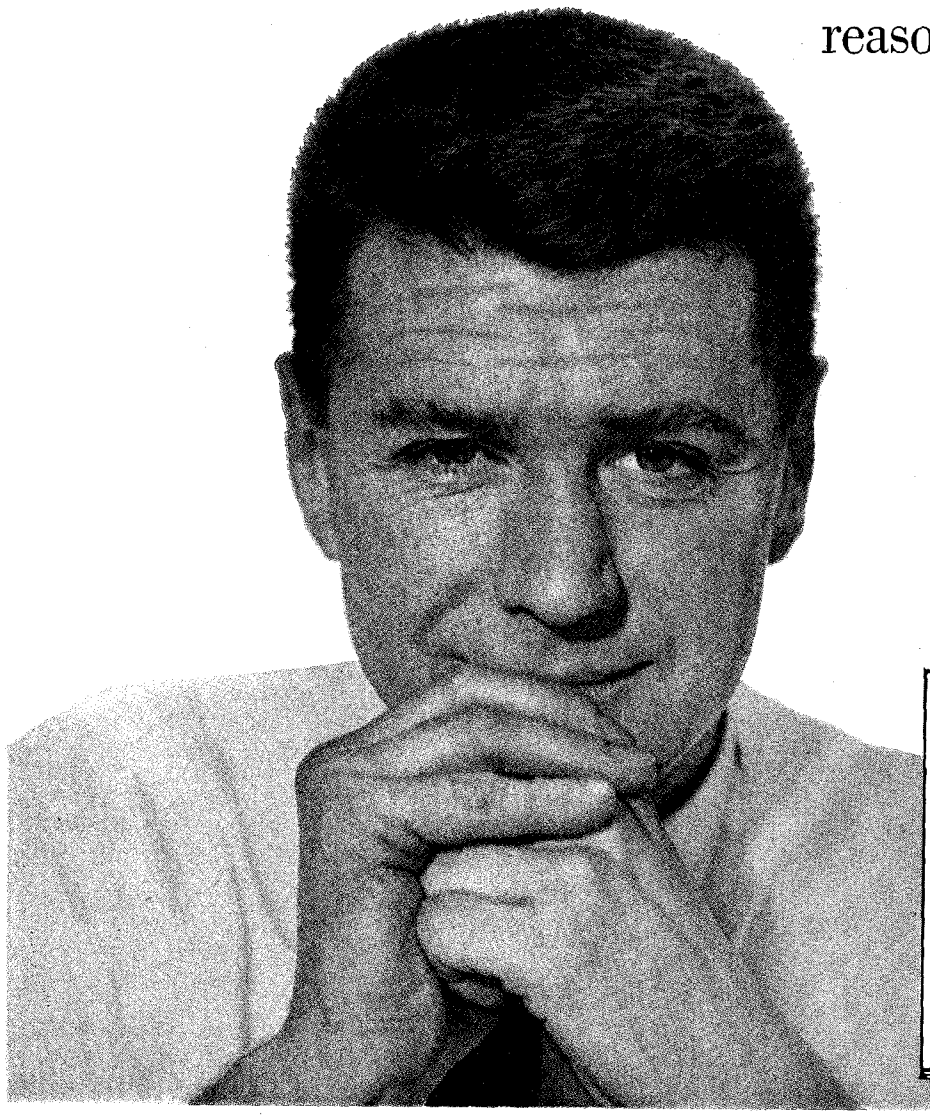

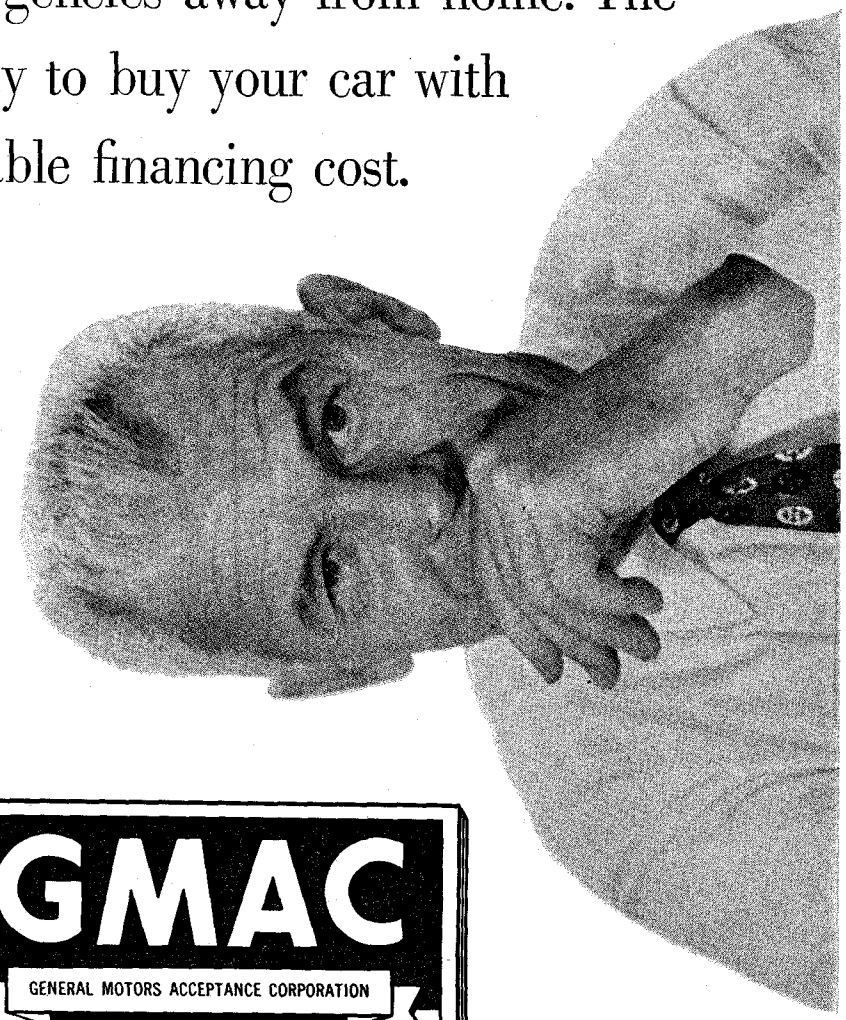

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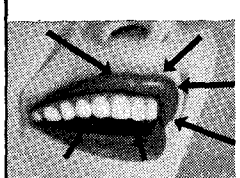

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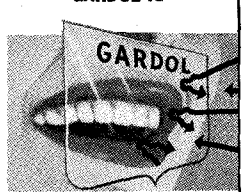

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*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

(*Continued from Page 92*) and good-by. I was out the door, past the female D, and up the hall to 2109 in no time at all. But the door was shut. I wanted to get inside as quickly as possible, because there were bellboys all around. I knocked quickly and said, "Mama Girl."

The door opened like an explosion. Mama Girl took one look at me and just let out all the air in her in one big terrible sigh. She didn't say a word. She just went back to bed. I went in and closed the door after me and went to her and said I was sorry. She asked me to please lift the telephone and ask for the manager and tell him I wasn't lost any more, which I did. Then she got all the way under the covers, with the covers over her head.

I was sorry to see Mama Girl under the covers that way, because she does that only when she's very unhappy, and I was the one who had made her unhappy.

I said, "Oh, Mama Girl, please don't be unhappy; please don't hide from me." Mama Girl didn't come out from under the covers. She just said something, only I didn't know what.

"What did you say, Mama Girl?"

"I said you've made an awful fool of me."

"Oh, no, Mama Girl, I haven't at all. Please come out."

"No. I'm mad. I'm mad at you. I'm mad at your father. I'm mad at Peter Bolivia Agriculture. I'm mad at Clara Coolbaw and Gladys Dubarry. But most of all I'm mad at Mother Viola, because if she had come at the proper time, I wouldn't have come to New York, and now that I'm in New York, I wish I were back in California."

"Oh, no, this is best."

"It's worst. I wish I was dead."

"Oh, Mama Girl, don't say that; it's bad luck. God will hear you and believe you and take you to heaven, and then where will I be?"

"Out in the hall on the twenty-first floor of the Julien, stark naked," Mama Girl said. "What in the world did you do a silly thing like that for?"

"Oh, please come out."

"No. I'm mad. Go away."

"Where shall I go?"

"Go to Paris. Go to your father. But don't you dare go stark naked. A divorced mother takes a lot of criticism. People would say I wasn't bringing you up right."

"Oh, but you *are*, Mama Girl."

"You bet your life I am, sick as I am."

"Are you still sick?"

"Sick as a dog. Dying sick. Heartbroken sick."

"Oh, what's the matter, Mama Girl?"

"I'm a failure. I'm nothing."

"You? Mama Girl? Oh, no. You're a success. You're somebody. You're everything."

Mama Girl came out suddenly and said, "Do you really think so, Frog?"

"Think so?" I said. "I *know* so. You're the most beautiful and most successful girl in the whole world."

"All right; then we'll both get dressed and go for a walk."

"Yay."

"Not so loud. This isn't school. It's the Julien. A divorced mother gets criticized."

"Soft yay."

"Yes, Frog, keep the yays soft."

"Softer yay."

"Beautiful."

I said a yay so soft that Mama Girl said, "What did you say?"

"Yay."

"Yes, but softer, Frog. Now we'll wear matching dresses, all right?"

"Yay."

When we got in the elevator to go down to the lobby, the elevator boy, who was really a man of fifty or sixty, or maybe seventy or eighty, looked at us, because Mama Girl is always so beautiful, and maybe even because I looked all right too.

The people got out, and then Mama Girl and I got out too. All the bellboys looked at us, and when we stepped to the desk, the man there looked at us, and so did some other people behind the desk. They looked first at Mama Girl, and then at me, and then they all smiled.

Then the man at the desk looked at me again, and then at Mama Girl, and he said, "I see you've found your daughter."

"Yes, thank you."

"I understand she was visiting Miss Cranshaw."

"Who?"

"Miss Kate Cranshaw."

"The actress?"

"Well, she's been retired for some time. She only teaches now."

"I thought she was dead."

"Oh, no. She's had the North Penthouse on the twenty-first floor for years, and she's far from dead, I can tell you that."

"Who does she teach?"

"The stars, of course."

"Stage?"

"Stage, screen, television and everything else."

"Thank you," Mama Girl said, and we went down the long lobby to Fifth Avenue.

"Dandelion," Mama Girl said, "do you know who you visited?"

"Who?"

"The greatest acting coach in the world, that's all. Miss Kate Cranshaw."

"What does she do?"

"She teaches actors how to act."

"Don't actors know how to act?"

"Oh, no. The best actors keep learning all the time. Now, I want you to tell me all about Miss Cranshaw."

"What about her?"

"Well," Mama Girl said, "do you think she'd like me?"

"She liked me, so she'll like you too. You're my mother. Of course, I didn't have any clothes on when we met."

"Was she shocked?"

"Oh, no. She didn't even notice."

"She's a lady, that's all. Now, listen, Frog; I want you to tell me all, all about her."

"She's very tall. Very skinny. Very elegant. She's got very sharp eyes. She speaks very clearly, and she's a lot of fun."

"What else?"

Mama Girl and I walked down Fifth Avenue and I tried to tell her all about Kate Cranshaw, but of course I never knew that's what her name was. She didn't ask mine and didn't tell me hers.

We walked on the Park side of Fifth Avenue. After about a block we came to an entrance, so walked into Central Park. Pretty soon we were off the drive in the Park that was crowded with automobiles. We were on a path that was only for walking people, not even for people on bicycles. There we stopped, and Mama Girl looked at the trees and the big slabs of black rock in the earth, and the bushes with blossoms, and the lawn.

She breathed deeply. "I love Central Park," she said.

"I do too. Why do you?"

"Because it's in New York."

"If you love New York, why don't you live in New York?"

"I hate New York."

"Oh, Mama Girl, I wish you wouldn't talk that way. You love, you hate."

"But it's true, Grasshopper. Of course I love New York. Of course I hate New York."

"Why?"

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"Because that's the way it is. That's the way nobody wants to say it is, but that's the way it is. I love it and I hate it, and I wish the whole world were better."

"Than what?"

"Than what it is."

"What is it?"

"All mixed up and very sad."

"It is *not*. It's happy."

"All right, happy. Don't you see, Frog, I'm scared?"

"What about?"

"Me. The way I live. The way I've been living for so long. The way I do things. The way I've made a mess of my whole life, every one of my thirty-three years."

"Thirty-three? You're twenty-two, Mama Girl."

"Oh, Frog, you're my friend, you're my best friend, but I *am* scared."

"Don't be, Mama Girl."

"I'm scared you're going to live the kind of life I've lived, because I'm your mother and you spend so much time with me."

"I want to live that way."

"It's no good, Frog."

"What is?"

"That's just it. I don't know. I wish I did. Nobody I know knows, either. We're all unhappy about our lives, but we don't know what to do about it. Yesterday at this time we were in California. So where are we now?"

"Here. In beautiful Central Park."

"What for?"

"So you can go on the stage and be famous."

"Oh, I make me sick, Frog. Do you know, I don't think I've got any acting ability at all?"

"Oh, you're a great actress, Mama Girl."

"To you, maybe."

"And I'm not easy to please, either, you know. If you weren't a great actress, you'd never be able to fool me. I'd know. You'll get a great part; wait and see."

"But I had lunch with the best and wisest producer in the theater, and he just didn't offer me a part—not even a little, tiny part—and he's having us to breakfast tomorrow morning, so he can meet *you!* Frog, do you want to go on the stage?"

"Oh, no. I don't know how to act. I'm too little to act."

"He wants you to act a little girl—a girl like yourself—so of course you won't have to try or anything. All you'll have to do is remember things to say and do."

"Mama Girl, do you want me to act?"

"I don't know. I'm confused. I've always hated mothers who make their children act, who live off what their children earn, who turn their children into little monkeys, but now I don't know. I certainly don't want to keep you from a wonderful life."

"Where?"

"In the theater."

"Where will you be?"

"Oh, I'll be in the background somewhere, like all the other mothers with little monsters on the stage."

"Mama Girl!"

"Oh, I don't mean *you*, Frog. I mean the poor mothers and their poor, unhappy children. I hate the whole idea of having children in the theater, but then there are a lot of fine plays that have got to have children in them, and somebody has got to play them. I don't know."

We came to a bench that nobody was sitting on, so we sat on it. I took Mama Girl's little hand, almost as little as my own, and I held it tight, because she was very unhappy, and I didn't want her to be.

After a while, Mama Girl said, "Let's go eat somewhere. How about a self-service place?"

"Sure, but not yet."

"You just don't want to eat, period."

"I do, but not until it's dark."

"What do you want to eat?"

"Soup."

"Why soup all of a sudden?"

"Vegetable soup."

"All right, vegetable soup. But why, though?"

"I love soup, especially vegetable."

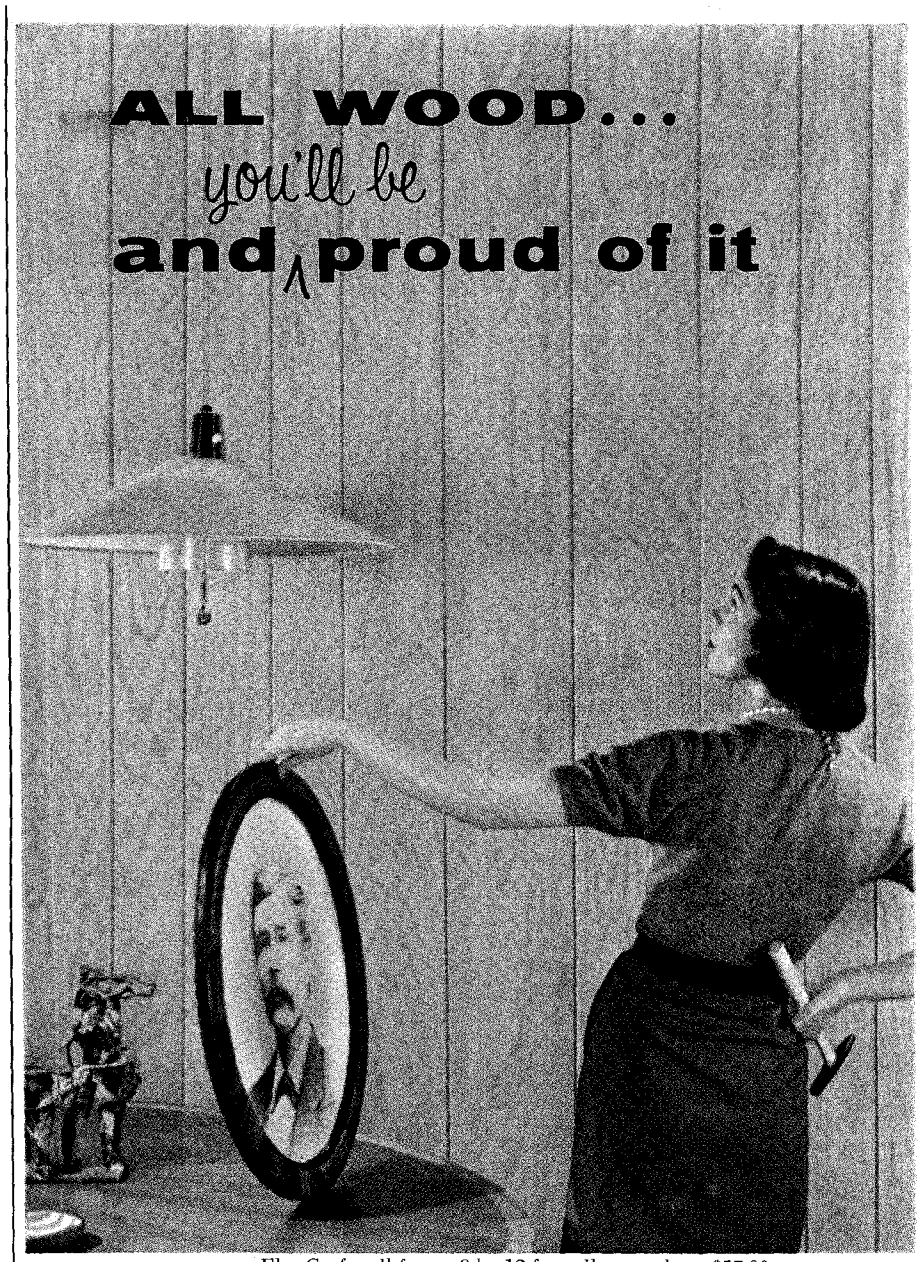
Little by little, all of the light of the day went away and it was dark. So then Mama Girl said, "All right? Can we go eat now?"

"All right," I said, so we got up and began to walk out of the Park.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Shall we make it worth while?"



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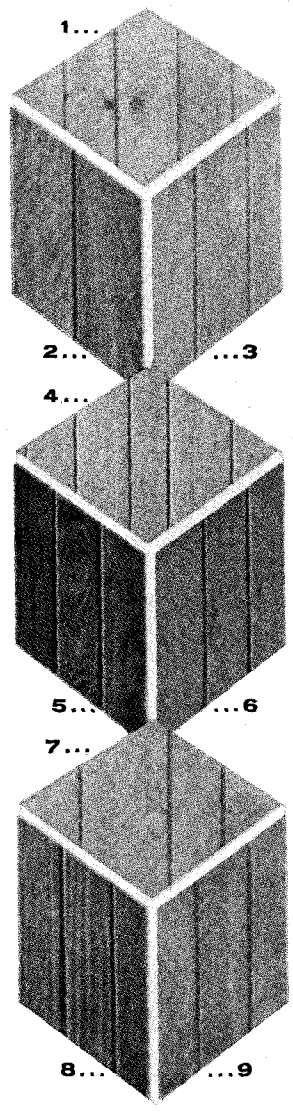

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Abe and His "Secret" Weapon

(Continued from Page 45)

Patent Firearms Company. By March, 1860, he patented his repeater. The principle was strong and simple. The tubular magazine with its seven cartridges was run through the wooden butt of the gun to an opening in the frame connecting the wood and the barrel. The breechblock, a quarter circle of steel with a groove on top, was hinged to the boxlike frame by a screw at its lower front corner. Whenever the block was lowered by the lever attached to it, a heavy coil spring in the magazine pushed a cartridge onto the groove. The groove served as a cartridge carrier, or track. The single motion of raising the lever eased the cartridge into the rear of the barrel and closed the breech. All that remained was to cock the hammer and pull the trigger; no fussing with percussion caps. A flick of the lever opened the breech, ejected the empty and lined up a fresh cartridge.

More than any other single weapon, the fast-shooting Spencer was destined to end the close-order infantry charges which had been warfare's main tactic since the days of the Roman legions. But Christopher Spencer, the young mechanic, could not sell it to "those generals" as he came to call them contemptuously.

Lincoln's generals during the early part of the war were noted mostly for obstinacy, antiquated notions, tonsorial splendor and losing battles. Brig. Gen. James W. Ripley, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, was in charge of firearms purchases. Ripley, an elderly West Point veteran of the War of 1812 and Mexican War, opposed firearms innovations like a dragon guarding a pass against all comers. He argued that the old smoothbore was as good as the far-shooting rifle; preferred muzzle-loaders to breechloaders as more reliable and less wasteful of ammunition, and is said even to have favored flintlocks over the later percussion locks.

At first, Lincoln, a civilian with a war on his hands, ignored Ripley's crusty obstinacy. Soon, however, it started him on his own experimentation with guns. W. O. Stoddard, of the White House staff, noted in his diary that Lincoln "takes a special interest in the new ideas of breechloaders and repeaters, but the Bureau of Ordnance officials are against him." There came a showdown, which Stoddard recorded.

"Men enough," dogmatic old Ripley told Lincoln, "can be killed with the old smoothbore and the old cartridge, a ball and three buckshot."

"But," Lincoln objected, "our folks are not getting close enough to the enemy to do any good with them. We've got to get guns that carry further."

Spencer meanwhile moved heaven and earth to call attention to the very kind of gun that Lincoln wanted. Ripley, a monolith of military bureaucracy, dismissed the invention as a "newfangled gimcrack."

Oddly, Spencer's first real break came from the Navy. His friendly employer at the silk mills, Charles Cheney, had lived next door to Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles in Hartford. Cheney took young Spencer—and his gun—to see Welles. Spencer demonstrated his repeater at the Washington Navy Yard in May or June of 1861. Twice he fired 250 rounds with startling speed without pausing to clean the barrel. The Navy was delighted. "One of the very best breechloading arms ever seen. . . ." Within weeks, Spencer received an order. But it was for only two repeaters. A week later, however, came an order for 700. Before the end of the war, the Navy bought 10,000.

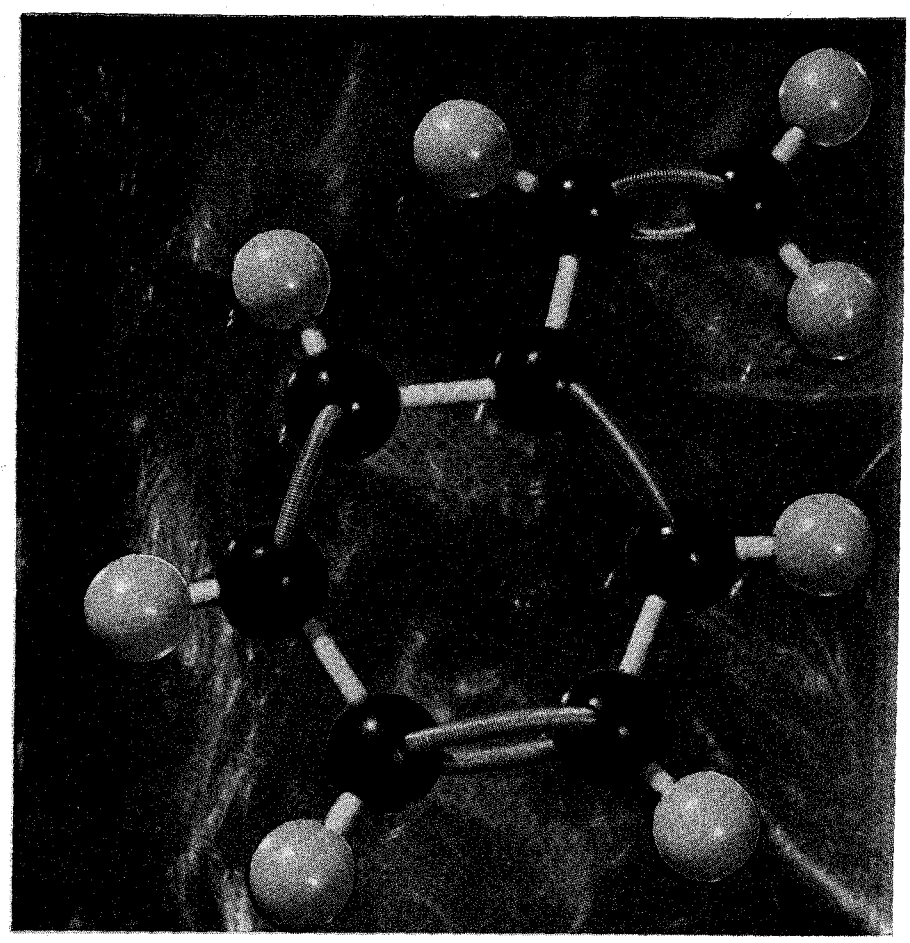
Enthused at his first orders, Spencer, aided by the Cheney family, formed a company capitalized at $500,000, then an enormous sum. He leased half of the Chickering piano plant in Boston and set up a firearms assembly line. But he was personally distressed. All his guns were going to the Navy, in small lots for river gunboats and blockaders, when he felt that the Army needed them most.

So, Gen. George B. McClellan, cautious commander of the Army of the Potomac, was persuaded to witness a demonstration of the Spencer and have a board of three officers test it. The board's recommendation in favor of the Spencer went "through channels"—into a Bureau of Ordnance pigeonhole. Men continued to die with muzzle-loaders in their hands for lack of a better weapon.

The obscure little inventor then tried a pitifully small approach. He lent a repeater to a soldier friend, a former Smith and Wesson gunsmith of his own age. It was a case of one mechanic slipping his product to another for a tryout. The friend, Sgt. Francis O. Lombard, 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, fired the Spencer in a skirmish near Cumberland, Maryland, October 16, 1862, in its first recorded use by the Army. It worked perfectly, he reported. But the Bureau of Ordnance was not moved by a young sergeant's observation.

Spencer's firm resorted to hiring the best Washington lobbyist that money could buy. He quit in six months, frustrated. Spencer then packed his unap-

The shoes . . . the monomer . . . and th



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preciated gun and traveled to Grant's Army of the Tennessee, carefully budgeting fifty cents for dinner and a quarter for supper. Grant and his generals recognized the repeater's merits, but doubted that the Bureau of Ordnance, which had armed their troops largely with left-overs, would authorize the expensive wonder gun. Sadly, Spencer went home.

Suddenly he received from the West an unexpected rush order for 2000 repeaters costing, with ammunition, more than $75,000. It was signed by an Indiana colonel, John Thomas Wilder, a manufacturer of hydraulic machinery and a man of original ideas. Upon being elected colonel earlier under a common practice of democracy at war, Wilder armed every soldier with a two-foot hatchet as a handy accessory in camp or battle. Having seen Spencer's demonstration, he was entranced. He summoned his troops to a sort of military "town meeting" and put the question: Did they want Spencer repeaters badly enough to sign personal notes for thirty-five dollars apiece? The answer was a thunderous "Yes!" Wilder, risking financial ruin, endorsed the notes himself. The order, put through privately, was highly irregular and brilliantly resultful.

In the first big battle test of the repeaters, near Chattanooga, Tennessee, Wilder's "Lightning Brigade" repulsed five times as many Confederates and inflicted triple its own casualties. The solid gray ranks, charging close together as in the past, simply melted into death.

But the Bureau of Ordnance under grizzled old Ripley continued to regard the Spencer as no better than a child's toy popgun.

In what history has proved to be the nick of time, Spencer's trusted friend, Charles Cheney, found a new approach. He shepherded the inventor to another New Englander, James G. Blaine, Speaker of the House and an influential figure who later missed being elected President, in 1884, because of an adherent's inept political statement. Through Blaine, a weird deal was set up. The Navy arranged for 10,000 Spencers to be delivered to the Army without the blessing of the fusty Bureau of Ordnance. The piano-factory assembly line hummed. Some 5000 were delivered in time for the fateful Battle of Gettysburg.

The very site of this decisive battle was determined largely by the firepower of Spencer repeaters. They enabled Gamble's Union cavalry brigade, much outnumbered, to hold off the first Confederate attack for two precious hours. Then Union infantry rushed up, and the battle became general. On the climactic third day, as Pickett charged from the west, Lee sent the Confederate cavalry around to smash the Union rear. They never did.

Michigan cavalry, armed with Spencers, stopped them cold.

In Washington the nation's leaders gave up the idea, officially voiced earlier in the war, of disbanding the cavalry as useless. Lincoln, at that time, had been quoted in a grim jest, "Nobody has ever seen a dead cavalryman." The cavalry was then the Union's weakest arm, completely outclassed by the Confederates. Daring sweeps by Confederate horsemen left Lincoln's generals standing stunned as if nailed to the earth. Now, armed with the Spencer breechloader that was far easier to reload on a galloping horse than any muzzle-loader, the Union cavalry was beginning to come into its own.

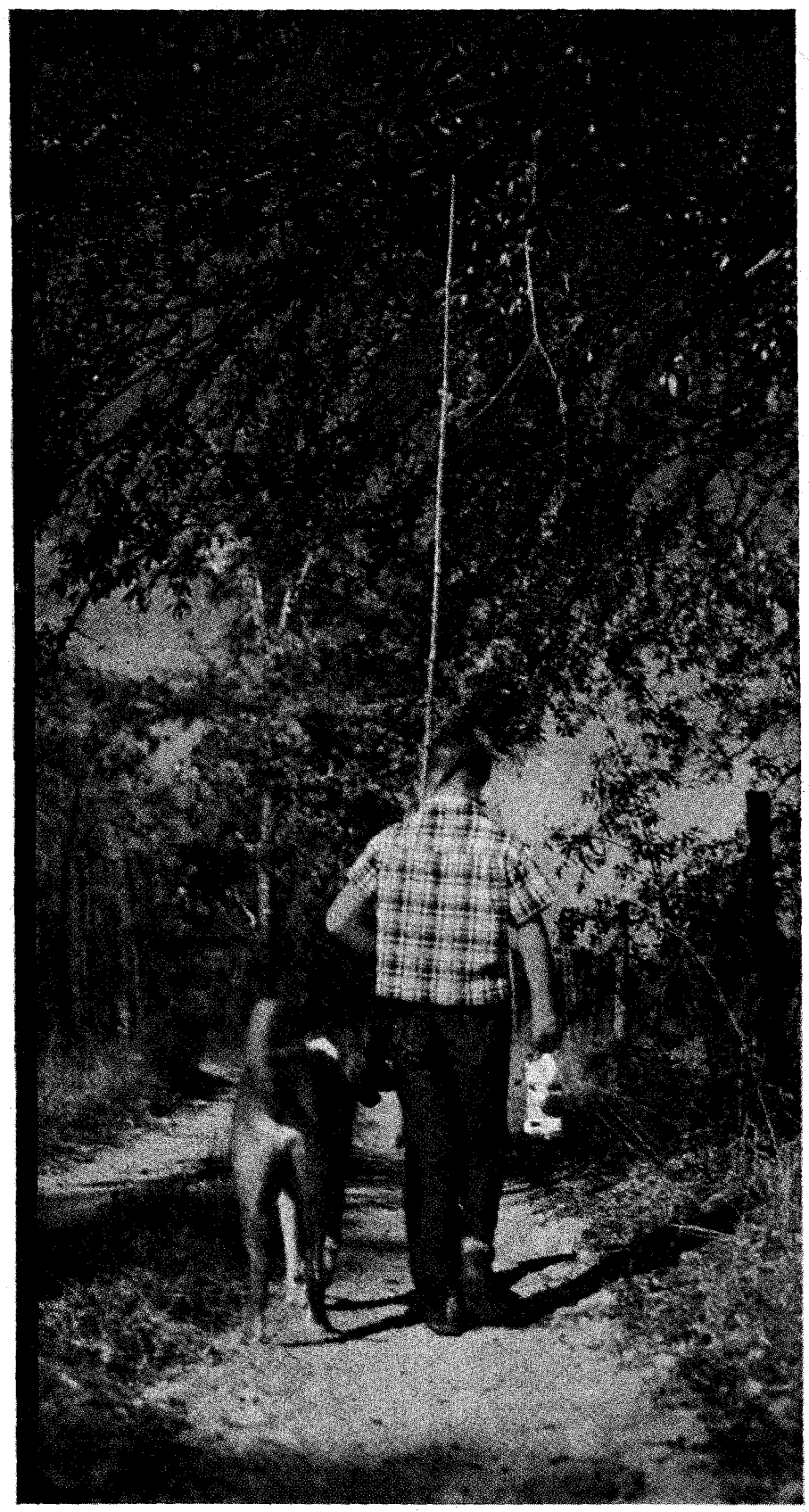
Spencer, however, was desperate. In two war years his $500,000 corporation had received orders for some 23,000 repeaters, or less than $1,000,000 in gross business. With its heavy overhead and payroll, the corporation faced shutdowns or bankruptcy. For a third time, Charles Cheney went to Gideon Welles. Welles, who had been one of the first to approve the Spencer, no doubt knew how it helped to turn the tide at Gettysburg. Now he felt the time had come to urge it upon the President. So he pronounced an open-sesame, "Let us see the President."

Lincoln was ready by then to receive every crackpot inventor who promised to shorten the war. Among the fantastic weapons pressed upon him was a design for a special gun with cross-eyed sights for cross-eyed soldiers. The inventor predicted it would utterly dumfound the enemy: A battalion armed with it would

Knock for Luck

By Richard F. Armknecht

It used to be a fellow could
Find wood when he would
    Knock on Wood.
But technological advances
Considerably reduce the
    chances
Of finding any wood that's
    handy.
I think, therefore, it would
    be dandy
To make the formula elastic
Permitting, say, a Knock on
    Plastic.



'aveling boy

›ys travel relentlessly throughout their waking hours—harder on shoes than a ·od on tires.
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now, even the traveling boy, super-sher of shoes, can cross many dusty ·ons before his soles wear thin.
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seem to aim in one direction and fire in another.

Plagued by such notions, the President drew gun books from the Library of Congress to settle his own mind. An English volume on Shotgun and Sporting Rifle, by an author who signed himself "Stonehenge," may have quickened his interest in breechloaders. It devoted a chapter to the subject and dismissed one American breechloader carbine as "little to be relied on."

The President had heard rumors, perhaps distorted in retelling, about the fabulous feats of the Spencer-armed cavalry at Gettysburg and in the West. He readily agreed to see Spencer.

Spencer's own account of the meeting, taken directly from his manuscript and checked by his three children, all still living, is as follows:

"I arrived at Washington on the morning of August 17th and went direct to the White House. Presenting my credentials, the guard at the door showed me into the President's office. He was alone when I entered and appeared to be expecting me, as without a moment's delay he took the gun out of my hands, as soon as I removed it from its cloth covering.

"It was the simplicity of the gun that appealed to the President. When he asked me to 'show the inwardness of the thing,' he was greatly impressed that all I needed was a screw driver. With this implement I bared the vitals of the gun and replaced them so that it was ready to shoot in a few minutes.

"President Lincoln then invited me to return at 2 P.M. the next day saying, 'We will go out and see the thing shoot.' When I returned at the time designated I found the President standing with his son, Robert, and an officer from the Navy, named Middleton, on the steps of the White House. As we walked toward the War Department, the President asked his son to go in and invite Secretary of War Stanton to join us and see the shooting.

"While we were waiting for him to return and during a lull in the conversation between Middleton and the President, I mustered up enough courage to ask Mr. Lincoln if it were not a great responsibility to govern such a vast country during the war. Turning toward me with a smile, he said: 'It is a big chore with the kind of help I have.' Also at the same time he noticed that one of the patch pockets on the black alpaca coat that he was wearing was torn, and, taking a pin from his waistcoat, he fastened it up, remarking as he did, 'It seems to me that it does not look quite right for the chief magistrate of this mighty republic to be wearing a torn coat,' and he laughed.

"By this time Robert Lincoln returned and told his father that Secretary Stanton said he was too busy to go with them. 'Well,' said the President, 'they do pretty much as they have a mind to, over there.'

"The four of us walked over to what is now Potomac Park, near where the Washington Monument stands. The naval officer had brought along a smooth pine board, six inches wide and three feet long, for a target, and after making a small smudge at one end for a bull's-eye, it was set up against a tree. I slipped seven cartridges into the rifle and handed it to the President. Pacing off 40 yards, he took his position, but after sighting the rifle a couple of times, he told us to move the target, saying 'It seems to me I discover the carcass of a colored gentleman down yonder, we had better put the target more out of the way.' As soon as he selected a new position, President Lincoln fired his first shot. It was about six inches low. A second one struck the bull's-eye and the other five were close to it.

"'Now we will see the inventor try his luck!' remarked the President, as he handed me the rifle. When the naval officer reversed the target, I fired, beating him by a small margin. 'Well,' said President Lincoln, 'you are much younger, have a better eye and steadier nerve.'

"After we returned to the White House the naval officer sawed off the end of the board which the President had used as a target, and handed it to me as a souvenir. Then I presented the rifle to President Lincoln, and he marched into the White House with it over his shoulder."

The day after the President paraded triumphantly home with the Spencer, the inventor was called back for further tests. John Hay, Lincoln's assistant secretary, recorded in his famous diary under date of August 19, 1863:

"This evening and yesterday evening spent with the President in shooting Spencer's new repeating rifle, a wonderful gun, loading with absolutely contemptible simplicity and ease, with seven balls, and firing the whole readily and deliberately in less than half a minute. The President made some pretty good shots. Spencer, the inventor, a quiet little Yankee who sold himself in relentless slavery for six weary years before it was perfect, did some splendid shooting."

Spencer left Washington elated. Some evenings later, Lincoln took the repeater out on the lawn of the White House for a private test which apparently gave him a pleasurable change from desk duties. A Navy department clerk, working late, saw Lincoln go down a White House hallway, obviously searching for someone. "I was just looking," the President said, "for that man who goes shooting with me sometimes." Not finding him, the President drafted the clerk to assist, and set up a sheet of note paper as a target at 100 feet.

In Carl Sandburg's biography of Lincoln (Abraham Lincoln—The War Years; Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York) the clerk is quoted: "He took quick aim, drove the round of seven shots in quick succession, the bullets striking all around the target and one striking near the center. Then, said Lincoln, 'I believe I can make this gun shoot better,' and he took from his vest pocket a small wooden sight which he had whittled from a pine stick, and adjusted it over the sight of the rifle. He then shot two rounds, and of the fourteen bullets nearly a dozen hit the paper."

Within a month Lincoln banished old General Ripley to New England as inspector of coastal fortifications there, and appointed Brig. Gen. George D. Ramsay as chief of the Bureau of Ordnance.

"Repeating arms are the greatest favorites with the Army," Ramsay reported to the War Department soon afterward. "Could they be supplied in quantities to meet all requirements, I am sure no other arms would be used. . . . Spencer's is at the same time the cheapest, most durable and most efficient of any of these arms."

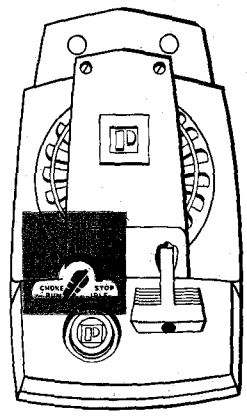
With Lincoln championing the Spencer, orders for it mounted to more than 200,000. "After the President approved it," Spencer told his children, "we had more orders than we could fill from the War Department as well as the Navy, for the rest of the war." A high percentage were for cavalry carbines. With them, the underdog Union horsemen became consistent victors. The Spencer chewed its opponents in a score of major battles.

Probably nobody was in better, or sadder, position to testify to the effectiveness of the Spencer than the Confederates. Their Chief of Ordnance, Brig. Gen. Josiah Gorgas, C. S. A., a West Pointer who married an Alabama belle and sided with the South, worked wonders with limited means, but freely admitted: "We were at a disadvantage . . . the celebrated Spencer carbine being generally in the hands of the enemy's cavalry during the last two years of the war."

Two curious postwar sequels attest ironically to the worth of the Spencer.

One: There was a second lieutenant, fresh from West Point, who rose to brevet major general in three years through his phenomenal cavalry successes. In almost every notable Civil War victory and in one over the Indians later, his men fired Spencers. Then they were replaced by a single-shot breechloader which the Bureau of Ordnance regarded as ballistically superior despite its slower rate of fire. The general's men, deprived of their Spencers, lost their lives to the Indians. So did the general—George A. Custer.

Two: When Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth, fled into the night, he was heavily armed. He carried two Colt revolvers and two long knives. To fight off Union cavalry patrols, however, he relied most upon a weapon slung over his shoulder with a crude rag sling. He was carrying it when slain. The weapon, now preserved in the Lincoln Museum in Washington, is the same that Lincoln favored—the Spencer repeater. THE END



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How to Make a Killer Confess

(Continued from Page 33)

attempt to smooth his unruly hair, and telephoned the police.

Obligingly, the professor's captive proved to be a real criminal, wanted for other offenses, of which he later was convicted.

Overnight, Professor Inbau became a hero to the 170 freshmen to whom he taught criminal law. The freshmen discovered that their "prof" had more than book knowledge of his subject.

He had indeed. About the time they were being born, Inbau was on the staff, as an instructor in police science, of the country's first Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory, founded by Northwestern University's School of Law. When the Chicago Police Department took over the laboratory in 1938, Inbau became its first director. As head of the city's Crime Detection Laboratory, he learned about murderers, rapists and burglars at first hand.

His freshman criminal-law students may not be fully aware of it, but Professor Inbau is famous in police circles as the man who developed techniques of questioning suspects which made obsolete such third-degree methods as use of the rubber hose. Today he is considered the nation's top authority on police interrogation.

His textbook, Lie Detection and Criminal Interrogation, is standard in most police-training schools throughout the country, and in many military schools as well. His teaching load at the university is concentrated into three consecutive days, so that he can spend much of the rest of his time teaching policemen, detectives and prosecuting attorneys the most effective interrogation techniques—how to get confessions from criminals without the rubber hose. In addition to these duties, he is managing director of a criminology journal; president of the American Academy of Forensic Sciences; a director of the Chicago Crime Commission; consultant to the American Bar Association. Recently he made two trips abroad for the United States State Department to evaluate the police practices and criminal-law procedures of West Germany.

Born forty-six years ago in New Orleans, Inbau decided early that he wanted to be a lawyer. His father, a shipyard worker who had trouble supporting his wife and five children, had suggested that lawyers make good money. After obtaining his bachelor's degree in law at Tulane University in 1932, Inbau went to Northwestern University to get a master's degree in law. Northwestern had the country's first scientific crime-detection laboratory, and the young man from New Orleans started hanging around the place, and soon crime detection became the compelling interest of his life.

At the time, third-degree methods were widely used in the back rooms of police stations and sheriffs' offices. E. H. Levine, in a book called The 3rd Degree, told how one young man in New York was tortured for two hours by relays of detectives armed with blackjacks and pieces of rubber hose. The man and two companions had been surprised by police while committing armed robbery. Two policemen were shot and the robber's companions escaped. The police resorted to the third degree to obtain the identities of the escaped men. The prisoner's head was pounded against the floor and the wall. He was kicked in the abdomen and grabbed by a sensitive portion of his lower groin. Blood was spattered around the room. Finally a detective who was an "expert interrogator" took over. He tied the man's arms to the back of a chair. Then, while another detective grabbed the man by the hair and pulled his head back, he struck the suspect across the Adam's apple with a blackjack. Blood spurted halfway across the room as the suspect struggled for breath. Three times the detective did this before the young man named his companions.

Seldom were third-degree tactics carried to such extremes, but in a majority of states, expeditious use of the rubber hose was common practice. A report by the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement confirmed that such methods were widespread.

Fred Inbau objected to use of the rubber hose on moral as well as legal grounds. In law, no confession is valid if obtained through physical violence, threats of violence or even through promises of clemency. Third-degree methods could result in "confessions" by the innocent. Professor Inbau did not believe in these methods. He believed in psychology, which could trap the guilty, but not the innocent. And it was legal.

> If our rights look a little trampled upon, maybe it's because everybody is standing on them.
>
> G. ALAN STARR

For six years, while at the university's Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory and later, as director of the Chicago Police Department's laboratory, Professor Inbau tried out hundreds of techniques. When one worked and he obtained a confession, he went back later to talk with the confessed criminal to try to find out just what line of questioning had convinced him that he should confess.

For example, there was the case of the rape murderer, Jerry Thompson, of Peoria, Illinois. Feeling had run so high in the state that Governor Horner had requested that Professor Inbau conduct an interrogation of the suspects. Using a lie detector (polygraph), Inbau was soon convinced that all the suspects except Thompson were innocent. Using his psychological-interrogation technique, Inbau got a confession and later returned, with scientific attitude, to find out what he had said that had persuaded Thompson to confess, when confession meant the electric chair. The "visit" took place in the death cell at the state penitentiary because, in three days' time, Thompson was to be executed for the murder of a girl named Mildred Hallmark.

"If it weren't for you, Inbau," the condemned man said pleasantly, "I wouldn't be here. But I don't hold it against you. You had a job to do, and you did it well."

Thompson told the professor that there were two key things in the interrogation that had trapped him. Thompson was a known sex deviate, and Professor Inbau had observed that some sex deviates keep diaries. Thompson said that if Professor Inbau had asked him whether he kept a diary, he would have denied it. Instead, the professor had asked, "Where is your diary?" Thinking the professor knew something, he told the truth, "It's home, hidden underneath my desk."

The diary revealed many rapes, though not the one that ended in murder. The professor went over the others with Thompson. Many times Thompson had choked and slugged girls, though never with the intent of killing them. The professor expressed sympathy. He emphasized the point with Thompson that the last offense really was no worse than the others. Thompson had not really meant to kill the last girl. He merely had slugged and choked her to subdue her, as he had the others. When she did not regain consciousness as soon as the others had, he pushed her from his speeding car, and it probably was this that killed her. It was almost an accident. If Thompson only had waited longer ——

Thompson told the professor that it was this line of sympathetic questioning and comment that had led him to confess. It gave him great comfort, to feel that the last fatal event really had been "no worse" than the others.

The Thompson case also offers a good example of the use of the polygraph instrument, or lie detector. In the hands of a skilled examiner, this instrument can measure a suspect's blood pressure, pulse, respiration, muscular activity and other physical reactions. Professor Inbau—who is president of the American Academy of Polygraph Examiners—uses the lie detector routinely in most cases as an initial part of modern interrogation technique.

Before Thompson confessed, a serious mistake had been made. Thompson had attacked the murdered girl in a cemetery before placing her in his car. Another girl had been raped earlier in the same manner in the same cemetery. Because of the similar circumstances, police correctly assumed that both offenses had been committed by the same man. But the girl "positively" identified a scared young suspect named Smith—who resembled Thompson—as the man who had attacked her.

Thompson's diary described in great detail, as one of his own exploits, the rape of which the girl had accused Smith. But it was a lie-detector test which first convinced Professor Inbau of Smith's innocence and Thompson's guilt. However, a confession still was needed to convict Thompson. Lie-detector records have no standing as legal evidence, and Professor Inbau does not believe they should have—at least in this stage of development. "The lie detector," he says, "is a valuable investigative aid, and only that. There is no substitute for good police work."

After six years of interrogating criminals, obtaining confessions or failing to, then talking with the suspects later, Professor Inbau had thousands of cards filled with notes filed away. Patterns had developed in the notes.

Two general rules emerged: First, if the crime was inspired by emotional motives, the interrogator should show the suspect sympathy. Nearly all murders, except gang killings, would fall into that category. So would nearly all other crimes resulting in physical injury. Second, if the crime was committed for money, the interrogator should use a factual-analysis approach. No rubber hose on either.

Here's how the first method works—a case of an emotional crime committed by an emotional criminal, a case requiring sympathy on the part of the interrogator. The wife of Guy Talmadge, a middle-aged undertaker in Oregon, Illinois, was killed by a shot in the head. The tragedy was reported by the husband, who said he was with her at the time. His story was that he and his wife were taking a drive along a country road when their car was "curbed" by three bandits. The bandits, intent on robbery, ordered the couple out of their car. The wife screamed. One of the men shot. He then removed a valuable ring from her finger, and the three men fled.

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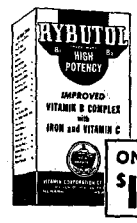

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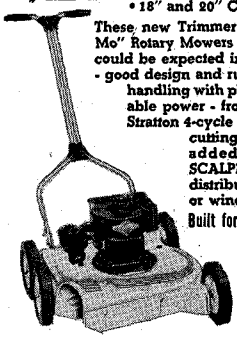

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No police official in Oregon believed this story, but after two or three days of interrogation they had been unable to make the husband change his story. There was no admissible evidence against the man. The wife was dead. There were no witnesses except the husband. That was that. The state's attorney and the sheriff called in Professor Inbau.

First, Professor Inbau learned all he could about the undertaker's past, his wife, the relatives. When he was ready to face the suspect, he found that it was to be almost a public affair. The state's attorney, the sheriff, sheriff's deputies and police wanted to be in on the show—and to share the credit, if a confession was obtained. This was understandable, but bad technique. If you were trying to get a friend to tell you a secret, you would not ask him to tell it in front of a lot of people. So privacy was arranged.

Inbau was pleased to see that the interrogation room had no barred windows. No need to remind the suspect that a confession would mean a long time in jail. The room contained a table, with a chair on one side for him, and one on the other side for Mr. Talmadge. A table can create a psychological barrier between a suspect and an interrogator trying to "get next" to him. Professor Inbau had the table removed. Ordinary room lighting was arranged.

Finally all was ready. The suspect, Guy Talmadge, was escorted into the room, and then the sheriff's deputies departed, leaving Talmadge alone with the unarmed professor. Inbau invited Mr. Talmadge to be seated, then pulled his chair up close to him—very close.

When Talmadge had to look Professor Inbau squarely in the face at such close range, he must have had the feeling that the other man was looking straight into his innermost secrets. Professor Inbau is not particularly impressive looking, but when he looks you in the eye to find out whether you are telling the truth, he is a different person. He has the confidence of experience. He knows that if you are guilty, he has the advantage over you, if he knows how to use it. And he knows.

Inbau started out by telling Talmadge in a positive but not unfriendly voice that he thought he was lying. He stated matter-of-factly that some of Mr. Talmadge's statements were preposterous. "Bandits" after loot do not commit murder lightly. It increases the penalty tremendously if they are caught, and makes the whole project a very bad business proposition. Why would one of the three men shoot Mrs. Talmadge just because she screamed, especially since the event took place on a country road where no one would hear the scream anyway? If she had been unruly, she could have been hit over the head and knocked out, not killed. Did the bandit kill her to prevent her from identifying him later? In that case, why did he leave her husband alive as a witness? No, the story was a lie because it made no sense.

Mr. Talmadge nervously reached for a cigarette, but there were neither matches nor ash tray in evidence (a situation the professor had prearranged—a small sacrifice on his part, since he does not smoke).

"I notice from the appearance of your lips, Mr. Talmadge, that your mouth is dry," Professor Inbau said. "I will get you water if you want it. But, of course, that won't help. If a man has something on his chest he wants to get off, but does not tell the truth about it, the salivary glands just do not work right. You could drink a gallon of water, but your mouth still would be dry."

Mr. Talmadge decided he needed no water.

"Listen," Professor Inbau said, "I know what you've been putting up with all these years. Your wife has been nagging at you all this time. Nagging, nagging, when you were doing your best. Your relatives have been a problem, too, trying to make a failure of the marriage from the beginning. You have put up with a lot. But you did not do what a lot of other men do. You did not take off or take to drink. You tried to be decent. You tried to do the honorable thing. But it got the better of you over the years."

Professor Inbau paused to wipe away a tear. Call it a "crocodile tear" if you will, but, like a great actor or a great interrogator, Inbau really felt the tear at the time. He had put himself in the other man's place.

"I can remember the times I have been infuriated at home," Professor Inbau continued, with apparent sympathy. "There have been times when I might have done the same thing. I know how you feel. It finally got the better of you. All this was pent up in you for years. Then it let loose, all at once."

Professor Inbau gave Mr. Talmadge a sympathetic pat on the shoulder.

"Mr. Talmadge," he asked softly, "where did you throw the gun?"

Mr. Talmadge broke down into tears. "In the field," he sobbed, "just a little way from where I parked the car."

"And the ring?"

"It's under a stone near the gun."

Mr. Talmadge seemed almost happy, despite his sobbing, just telling about it. He was "getting it off his chest" at last. Professor Inbau had made it easy for him by being sympathetic and by asking for only a detail, not the whole confession.

Professor Inbau produced paper and pen, and Mr. Talmadge wrote out a confession and signed it.

A jury decided that Mr. Talmadge did not deserve the electric chair, but should spend the rest of his life in prison. He did. He died a few years later.

The telling of this event raises a few questions which must be answered quickly. Does Professor Inbau feel he was being unfair or unethical in implying to the suspect that he wanted to shoot his wife?

"Not at all," he says. "Trickery is tolerated by the courts so long as it is not likely to make an innocent man confess. Verbal trickery never does."

Now that you, reader, know something of Professor Inbau's "sympathy" method of interrogation, could you kill your wife and get away with it? "Absolutely not," Inbau insists. "You would confess much sooner than Mr. Talmadge did."

That last answer may take a bit of proving, and Professor Inbau has lots of proof.

Not long ago a Chicago patrolman finished his working day and, still in uniform, visited a tavern. He got drunk and beat up a fourteen-year-old kid. The boy thought he remembered the badge number. But when the patrolman with that number was brought in, the boy said he had been mistaken—this was not the man. Then there was a "show-up" of all the policemen, on or off duty, who could have been in the vicinity at the time. The boy identified one, an intelligent patrolman with a perfect record in the department up to that time. He seemed so unlikely a suspect that the Civil Service Commission asked Professor Inbau, as an unbiased expert, to conduct the interrogation.

"As a matter of routine in an emotional offense of this kind," Professor Inbau recalls, "I gave him the sympathetic treatment. You know, the business that lots of us drink. We never intend to drink too much. But when we do, all of us do things we never would do otherwise. Besides, young teen-agers can be unbearably obnoxious. They can spot an off-duty policeman with a few drinks in him and, just because he happens to be in uniform, make a smart-alecky remark that would be awfully hard to take.

"Well, the patrolman confessed the whole thing. And the amazing part is that he had been a student of mine for four lectures, just a few weeks before, at a police-training school. I taught him how to use the sympathetic approach in interrogating suspects who were not hardened criminals. I taught him the technique and then used it on him, and he confessed almost immediately."

Professor Inbau, incidentally, does not think that young teen-agers always are obnoxious. He has two youngsters of his own, a ten-year-old daughter, Louise, and a boy, Bob, thirteen, and he thinks they both are far from obnoxious. He continues to think that, even when Bob, a fan of Dragnet and all other detective shows on television, believes his father falls somewhat short of Sergeant Friday, who never fails to solve a case. Bob's father sometimes does, because he never gets in on a case unless the local authorities have given it up as hopeless.

"I made the mistake of asking him if he had anything to declare."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Inbau's sympathetic approach will not work on nonemotional criminals who commit crimes for financial gain, such as burglary, robbery or killings for money. For these Professor Inbau recommends "factual analysis," a cold, logical presentation of the case against the suspect, in an effort to convince him that he can be convicted without a confession.

"You're sunk," Professor Inbau tells such a suspect. "There's no sense in bucking your head against a brick wall. I don't get a bonus for having you tell me the truth. I'm only telling you what I'd advise my own brother to do if he were in your place right now. Before we're through, we'll have too much on you. The only thing left for you to do is tell the truth. We've got you hooked anyway." This theme goes on for hours.

There are a million tricks. For example, when two men apparently had collaborated on the same crime, and he felt certain of their guilt, Professor Inbau used a variation of a trick that goes back to Biblical times. The first suspect was interrogated alone, and denied his guilt. He then was taken under guard to an outer room, where a secretary was at work, and was permitted to see the second suspect being led into the interrogation room.

After considerable time, Professor Inbau reappeared and asked the secretary please to bring her pencil and notebook. The two disappeared. Finally the secretary returned alone and started typing her shorthand notes. After several minutes she casually asked the guard how the suspect spelled his last name. The officer answered and the girl continued transcribing her notes. Professor Inbau then reappeared and asked that the first suspect be brought to the interrogation room again. The other suspect, meanwhile, had been removed to a third room.

When seated, Professor Inbau turned to the first suspect and said, "Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The man confessed. If his partner already had implicated him, as he believed, he felt sure the partner had given himself all the better of it. He wanted to get his side of the story in too. The partner had revealed nothing to Inbau, of course. But when he was confronted with his pal's signed confession, obtained by trickery, the second suspect also confessed.

Professor Inbau loves his profession of detecting lies and making liars tell the truth. But not all liars are murderers or even burglars. Some are your closest friends or your children.

"In social life," Professor Inbau says with a worried look, "I try to avoid detecting lies. How can one live politely without telling lies? How can one live pleasantly without accepting little lies? If I ask someone to dinner and he says he cannot come because of a previous engagement, I never think about the possibility that he is lying. What would be gained? If I discovered that he was lying, then I would have to admit that the reason he did not come was that he wished to avoid spending the evening with a boring host.

"I found it easy also to ignore the lies my son, Bob, used to tell, as all boys do at a certain age. Every boy is entitled to a generous number of harmless lies."

But every father on some occasion finds himself forced to accuse his son of not being truthful. When this happened to Professor Inbau, he assumed his best professional interrogational manner and talked young Bob into a corner.

"All right," Bob shouted, "give me a lie-detector test!"

Of course, father never did.

THE END

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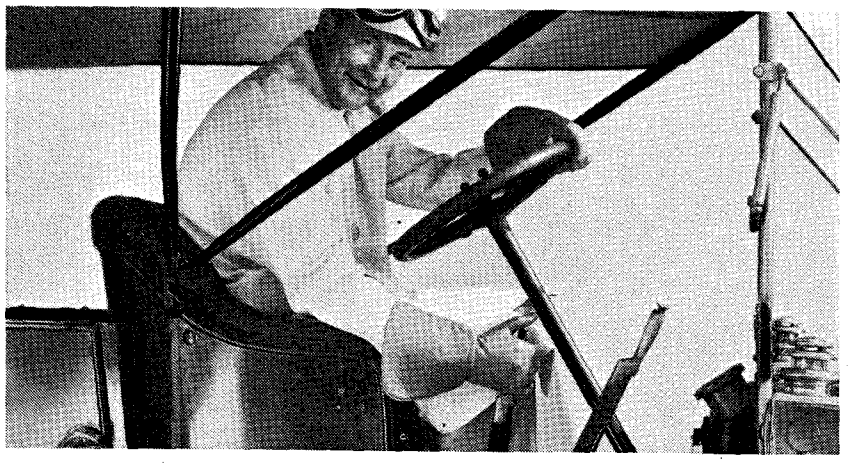
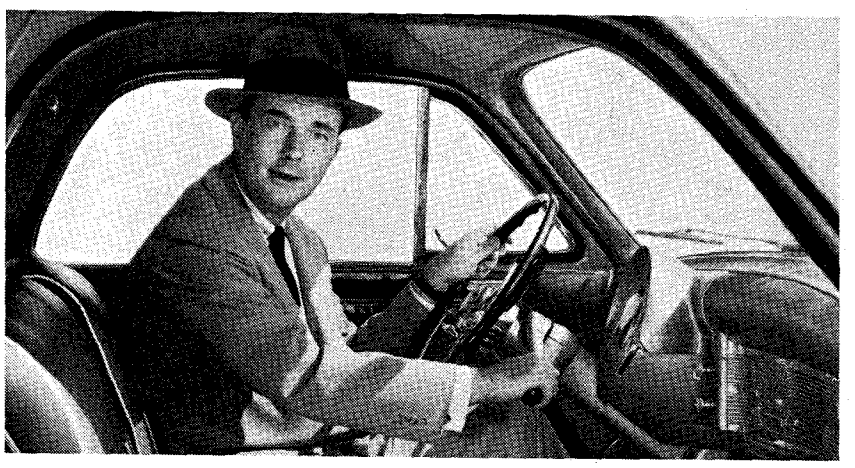
BILL LUNDIGAN* SHOWS YOU WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE GEARSHIFT!

*(*Your TV host on "Shower of Stars" and "Climax!" Thursdays CBS-TV)*

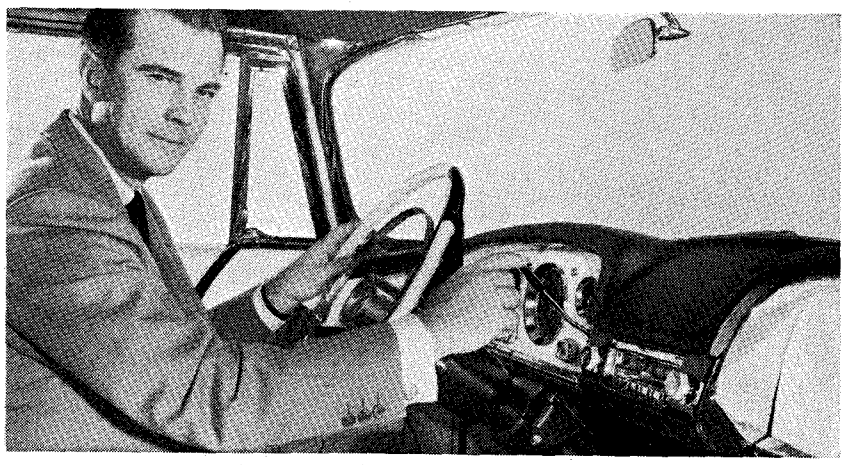


1. "BACK IN MY GRANDADDY'S DAY you needed a long reach, a strong back and a third eye to shift gears. The gearshift was on the outside of the car, where it was a tempting toy for neighborhood kids.

2. "I REMEMBER IN DAD'S first car, the gearshift had moved in out of the rain, but in everybody's way. Rising from the floor-board, it tangled with legs and the handbrake. If three sat in front — oh, brother!



3. "NEARLY 20 YEARS AGO it moved to the steering post. When automatic shifting came the lever *stayed* on the post! But then Chrysler Corporation introduced a still more convenient location!



4. "IN THE 1955 Chrysler Corporation Cars—the cars of THE *FORWARD* LOOK—the selector was moved right next to the ignition key, on the instrument panel. It was simple, convenient and out of the way.

5. "NOW COMES PUSHBUTTON MAGIC! Leading the field again, Chrysler Corporation introduced PUSHBUTTON POWERFLITE in *all* of its 1956 cars. Like magic—you just push a button and GO! It's fully tested and perfected. Let your dealer demonstrate its simple mechanical design. You'll find that safer, surer, PUSHBUTTON POWERFLITE cannot run down your battery. This is but one of dozens of Chrysler Corporation automotive *'firsts'. Another reason why you can always expect more from a Chrysler Corporation car!"*

CHRYSLER CORPORATION THE *FORWARD* LOOK

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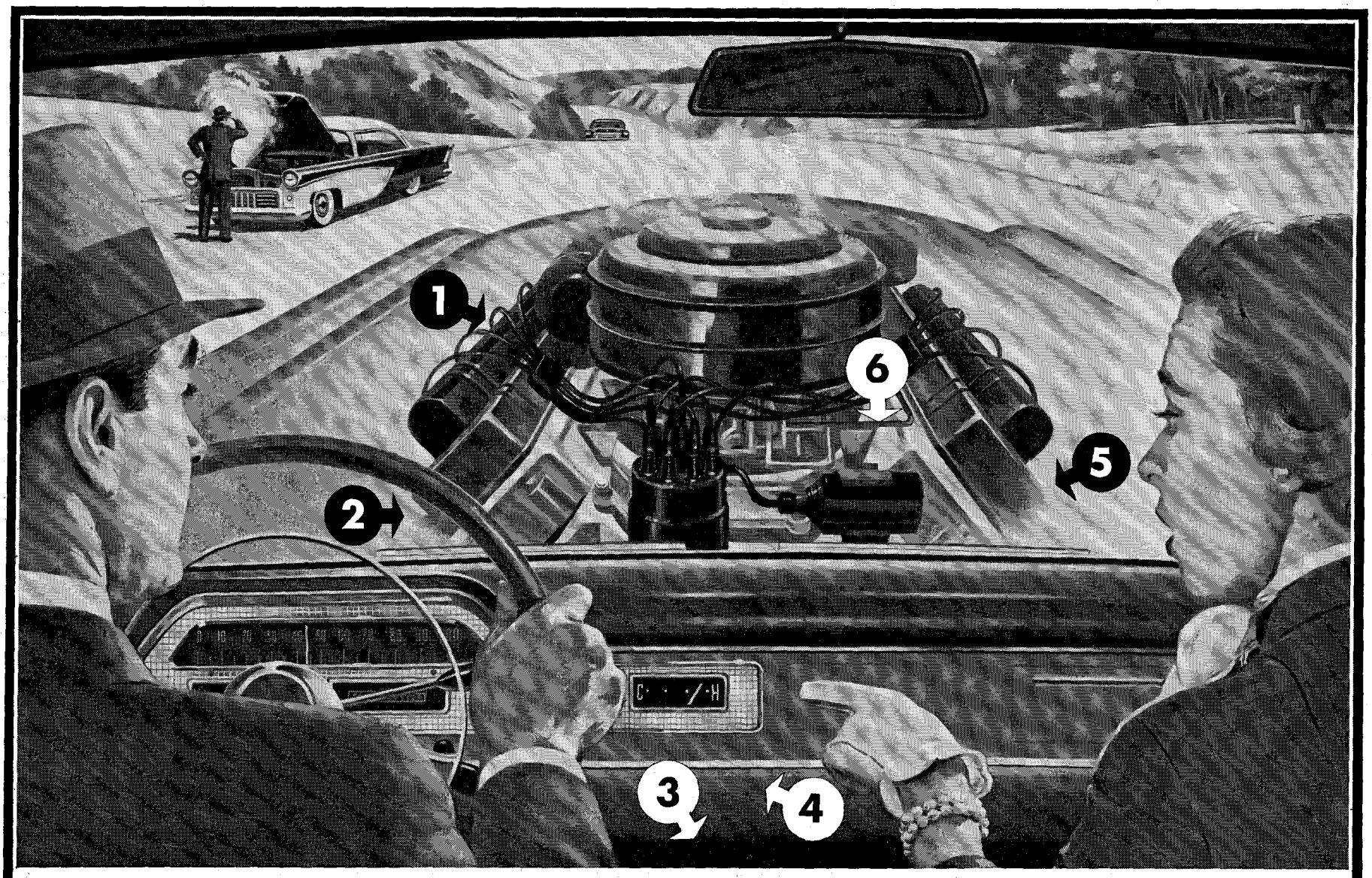
EVEN A MILD CASE OF OVERHEATING CAN COST YOU PLENTY



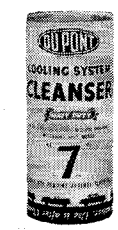
❶ Can burn valves—average regrinding job $41.* ❷ Can gum up hydraulic valve lifters—average repair $27.* ❸ Can overheat torque converter—average overhaul $31.* ❹ Can thin out oil, damage bearings—average repair $55.* ❺ Can shorten spark-plug life—replacement $10.* ❻ Can cause vapor lock and stalling—tow charge up to $10 or more.*

*Based on average nation-wide costs for parts and labor.

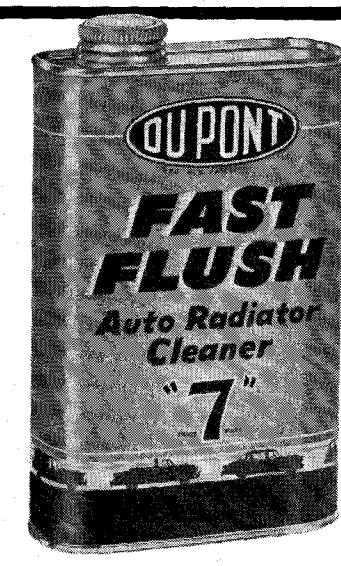
Protect against costly overheating with new Du Pont Fast Flush

Now—a *liquid* radiator cleaner that meets the need of today's more powerful cars for regular spring cleanout! New Du Pont Fast Flush cleans out rust, scale and grease in minutes. Just pour in Fast Flush, let the motor idle, and drain. No neutralizing, no reverse flushing. It's safe, simple, and so fast you can *clean out* your cooling system while you're *draining out* winter-worn anti-freeze! **$1.00†**

Keep rust out with Du Pont Anti-Rust—Just pour it in and leave it in. Prevents water from rusting the motor block, neutralizes acids, lubricates the water pump—prevents squeaking. Protects all summer. Use Du Pont Anti-Rust *now*, just as you use anti-freeze in winter! **$1.00†**



For clogged or overheating radiators—new, improved Du Pont Cooling System Cleanser. Here's the heavy-duty detergent cleanser with *triple* action for badly clogged radiators. Dissolves rust, loosens scale, cuts grease. Harmless to hose and metal parts, it's simple to use—will even work while you drive. **$1.50†**



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. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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In Search of Medical Miracles

(Continued from Page 35)

exploring these diseases and the basic life process on a full-time schedule. We hope to make a few discoveries."

For these studies, the National Institutes have assembled a massive team—more than 600 physicians and biochemists, physiologists and biophysicists, psychiatrists and pathologists and a host of highly skilled technicians. What sets the NIH apart from most research institutions, however, is not merely the breadth of this team but the depth of its attack on disease. In university laboratories and hospitals, for example, specialists divide their time between teaching, general patient care and research. Here research alone is the objective for which all the patients and all the staff are chosen.

Would-be patients of NIH must be diagnosed and referred by their private physicians—none are accepted otherwise. The first patient to enter the new hospital was a Maryland farmer with cancer. Others have included an ambassador from the Near East, a cab driver from West Virginia, a Louisiana plantation owner, a merchant seaman, a prominent news analyst, a small boy named Jimmy from New York's Chinatown. Some entered the clinical center with forebodings, fearing they would be used as guinea pigs; some came with enormous hopes, sure that the researchers would find the answer to their illness.

For certain research projects NIH circularizes physicians, hospitals and county medical societies to find patients with unusual ailments or specific stages of more common diseases. The Heart Institute, for example, was interested in malignant carcinoid, an uncommon tumor which produces a substance often leading to high blood pressure. Out of some sixty known cases in the world, seven patients reported to the clinical center.

Now in its third year, the Clinical Center has little trouble finding the patients it needs for the studies it undertakes. Physicians who were once critical of NIH as "Government medicine" today endorse the clinical center as a great national health resource. Fears of guinea-pig medicine have been thoroughly dispelled by the researchers themselves, who have shown that the patients' welfare and treatment come before the test tubes.

Perhaps the highest endorsement came from an outstanding pathologist, who presented himself recently to the hospital. Suffering from an incurable kidney disorder, he knew his own chance of recovery was very slight. At NIH, where he served both as patient and part-time researcher, he commented, "Maybe in a few years we'll make a break-through in my disease. Here, at any rate, you feel there's a fighting chance. There might be something new before I get to the finish line."

Another doctor, in private practice in Washington, made a grand tour of the clinical center not long ago. Afterward, he said, "All I hope is that when my time comes, I'll have the disease of the month and they'll let me in."

The new Clinical Center was created by the changing pattern of American health. During the past fifty years medical research has conquered most major epidemic and infectious diseases, extending our life span by a score of years. Among the world-wide researchers were such distinguished scientists of the United States Public Health Service as Dr. Joseph Goldberger, who found the cause of pellagra; Dr. Edward Francis, who tracked the spread of tularemia to infected deer flies and some of the common ticks; Drs. R. R. Spencer and R. R. Parker, who tracked the source of Rocky Mountain spotted fever; Dr. Charles Armstrong, who isolated new forms of encephalitis and meningitis; Dr. Charles W. Stiles, who sparked the conquest of hookworm.

In February, 1947, Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the Public Health Service, reported to Congress on the state of the nation's health. He noted that the underbrush of infections was being cleared away. What remained were chiefly the chronic disorders such as cancer and heart disease, arthritis and other metabolic disturbances, neurological and mental ailments. These were the great cripplers and killers, whose causes were unclear, whose treatment was experimental, whose cure was unpredictable.

In the battle against infections, Doctor Parran went on, medical researchers could study their patients in epidemic areas. But the chronic diseases struck at random across the country. To bring research patients together, Doctor Parran proposed a Federal clinical center near Washington, D.C. He also urged a vast increase of research funds to private medical schools and hospitals. Congress approved his plan, which was carried

> We all have to go sometime,
> but that is still no reason to
> go so fast on the highways.
>
> IMOGENE FEY

out by his successor, Dr. Leonard A. Scheele, the present Surgeon General.

The congressional appropriators were bountiful—many of them have since died of the chronic ailments proposed for study. For the enlarged research program, Congress has raised the $29,000,000 granted in 1948 up to $98,000,000 for the current year. Marion B. Folsom, the new and circumspect Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, has recently advocated a further increase to $120,000,000 for fiscal 1957. Some $80,000,000 of this appropriation would be spent in research grants to American hospitals and medical schools.

How much does a medical miracle cost? Not even the Federal budget director could answer that question. The new Clinical Center, which devotes two thirds of its space to laboratories and one third to patients' quarters and facilities, was opened in 1953, at a cost of $45,000,000. But great research generally depends on great researchers and sometimes on a chance discovery by a lone and obscure scientist. The Federal funds are designed to cover all promising bets.

Despite its galaxy of skills, the Clinical Center has no gravy train to attract its scientists. NIH salaries for doctors at present range from $6000 a year to $15,000 for the director himself. The new appropriation may raise the salary scale. Many NIH physicians, however, have abandoned private practices at double and triple their present income. Few taxpayers contribute more to our Treasury.

"You might say," one clinical investigator observed, "that we suffer from a costly sense of curiosity."

National health statistics for 1953, the year the Clinical Center opened, revealed the powerful forces facing NIH research. First was heart disease, the No. 1 killer—more than 800,000 Americans died of heart and related ailments that year. Next came arthritis and rheumatic diseases, the No. 1 crippler—more than 10,000,000 were afflicted. Cancer was the No. 2 killer—some 230,000 Americans died of cancer. Mental illness was the No. 1 hospitalizer—mental patients occupied more United States hospital beds than victims of all other ailments combined. Neurological disorders were among the worst health problems—some 10,000,000 people were afflicted during 1953 with blindness, epilepsy, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis and related diseases.

Statistically, the Clinical Center has asked for and received the world's most perplexing patients. What sets the hospital apart, however, is most keenly sensed by the graduate nurses. "In other hospitals," said Miss Nadine Luxmore, a pretty blond nurse of NIH, "you see birth as well as death and there are always new patients to care for. But many of our people stay for a long time without improving and some of them die here. For the nurse who likes to keep her distance, this is no place to work. Here you've got to get involved with your patients."

For research patients, the hospital seems an island of warmth and understanding. High morale is necessary—the patient's willingness to undergo extended and sometimes uncomfortable studies is of prime importance. But there is no officer in charge of morale. The nurses have devised white caps for little-girl patients who like to follow them on their rounds, and they supply worn-out stethoscopes to sick little boys whose current heroes are the white-jacketed doctors.

The hospital's social workers are deeply immersed in patient welfare, but as Miss Barbara A. Murphy, a supervisor, advised me: "There are no pat formulas in this place. Some patients want to know the plain facts and take a lively interest in the research. Others have genuine fears about their disease, about coming operations, about death. Sometimes they don't know how to talk about these things with their families. If they trust us, though, we can serve them as a bridge." Miss Murphy seemed willing to stand considerable traffic.

Through the laboratories of NIH, some thousand individual projects are always under way, each of them subjected to continued review. In the Clinical Center itself, research problems today are focused on some 300 patients. With more graduate nurses—NIH shares the nation's nursing shortage—the patient roster will be increased to 500. Meanwhile, the clinical directors of the separate institutes readily pose their outstanding areas of ignorance.

Dr. Joseph J. Bunim, the stolid, gray-mustached clinical chief of arthritis and metabolic diseases, outlined his huge task. "We're studying problems in metabolism, the body's failure to take in food and convert it to proper use," he said. "This covers a lot of ground—the endocrine disorders, the anemias, diabetes, the rheumatic disorders. In each case, something has gone wrong with the body's balance, but we don't know precisely what.

"In rheumatoid arthritis," he went on, "we know extremely little about the disease or its origin, although it's a very common crippler. As a matter of fact, we haven't the faintest idea what causes it. But we're trying to find out."

One of Doctor Bunim's clinicians, Dr. Roger L. Black, took me to meet Margaret Chandler, a perky nine-year-old girl from Greenville, South Carolina. Margaret, a gifted child with a very high IQ, became ill in school about a year ago. Her ailment was diagnosed as rheumatoid arthritis. In recent years, certain synthetic drugs such as cortisone have

the smartest girls use it!

Here's how to single out the Tampax user: First, she's intelligent. She realizes that internal sanitary protection is a far more sensible way of handling "problem days." It prevents odor. It eliminates chafing. It's easy to carry, insert, change and dispose of. It does all the things you wished sanitary protection would do! . . . Secondly, the Tampax user is poised. She's conscious of her clothes, her carriage, her grooming. She particularly likes Tampax because it's "invisible" when in place; she doesn't like belts, pins or pads. She feels strongly that the Tampax way is the nicer way, the more modern way, the most desirable way. When millions of smart girls *do* use Tampax, why shouldn't you? It's sold at drug or notion counters in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Get it this very month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

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been developed which temporarily restore the body balance of arthritics, much as insulin restores the diabetic. But the new drugs are no cure-all. "We've got to use them with great care," Doctor Black declared. "In some patients, the side effects are highly undesirable."

Margaret welcomed Doctor Black as an old friend. He asked her to tell how the drugs made her feel. "Well," she said, "they made me awfully hungry and my cheeks got puffy like a chipmunk and I got some hair on my face, like my daddy." Margaret looked better, however. As Doctor Black noted, his patient had been brought successfully into balance through the drugs while the researchers were studying her disease. Her symptoms could flare up again, but the drugs were now holding them in abeyance.

Although devastating epidemics are somewhat out of date, another crew in the National Microbiological Institute is actively engaged in studies of infectious disease. Dr. Norman B. McCullough, a dedicated clinical chief, assured me that what's left in the infectious grab bag is still formidable. Most virus diseases are mysterious and unsolved—antibiotics which knock out bacteria are powerless against them. Hepatitis and the common cold, fungus and parasitic diseases are still uncommonly difficult problems.

Doctor McCullough is no boondoggler. "We're hoping for new antibiotics to deal with the viruses and put us out of business," he said. "Meanwhile, we're looking for reasons why some people fall victim to ever-present infections and others don't. We think it has something to do with antibodies, immunities and resistances. Now those are pretty fancy words, but they cover more ignorance than knowledge. We hope to learn something from a few rare patients who have no gamma globulin in their blood stream. Gamma globulin, we know, is a major defense against disease. You ought to meet Doctor Martin's patient."

The next morning, I met Dr. Christopher Martin, a Harvard-trained clinician who is presently treating Mrs. Sarah Connery—which isn't her name. A frail, middle-aged but high-spirited widow from Boston, Mrs. Connery suffers from agammaglobulinemia. Her polysyllabic diagnosis means simply that she lacks gamma globulin, the most vital of antibodies, in her own blood.

Mrs. Connery's recent history is an impressive catalogue of infections. In the past decade she has suffered twelve attacks of pneumonia, nine episodes of blood poisoning, an almost fatal meningitis, and innumerable colds, flus, swollen glands and sinus attacks. In the Clinical Center she has had no infections in five months, thanks to daily sulfa drugs and injections of human gamma globulin. In that time, she has become Microbiology's most-studied patient.

"This is the first peace of mind I've known in years," Mrs. Connery told me, sitting erect and bright-eyed in her wheel chair. "It's such a relief to know what's wrong. For the past few years I've had to stay away from children, for fear of picking up something. I don't like to close myself in, I can tell you! But now I'm a medical phenomenon and it's sort of exciting. Doctor Martin always asks permission before every test—taking blood and that sort of thing. Well, I tell him to do whatever he thinks best and I haven't minded the tests. After all, Doctor Martin is a Harvard man."

Dr. Luther L. Terry, chief of general medicine in the Heart Institute, needs no reminder that heart disease is the nation's No. 1 killer. A lanky career officer in Public Health, Doctor Terry observed that the underlying cause of 90 per cent of all heart deaths is still unknown. "We have an enormous opportunity here," he said. "We can bring together all the medical disciplines—from chemists studying substances in the circulation of plants to surgeons who must operate on a particular patient at this particular time."

Well-chosen patients, Doctor Terry declared, offer an invaluable proving ground for research. One such "assistant researcher" was Wilmoth C. Weaver, a retired mailman from Baltimore, Maryland, who suffers from a rheumatic heart.

I was introduced to Mr. Weaver by Dr. Harold Dodge, a young clinical investigator, who noted that his patient had been operated on at NIH for mitral stenosis, a heart defect which impairs the forward flow of blood. Mr. Weaver had recovered, gone home and done well for a time. Recently he had a relapse and was brought back to the Clinical Center for further study.

Ruddy and jovial, Mr. Weaver has paid close attention to his doctors and their research. "The first operation took care of my stenosis, but then we had trouble," he advised me. "Pulmonary edema. The blood backed up in the heart under high pressure and went into the lungs. I had trouble breathing. Well, I'm glad to be here again. We're keeping things under control by medication, but we're still not sure what's causing the trouble. Possibly hypertension. . . . Isn't that right, Doctor Dodge?"

When a rich bachelor marries, he often owes his wife to his success.

GLENN R. BERNHARDT

Doctor Dodge agreed that this was an accurate statement of Mr. Weaver's case.

The youngest of the National Institutes is Neurology, which was founded in 1950. Its clinical director, Dr. Milton G. Shy, came to NIH from a Midwestern university, where he was professor of neurology. "I realized that I was teaching the subject as though it were handed down from the mountaintop," he told me. "We have only the barest skeleton of knowledge in neurology. We've scarcely begun to chart the human brain, the most complex organ in the human body."

For clinical research, Doctor Shy observed, one of the most useful disturbances is epilepsy, which is not a disease, but a damage to the brain tissue. Some epileptics respond well to drugs; others, however, can benefit only by surgery. To these carefully chosen patients, the researchers offer skilled surgery in exchange for a thoroughgoing study of the brain and its functions.

Doctor Shy sent me to Dr. William Headley, who took me to meet Miss Ann Kahle, a pretty, twenty-four-year-old brunette from Roanoke, Virginia. Miss Kahle has suffered from epilepsy since she was ten years old, when she fell from a bicycle. Neither drugs nor specialists could prevent her seizures, which often occurred two or three times a day. During the past four months Miss Kahle has been examined repeatedly by the neurologists of NIH; the newest drugs have been tried on her without effect; surgery remained as the only useful procedure. Doctor Headley and his colleagues carefully explained the surgical process: she would receive local anesthesia, but remain conscious through the operation, which might last six hours. She would be asked to respond while the surgeons explored her brain with gentle electrical charges.

"Until I came here," Miss Kahle declared, "I'd never seen another epileptic. I feel pretty lucky now. Some of the girls on my floor had families who were ashamed of them. But my parents never made any secret of my epilepsy and talked about it openly. After all, they said, it's just a sickness."

Miss Kahle's operation was scheduled two weeks ahead. I asked her how she felt about it. "Well," she said, "I'm not afraid, if that's what you mean. My doctors are really wonderful."

The confidence of patients in their doctors is impressive throughout the Clinical Center. But it reaches its climax among the patients of the Cancer Institute, sufferers from the most-feared disease of modern man.

"We're not expecting miracles," said Dr. Charles G. Zubrod, the soft-spoken clinical director, "but, of course, we'd welcome any that turn up. We're working closely with other research hospitals, exchanging all our findings. Meanwhile, we're trying to improve the standard treatments—radiation, surgery and chemotherapy, or the use of chemicals to destroy cancer cells. We're also looking for basic pathways to the mystery of cell destruction."

Two promising pathways are the sciences of endocrinology, for explaining the relation of hormone secretions to cancer; and metabolism, for exploring the relationship of cancer cells to the host cells surrounding them. "If we learn the chemical difference between cancerous and normal tissue," Doctor Zubrod remarked, "we might find treatments that make a difference to our patients."

Dr. John Tuohy, a physician whose own healthy cells have produced the build of a college fullback, introduced me to his favorite patient—let's call her Mrs. Joan Stevenson. Mrs. Stevenson was suffering from malignant melanoma in the advanced state of that particular breed of cancer. I asked Doctor Tuohy to prepare me for meeting his patient.

"That's not really necessary," he said. "She knows all about her condition. She's aware that her cancer is inoperable, that it has already metastasized through her body. But she's a fighter. When a cancer patient says, 'Doctor, let me go,' you know there's no chance of holding him. With a fighter, though, you feel there's always a chance."

Mrs. Stevenson, a slender housewife in her mid-thirties from Missouri, came to meet me in one of the lecture rooms of the Cancer Institute. She discussed the onset of her disease. "They used to call it black cancer," she said. "It began with what looked like a wart or beauty mark on my leg. Then the mark changed size and got irritated. Of course, I'd read the public announcements encouraging checkups. Like a good citizen, I went to see my doctor, who thought it was a harmless sebaceous cyst. But after several operations, everybody agreed it was melanoma, and it hadn't been cured.

"When I came here," she continued, "I was told that I had only a slight chance of recovery. I've never seen doctors with so much time for just one patient. Last spring I gave up for a while. But after lying around a few weeks, I decided the role of Camille just wasn't for me. After all, I figured, the doctors weren't giving up, so why should I?"

Of all the institutes of NIH, the broadest research program is conducted by Mental Health. Through the past half century, the treatment of mental patients has stemmed from the psychoanalytic genius of Dr. Sigmund Freud and become as much an art as a science. But despite the modern psychiatric artisans, mental illness is now our greatest national incapacitator.

At NIH, Dr. Robert A. Cohen, the thoughtful clinical director of mental health, leads his researchers with the least direction possible. "We have a considerable area of ignorance," he observed, "and we want to keep our minds open to all useful sciences. Biology and sociology, we believe, are two disciplines that may give important clues to mental illness."

At present, Doctor Cohen said, his institute is embarked on three major programs. Dr. Edward Evarts, a psychiatrist, is studying the biological aspects of mental disease, seeking a durable bridge from the emotional to the physiological ailments of man. Dr. Fritz Redl, a noted child psychologist, is studying aggressive disturbed children, who react to stress by disorders of behavior. Dr. Jay T. Shurley, a psychoanalyst, is exploring schizophrenics, who react to stress by disorders of thinking.

After leaving Doctor Cohen, I visited his research chiefs. Doctor Evarts in his studies has turned to the hospital's unique patients who are not really patients at all. They are young volunteers from the Mennonite Church and the Society of Brethren whose great virtue to NIH is that they are physically and mentally normal. With certain new drugs, among them lysergic acid, Doctor Evarts is able to produce temporarily in these normal controls the symptoms of mental disorder. Through this study, he hopes to bring the psychiatrist and biologist closer together in finding links between the physical and the mental.

Doctor Redl's charges are not so normal. A shaggy, German-accented observer of children, he has sought the outcasts of junior America for his study. Some of his belligerent patients were sent to him by the juvenile courts; others were recommended by schools and psychiatric clinics. All have been assigned convenient labels from time to time, ranging from "juvenile delinquent" to "prepsychotic." "The fact is," said Doctor Redl, "that these children don't fit any convenient pigeonhole. It's time we study them just as they are."

In most mental hospitals, schizophrenia is considered the least solvable of mental disturbances. At NIH it is approached as potentially no less curable than arthritis, or rheumatic heart, or epilepsy, or cancer. On a Saturday morning, I met one of Doctor Shurley's psychiatrist-researchers named Dr. Jordan Scherr. Doctor Scherr brings together every weekend the relatives of his patients to discuss treatment and progress.

After the meeting, I met the father and mother of Ray Blank—which is not his name. They had made their weekly visit to Bethesda from New York City and recounted an odyssey that began in Ray's childhood.

"We've taken Ray to more than ten psychiatrists in the past twelve years," his mother said. "We know we're behind his trouble, perhaps the major cause. But we'll never forget the last mental hospital where Ray was a patient, just before he was admitted to NIH. When we saw him there, he was totally speechless, but the doctor in charge wasn't speechless at all. He told us: "Sometimes, when you find a rotten apple in the barrel, all you can do is throw it away."

Since coming to NIH, Ray has been doing much better, his mother said. That weekend, they went for a walk in Washington. He was mumbling to himself until she took his hand. Then he told himself in clear tones, "You've got to get through the door, buddy, and have a life of your own." The doctors of NIH, for all their perplexing patients, have no plans to close any door. THE END

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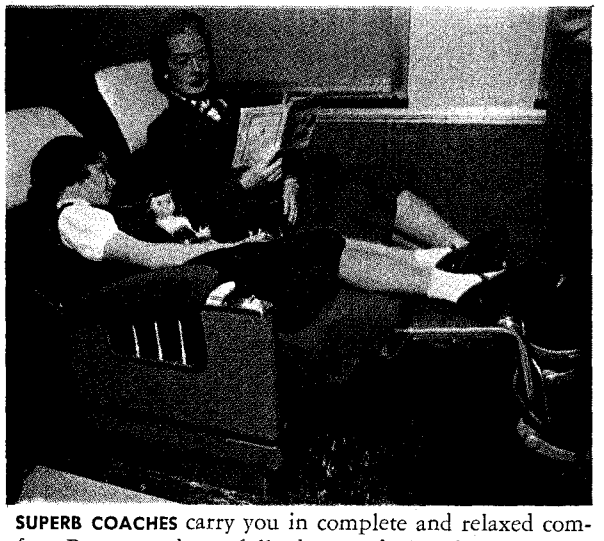

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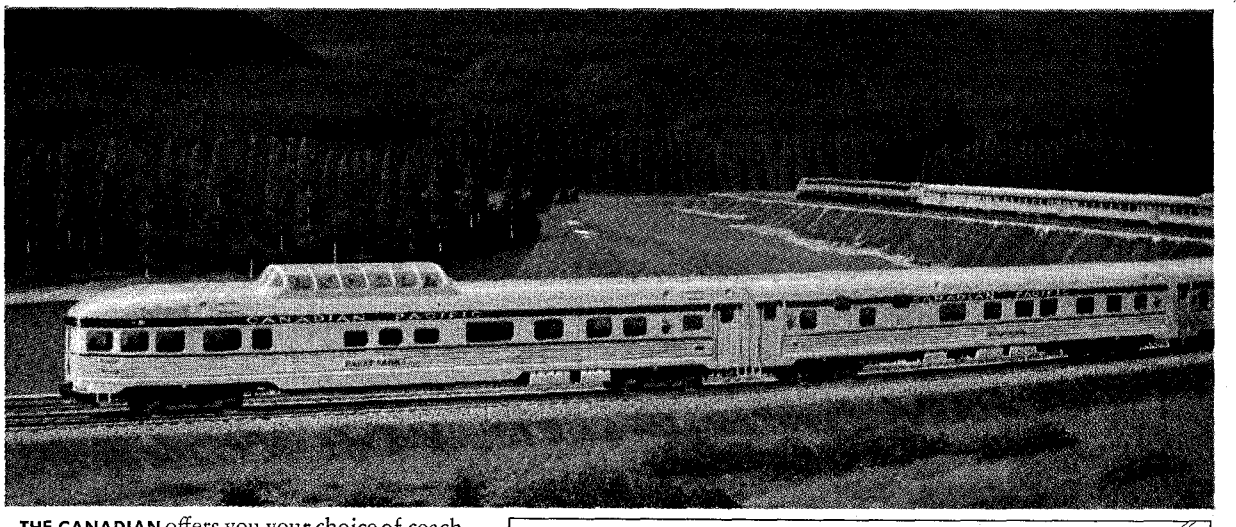

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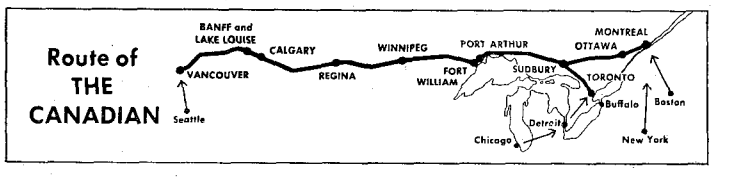

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So I'm a Bum

(Continued from Page 32)

Wilson Lord was awaiting at the net. He had three rackets, a towel around his neck and a bored smile. Wilson Lord was a tennis bum, in the acute sense of the phrase, but in addition to free transportation, a free meal and free money, he also wanted this match as a final tune-up for the Nationals.

It was not prudent, therefore, for him to take on an equally well-known performer, and for that reason he had settled for Jerry Shaw. The latter had come along for the food; also to be in the presence of millionaires, whose company he found exhilarating.

"Rough or smooth?" Wilson Lord said to him.

"Neither," Jerry said pleasantly. "I want the wind to my back."

"Har de har," Wilson Lord said bitterly, and spun a racket. "Smooth," he added, and picked the racket up. "Smooth it is," he said, in tones of utter finality. "I'll serve first."

"Are you going to beat me bad?" Jerry inquired.

"I shall carry you for a while," Wilson Lord said. "Don't do any unnecessary worrying."

"I was worried I might win," Jerry said.

"No," Wilson Lord said.

"You're very frank," Jerry said. "Here's his eminence."

The umpire, G. Watlington Vandergrift, vice-president of the Eastern Long Island Association of Tennis Umpires and Net and Baseline Judges, had indeed arrived. He wore a white suit and a black tie, and he had a straw hat.

"How do you do?" he inquired of Wilson Lord.

"Just fine, sir," Lord said earnestly. "You know Mr. Shaw?"

G. Watlington Vandergrift gazed at Wilson Lord's opponent. "Ah, yes," he said, "Mr. Shaw. The young man who asked me to send to the clubhouse during the doubles at Longwood to find out how the Phillies did." G. Watlington Vandergrift made a noise in his throat. "Hello, Shaw."

"Good day to you," Jerry Shaw said politely. "I trust you're in good voice."

"That will be all, Shaw," the umpire said.

"Yes, sir," Jerry said. "I just want you to know that if there's anything I can do for you ——"

"There is one thing," G. Watlington Vandergrift said mellifluently. "Kindly aim your cannon-ball service so that it does not hit me in the stomach, the way it did last year at Newport. I required the services of a specialist, Shaw."

"Your wish is my command," Jerry Shaw said amiably. "I apologize for that, sir." He hung his head. "I'm just an impulsive kid."

"I know," the umpire said. "It may interest you to know, Shaw, that we discussed you at the last meeting of the association."

"Would that," Jerry inquired, "be the Eastern Long Island Association of Tennis Umpires and Net and Baseline Judges?"

"The same," G. Watlington Vandergrift said. "I was informed that your unseemly antics are not restricted to me alone. I learned, to my horror, that at East Orange last month you assisted an umpire up into his chair by the seat of his pants."

"That was P. Whitsuntide Hawley," Jerry said. "He couldn't make it on his own. He's seventy-four."

"He made it on his own for Victor Seixas and Lewis Hoad," Vandergrift said.

"Well, this one day he was looking poorly," Jerry said. "So I gave him a boost."

"The likes of you are bad for tennis," the umpire said. "I am impartial to a fault, but I hope Mr. Lord here beats the socks off of you."

"I'm not wearing any socks," Jerry said, and went out to hit a few practice shots at Wilson Lord. After a few minutes, Lord took the towel from around his neck and nodded at the umpire.

G. Watlington Vandergrift grasped the microphone in his hand and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is an exhibition match between Wilson R. Lord, former national intercollegiate, clay court and Pan-American champion and the current Gloucester singles titleholder, and Jerome Shaw"—there was a momentary hesitation before the umpire went on—"prominent representative of the metropolitan area. Mr. Lord won the toss and will serve first. Linesmen ready? Play."

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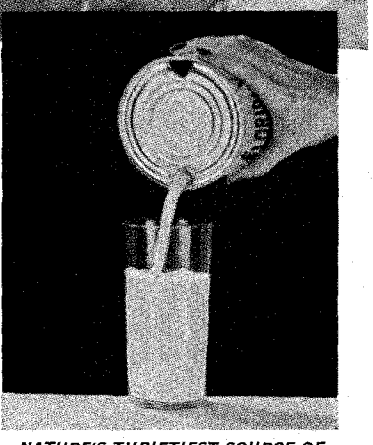

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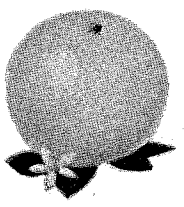

Florida Grapefruit Juice

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Please, Father! The Neighbors Will Hear You!

By DOROTHY JANKE

Parents always get wrought up
Before they get the kids brought up.

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Wilson Lord gunned the first service past Jerry Shaw so fast that Jerry did not even see it. There was a patter of applause from the tables surrounding the court. Jerry moved into the odd half of the court and grinned at the linesman who sat behind him.

"How was that one?" he asked.

The linesman flattened his palms toward the ground.

"It sounded a little long," Jerry said. He had had this same linesman at Forest Hills in '53, and disliked him. The distaste, he sensed, was mutual.

He got Lord's next service back along the left side line, came to the net, and saw Lord pass him with a singing ground stroke.

G. Watlington Vandergrift sang out, "Thirty—love!"

"He's supposed to be carrying me," Jerry said bitterly to himself, and braced for the next serve, his racket held at right angles to his nose, so that sighting over the racket head he could see Wilson Lord and, behind him, one of the most attractive sets of legs ever to grace a linesman's chair.

He permitted himself to be aced again, the better to observe the legs, and by the time Wilson Lord had won the first game at love, a faint but definitely nontennis air seemed to have permeated the main court of the Saddle and Net Club.

G. Watlington Vandergrift, the umpire, noticed it. He leaned down from his perch as the players changed sides and said, "Is everything all right with you, Shaw?"

"Spectacular," Jerry said, and went back to the base line to serve, a situation which put him in proximity to the vision in the linesman's chair. She wore a candy-stripe dress, and her hair was done up on top of her head. She smiled a greeting to Jerry, and he smiled in return.

"How do you do?" he said to her. "My name is Shaw."

"Delighted," she said. "Mine is Vandergrift."

"No relation, I trust, to Mushmouth, in the chair over there."

"I happen to be Mushmouth's daughter," the young lady said.

"Good-by now," Jerry said, and turned around. He served up two double faults in a row. His service at 0–30 found its mark, but Wilson Lord fired it back on a wicked trajectory that made the chalk dance in the far corner.

"Out!" cried the daughter of G. Watlington Vandergrift, in a brave, clear voice that sent a little rattle along Jerry Shaw's spine.

There was a shocked silence from the gallery, and on the other side of the net Wilson Lord stopped still in disbelief. Even G. Watlington Vandergrift had trouble believing his ears.

He said, "Will the linesman kindly repeat the call?"

"Out!" his daughter called again.

"The linesman rules the ball out," G. Watlington Vandergrift intoned miserably. "Score is fifteen-thirty."

Jerry Shaw looked quizzically at his benefactress. He said in a low voice, "Lady, the ball was in."

"Mind your own business," she said to him.

Jerry shrugged. "All right. I'll buy you an egg cream after the show."

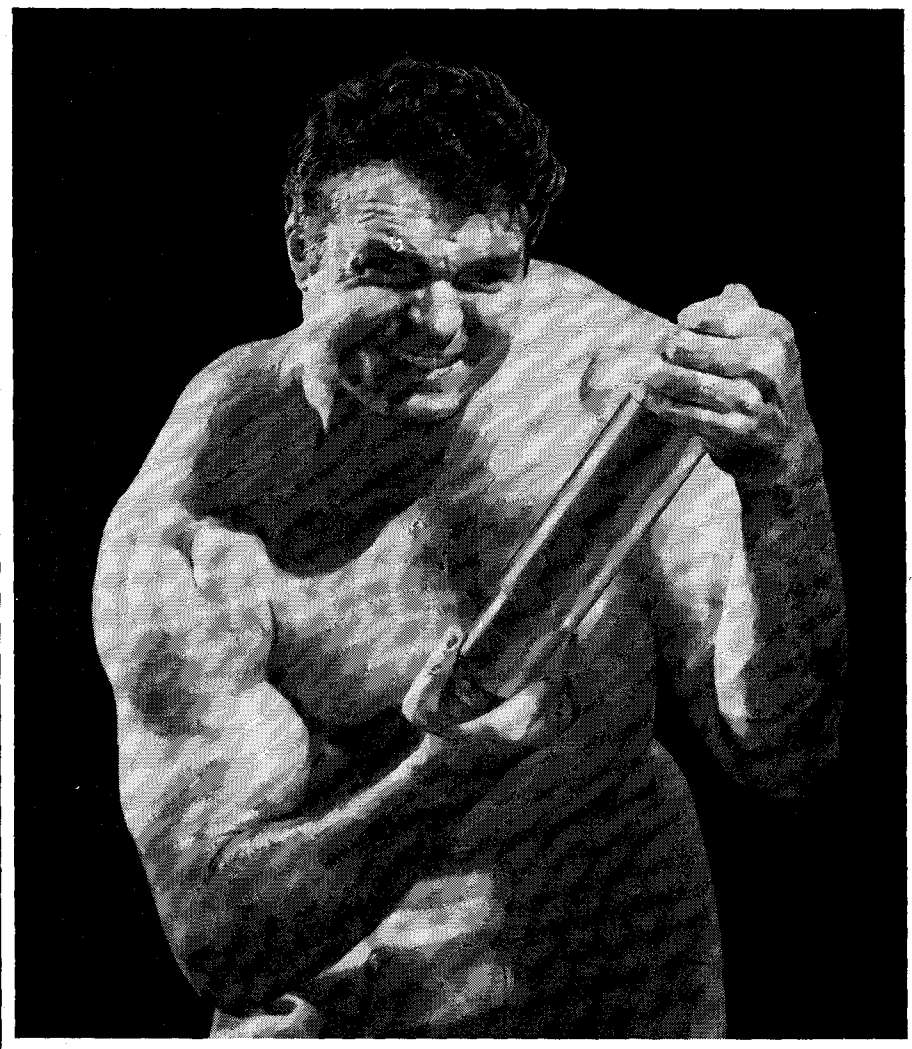
He served again, and this time it was a clean ace that left Wilson Lord motionless and distraught. Jerry held his service after deuce, making the score 1-all in games. Then it was Wilson Lord's turn to serve. Jerry sensed his opponent was angry over something; the first serve came so fast that he could hardly see the ball, and there was a shower of applause for the ace—a shower cut off by a high, clear voice behind him, "Out!"

This time Wilson Lord threw his racket up into the air. G. Watlington Vandergrift cast a baleful look at his daughter and, after a moment's deliberation, turned, hopeless. "Play," he directed weakly.

The sorry detail of the match in its entirety must be left to some other chronicle—possibly the diary of G. Watlington Vandergrift. Suffice it here to record that the final score was 6–3, 6–2, 6–2, in favor of Jerry Shaw; even more correctly, in favor of Marianne Vandergrift, a thief in a candy-stripe dress. Jerry had been prompted to ask her first name after a particularly blatant miscarriage of justice in the second set, in which she had ruled outside a particularly brilliant smash

DRAWN BY BILL KING THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I haven't done too well in subordinate positions. I wonder if you have something in an executive capacity."



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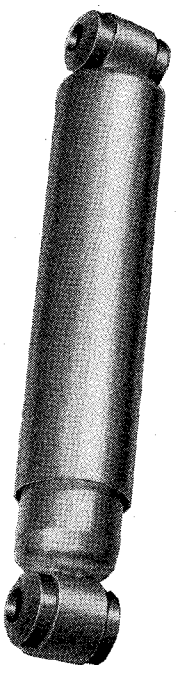

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from the bat of Wilson Lord. The call caused Lord to scream and foam at the mouth.

Much as he was attracted to her—as, he reflected, any man would be to a girl who had beauty, a millionaire father and a crooked streak a mile wide—Jerry sensed that discretion was the better part of amour.

He showered and dressed hurriedly, allowed Wilson Lord to speculate briefly upon his forebears, and departed by the postern gate. He was alone as he started walking down the street that led to the railroad station, but as he walked he became aware of a splendid black convertible inching along the street beside him.

At the controls was Marianne Vandergrift.

"Get in," she said.

Jerry Shaw cast a fearful glance askance and got in.

"Let's take a ride," Marianne said.

"All right," Jerry said. "Wilson Lord is looking for you."

"Why?"

"Search me. He said something about breaking your head into nine equal parts. I told him it was no way to talk about a lady."

"It served him right," she said.

"It did?"

"He was getting too cocky," Marianne said. "It would have ruined him in the Nationals."

Jerry bit his lip. "In other words, what he needed was to get his ears beat back by some bum."

"Exactly," she said.

"Who's a bum?" Jerry said.

"You are," she said. She was not unkindly about it.

They drove in silence for a space in time. The girl turned onto the broad parkway leading toward the ocean, and Jerry said, "I am not a bum."

"Yes, you are," she said, and they were quiet again.

After another ten minutes, they came to the ocean, left the car by the sea grass and walked down onto the beach.

"At least," Jerry said, "I'm not a tennis bum."

"No?"

"No."

"Work for a living?"

"Yes."

"Doing what?"

"Supervisor of a small plant," Jerry said. "We make electric recording devices."

"Like what?"

"Lie detectors."

"Is there much call for things like that?"

"You never can tell. Are you in love with Wilson Lord?"

"Yes."

"Who said so?"

"My father."

"Frequently," Jerry Shaw said, "a lie detector proves unnecessary, due to the subject's turning red and blushing at the key moment."

"I am not turning red and blushing."

"I don't like your father."

"He's all right," Marianne said. "At times, though, he's a little overbearing. He's like what you said."

"What was that?"

"Mincemouth."

"I didn't say Mincemouth. I said Mushmouth."

"Same difference," Marianne said, and, to Jerry's astonishment, she began to cry hopelessly.

Jerry was moved to put his arm about her, a gesture which neither of them seemed to mind. "There, there," he said. "It's all right."

"It's not all right."

"Well," Jerry Shaw said, "if it's not all right, then that's all right too. I'm a pragmatist."

"You're a nice guy," Marianne said. She turned, on what romantically might have been termed impulse, but which was nothing of the sort, and kissed him at length.

"Zow-ee," Jerry said finally. "Is this why you took me driving in your car?"

"Does it matter?"

"Not in the slightest. If I have been of any service in straightening out your problem with Wilson Lord, I'm delighted. I hope he wins the Nationals. Now I'll go home and use the lie detector on myself."

"He will win the Nationals," Marianne said. She sighed. "And you haven't straightened out anything."

"Well," Jerry said, "much as I hate to suggest it, we'd better be getting back. Your father will be calling you with his microphone."

"All right," she said. They started back toward the car. "I think I like you very much."

"Well, let me off at the station," Jerry said. "This has been quite a day. I beat Wilson Lord, kissed his fiancée and managed to avoid bodily hurt at the hands of the umpire-in-chief. Now if it turns out the Pirates won two from the Cubs —— Well, let's not ask for too much."

Marianne reached over and turned on the radio in the car, and after a time there forthcame information that the Pirates had indeed defeated the Cubs twice.

"You're still a bum," Marianne said; she was crying again.

That night, in the privacy of his small apartment on the lower west side of Manhattan, Jerry Shaw wrote his mother, who lived in La Grange, Illinois, all about it. It took him six pages. When he was finished, he read the letter admiringly and tore it up.

He went to bed and dreamed of a terrifying doubles match in which he and Marianne opposed Wilson Lord and Marianne's father. The umpire was P. Whitsuntide Hawley, the old gentleman Jerry had boosted up into his chair at East Orange. P. Whitsuntide Hawley came equipped, for purposes of this dream, with a bell which he caused to ring insistently.

Jerry Shaw came awake to discover that the bell belonged to the telephone by his bed. The sun was shining in his window. He picked up the phone and the voice at the other end said, "Hello."

"Hello, Marianne," Jerry said. "I dreamed of you. We were playing doubles."

"What was the score?"

"I disremember. It had something to do with love."

She chuckled into the telephone. "I guess you think I'm a little crazy."

"I love you," Jerry said. "Except for that part where you called me a bum. Are you in trouble?"

"No," she said. "You are."

"It won't be the first time. What's the charge?"

"I got a sneak peek at the pairings for the Nationals. You play Williamson in your first match. If you beat him, which you won't, you would then play Harkness. If you beat him, which you won't, you would then play Wilson Lord. You won't beat him."

"My," Jerry said, reflecting that he had drawn the equivalent of having to pitch successively to Musial, Mantle and Mays. "That's a destructive little schedule I have there. I suppose my expenses will consist of thirty cents—one day's subway transportation to and from Forest Hills. Do I sense the fine hand of your pop in the schedule making?"

"No," Marianne said. "Whatever he is, father's honest. He thinks you're a bum too."

"You wouldn't dare tell me that at dueling range—at lunch, say."

"Wouldn't I?" Marianne said, and they agreed upon a place to have lunch, and hung up.

"Ya-a-a-hoo!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Jerry Shaw gazed at himself in the mirror. "You crazy fool, you," he said, and went in to shave.

He had lunch with Marianne that day and the next, followed by successive evenings at Palisades Park, the Bronx-Whitestone Drive-In, and the Polo Grounds. By the time the Nationals began at Forest Hills Jerry Shaw was intoxicated. He went out and whipped Williamson, a quarter-finalist at Wimbledon, 6–4, 7–5, 6–3, and drew paragraphs in the morning papers for his upset victory.

They put him on the grandstand court the next day, and he took Harkness, the tough young Australian, 8–6, 5–7, 10–8, 6–4. After the match he bought Marianne an egg cream and then they went for a drive in her car with the radio on, listening to the first game of a twi-night doubleheader between the Cardinals and the Reds. By the time they got back to town, the morning papers were out and Jerry Shaw found that he was a hero.

Even the most ecstatic of the reviews, however, pointed out that his foe of the morrow would be Wilson (The Terrible) Lord. Marianne sealed the evening with a kiss.

"I don't care how bad he beats you," she said. "You may be a bum, but you're my bum."

The Lord-Shaw match was the featured stadium event on the third-round card. The umpire was G. Watlington Vandergrift. He wore a look of despair.

"Hello, Shaw," he said to Jerry. "I never expected to see you here. You seem to have been smoking an off brand."

"Yes, sir," Jerry said. "That's a fine daughter you've got there, sir."

"Mr. Lord thinks so too," Vandergrift said, "if you catch my meaning, Shaw."

"Ah, yes," Jerry said. "Mr. Lord. Do you think I stand a chance?"

"You do not figure to cop a game," G. Watlington Vandergrift said. "Notice, if you will, that my daughter is not among the officials for today's match."

"In time," Jerry said, and smiled pleasantly, "I may grow to like you."

Wilson Lord joined them, the stadium chimes sounded pleasantly, and the three of them walked out onto the manicured lawn surface of the stadium court.

"Rough or smooth?" Lord said.

"Rough," Jerry said. He watched G. Watlington Vandergrift approaching the umpire's ladder chair. "Do you want a boost, sir?"

"Keep away from me, Shaw," Vandergrift said.

"Smooth," Wilson Lord said. "I'll serve."

"Do that," Jerry said. "Did you know I was in love with your lady?"

Wilson Lord turned to the umpire. "There he goes," he said plaintively. "He's trying to unnerve me, is what."

G. Watlington Vandergrift made a noise like a drake and mounted his throne. He leaned down toward Wilson Lord. "If you give him so much as one game, I shall never speak to you again. I expect you to beat him so badly they will have to carry him off on his racket. . . . What are you laughing at, Shaw?"

"Nothing, sir," Jerry Shaw said. He went out onto the court, waved tenderly to Marianne in the box seats, and had his warm-up with Wilson Lord.

G. Watlington Vandergrift grasped the microphone in his hand and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a third-round match in the National Singles Championships between Wilson R. Lord, former national intercollegiate, clay court and Pan-American champion and the current Gloucester singles titleholder, and Jerome Shaw, who recently scored a decisive victory over Mr. Lord in a fixed match. Mr. Lord won the toss and will serve first. Linesmen

(*Continued on Page 110*)

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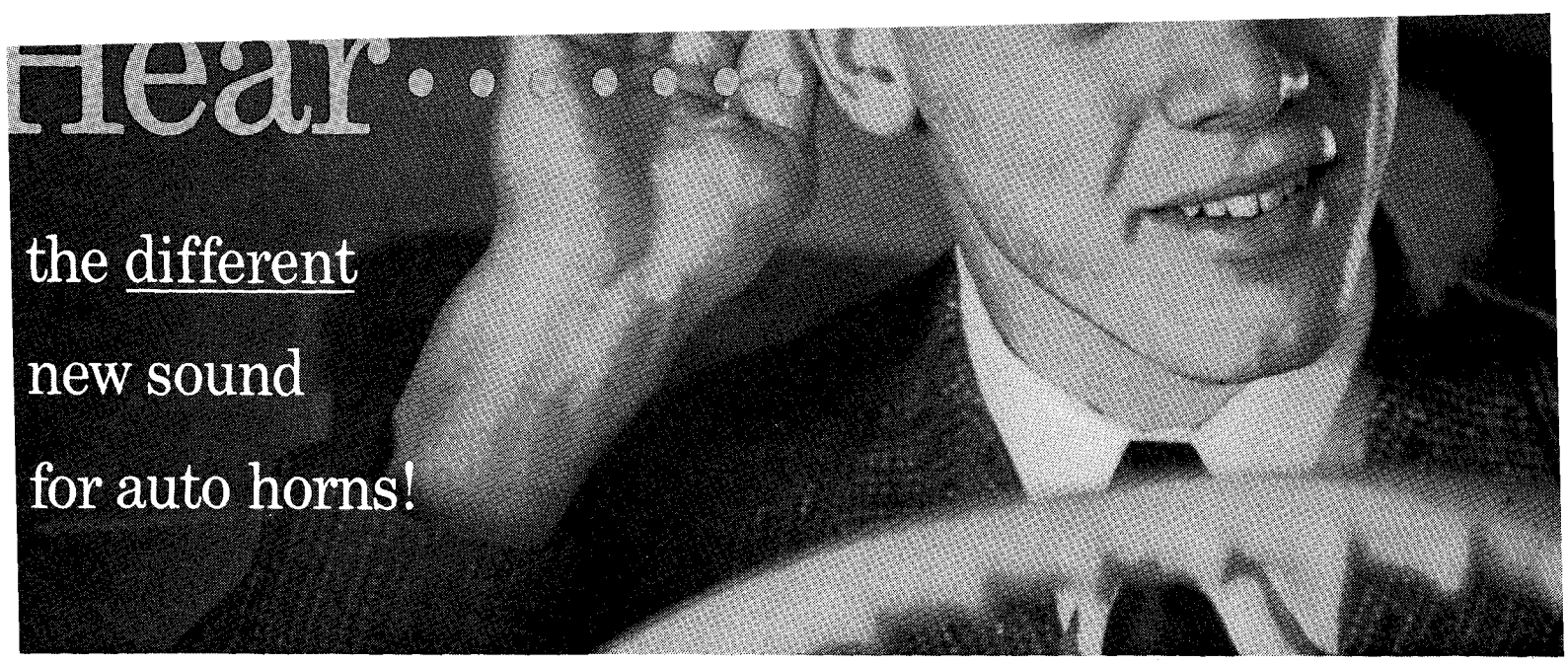

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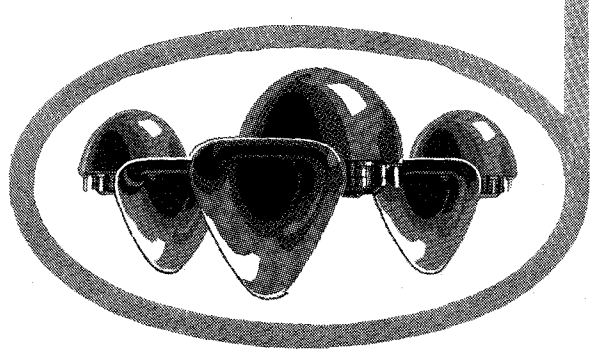

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(*Continued from Page 108*) ready? Play." There was a buzz of amazement in the stands, caused by the unusual prologue from the lips of G. Watlington Vandergrift and reflected in equal consternation at the officials' table, where P. Whitsuntide Hawley, still spry for all his seventy-four years, expressed his willingness to go on in place of the incumbent arbiter.

"G. Watlington's popped his cork," Hawley cackled to the executive vice-president of the association. "Get him down off of there before he makes a travesty out of this."

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"They're already playing," the executive vice-president said, a little sadly. "Maybe G. Watlington was just having a little joke."

"He hasn't told a joke since the Hoover Administration."

The executive vice-president said, "Well, he was overdue, then! Sit down, Hawley!"

The match went on. Games went with service through 3-all. Then Wilson Lord twice overdrove the base line and let Jerry pass him, and the score was 0–40, Lord serving. Jerry took the serve on his backhand and sent it back along the side line. Lord met it with a running forehand that ripped across the net for the deep cross corner. It struck exquisitely on the corner itself, and Jerry could see the chalk dance.

"Out!" It was the farthermost of the back linesmen.

There was a buzz from the crowd, and Wilson Lord took his racket and threw it into the net.

Jerry Shaw looked up at the umpire. "That looked in to me, sir."

G. Watlington Vandergrift studied him for a moment. "What did you say?"

"There was nothing wrong with it," Jerry said. "The ball was in."

"Why are you saying this, Shaw?"

"As your prospective son-in-law," Jerry Shaw said, "I wish to impress you with my honesty, courage, respect for mom and her apple pie, depth of character and neo-Princetonian education. Besides, the ball was in. Your guy blew the call."

"He is not," the umpire said in level tones, "my guy. And I might add that you, Shaw, are not my prospective son-in-law. My prospective son-in-law happens to be standing hard by, untangling his racket from the net." He grasped the microphone and intoned, "Mr. Shaw wins the seventh game. He leads, four games to three, first set."

They changed sides, and Jerry could not help observing that the look that passed between G. Watlington Vandergrift and Wilson Lord was not exactly what one would call familial. Jerry smiled over at Marianne. She smiled back, and he boomed his service over so hard that Wilson Lord barely got it back. In for the kill, Jerry batted the ball sideways, out of play. It was a sportsmanlike gesture that did not go unappreciated by the gallery.

"Love-fifteeyun," G. Watlington Vandergrift said.

Jerry served again and came to the net for a put-away. They exchanged points until Wilson Lord led at 30–40. He got Jerry's next serve back, but he overhit, and Jerry let it go by. The ball hit back of the base line by maybe half a foot, and Jerry waited for the linesman's call. But no call came.

Whatever else he might have been, G. Watlington Vandergrift was essentially a fair man. He gazed uncomfortably at the spot where it seemed to him the ball had landed.

Then he said into the microphone, "Was that ball in?"

The linesman, a fat man in a brown suit, nodded his head.

"Games are four-all, first set," the umpire said.

Jerry Shaw batted a spare ball over the net so that Wilson Lord would have plenty to serve with, and then he smiled pleasantly at the linesman behind him.

"Meet me after, Fatty," he said. "I am going to make you eat a tennis ball, fuzz and all."

"Shut up, Shaw," Fatty said.

Wilson Lord scored with a drop shot and drew a scattering of boos for not returning Shaw's earlier gesture of sportsmanship.

"Fifteeyun-love," G. Watlington Vandergrift said.

He gave Wilson Lord a dirty look. The latter returned it in kind, and proceeded to double-fault two times running. He could not pull the game out, hitting patiently outside at game point and sneering audibly at the linesman who called it. They changed sides again, and this time Jerry Shaw held his service and won the set, 6–4.

"Mr. Shaw wins the first set," G. Watlington Vandergrift said. "There will be a ten-minute intermission."

At the officials' table, P. Whitsuntide Hawley leaped to his feet anew. "I told you G. Watlington tossed his wig!" he declared. "He's calling intermissions after the first set. According to Rule Forty-Seven, Subsection Five, Clause A, as amended at the 1948 meeting of the Eastern Association, an intermission may be proclaimed only after ——"

The executive vice-president said, "Clam up, Hawley."

"—— the third set of an uncompleted match," P. Whitsuntide Hawley concluded. "What did you say?"

"Knock it off, Rule Book," the executive vice-president said. "What is anybody going to do?"

On the court, meanwhile, Jerry Shaw blew a kiss to Marianne and went through the gate across the court from the marquee and into the small area beneath the stands where players and officials were wont to congregate at intermission time. He found G. Watlington Vandergrift and Wilson Lord engaged in heated debate.

"You," the umpire was saying, "are a poor sport. You have betrayed your breeding."

Jerry Shaw said amiably, "What breeding was that?"

"You keep out of this, Shaw," the umpire said.

Wilson Lord said, "You seem to forget one thing. I am going to marry your daughter."

G. Watlington Vandergrift said, "A, that has nothing to do with your tennis game. B, I wouldn't be so sure if I were you. Marianne has a mind of her own."

"Ah," Wilson Lord scoffed. "Your daughter does whatever you say."

"Well, I say she has a mind of her own. . . . Wipe that smile off your face, Shaw."

"Yes, sir," Jerry Shaw said." I'm happy to see you coming around."

"I am not coming around, as you put it," the umpire said. "I merely called an intermission to inform your antagonist, here, that his ethics are deplorable."

Wilson Lord said, "Never mind my ethics, Mushmouth."

"Oh," the umpire said. "So it's Mushmouth, is it? . . . Did you hear that, Shaw?"

"Terrible," Jerry Shaw said. Then the stadium chimes sounded and they went out to complete the match.

It seemed to Jerry, as the event progressed, that something was troubling Wilson Lord. The close ones appeared to go universally against him. And the voice of G. Watlington Vandergrift grew ever more acidulous as it traced Lord's downfall.

Downfall it was. Trailing and at match point, a pitifully un-co-ordinated Wilson Lord wound up and served one right into the paunch of the fat linesman in the brown suit. Pinkerton men appeared. It was a riotous ending. Jerry Shaw won the thing, 6–4, 6–4, 6–2, and permitted the photographers to snap him with one arm around Marianne and the other around her father.

He was on Page I of the papers the next morning. LORD REFUSES TO SHAKE HANDS, said one of the headlines; another: NEW YORK BOY MAKES GOOD. That afternoon, New York boy made bad as Jerry Shaw, still under a hypnotic trance bred of equal parts love and success, went out to take on Meyerhoff, the defending champion, and got destroyed 6–0, 6–0, 6–1.

"I gave you that one game," Meyerhoff said afterward, "as a wedding present. You want my opinion, Shaw, you're a bum."

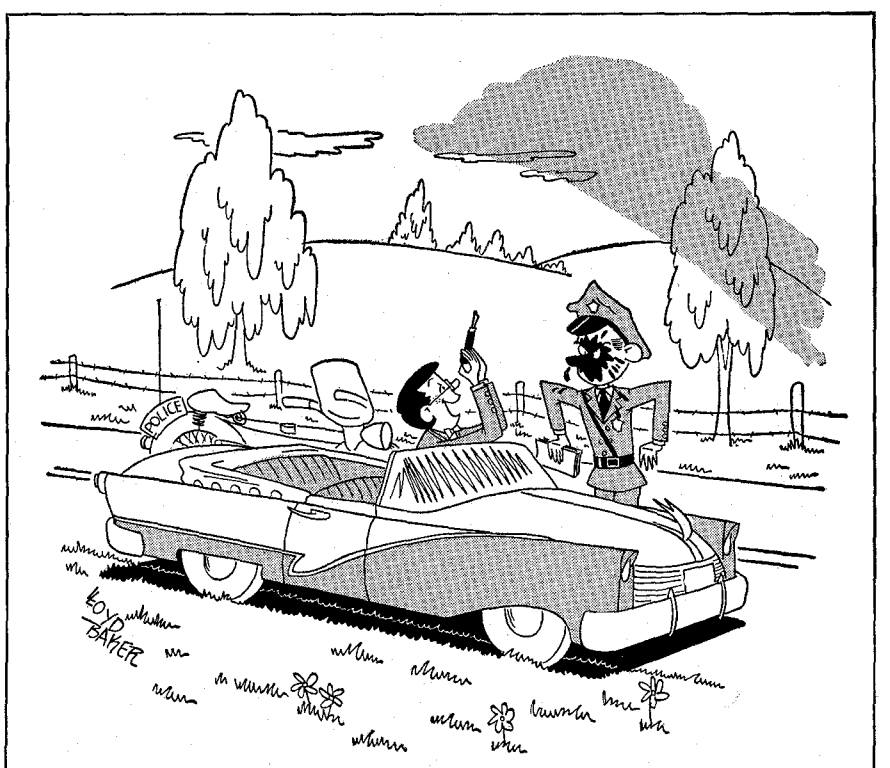
"But a good sport withal," Jerry said. "Note the effusion with which I congratulated you following the match."

"Touching," Meyerhoff said.

"Yes," Jerry said. "You want to know something, tennis is a game, not a way of life. You know?"

"Very profound," Meyerhoff said. "Hip-hip."

G. Watlington Vandergrift came into the locker room and took off his straw hat. "I always said you were a bum, Shaw," he stated, not unkindly. "How did the Phillies make out?" THE END



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I Thee Do Wed (Continued from Page 41)

blue, with a wide white collar, she was a pretty sight. She and the young man were talking softly, and then, laughing over his shoulder, he went down the steps and mounted his horse. He lifted a hand to John and Allifaire and rode away at a canter, tall and easy in the saddle. There was a time, John thought, when he had been a young buck like Tom Hazelrig, with little besides a pacing mare and a hankering to see what lay over the next hill.

"We've lived neighbors to the Hazelrigs for nigh onto eleven years," he said mildly. "They're good people who go to church meeting and tend to their own knitting. We've stood by each other in times of sickness and trouble. I can't go and tell their boy to stay away from our girl. Not now, I can't. Tom's been in and out of our house for years."

"But lately it's different," Allifaire said. The color had left her face and she was pale. "He's got the roving fever, and today—this morning I saw Mary Jo sorting her clothes in the big chest, as though—as though she might be going—away." She paused, drew a long breath; then went on, "I'm afraid he might steal her away—and it's a long way up there, and not thick-settled."

"Still, if he wants to marry her and ——"

Allifaire sprang to her feet. "I won't have it!" she cried. "I won't have her go off to that Godforsaken country, with not even neighbors nigh! I told her so—this morning! I told her she'd best forget him."

John rose, stood facing her. "You told her that?" He shook his head. "What did she say?"

"She just looked at me and didn't answer a word." She met his gaze and her eyes seemed to burn into him. "When my pa told me I couldn't wed a fiddle-foot by the name of John Killane, I didn't answer him either." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I ran away."

John fought the answering anger that rose in him and said as gently as he could, "Yes, you ran off. I stole you away. But still and all, we've done pretty good. In seventeen years we never went hungry, and now we're better off than most. Surely you didn't make such a bad bargain, did you?"

Her eyes lifted past the amber field of wheat to the far hill where sheep grazed along the slope. It was a peaceful scene, John thought, following her gaze. If there was one thing that could make a man feel close to his Maker, it was wide fields of ripening grain and grazing sheep. And this year of 1846 was the best crop year he could ever recall.

"Nearly seventeen years and eight young 'uns," Allifaire said, biting off the words with sharp emphasis. "Seven living, and one on yon hill."

"Fine young 'uns," John declared. With an awkward gesture he put an arm around her waist and tried to draw her to him. "Surely you never rued the day, did you, Allie?"

She drew away from his arm. When she turned her head blue fires seemed to burn in her eyes, but they held no warmth. "Many's the times I've rued it," she said.

The impact of her words was slow to reach him, slow to find a tender spot where it hurt, but the impact came, and it shook him to his boots. He stood before her, and there was sadness in his voice as he asked, "Have I failed you, then? I thought I had been a good man to you."

Again she gave him the level look that was like a physical thrust. "A woman needs signs and tokens," she said clearly.

Lifting her basket, she went toward the house.

John sat down on the chopping block again and went back over the past, sifting it day by day, year by year, in his mind. He recalled Allifaire's happy disposition, the way she sang at her work, the way she stood shoulder to shoulder with him, always toting fair. A busy woman, a wise woman who wove laughter through her days. Nothing that he could bring to mind made an answer to the words she had said, and they lay upon him, a troubling thing: "Many's the times I've rued it.... A woman needs signs and tokens."

He saw the three younger children come around the house and sit down in the Lombardy shade to play. All three of them favored their ma in looks. Mary Jo and David were like him, with their black hair and clear olive skin. The twins, Cleora and Clyde, were about halfway between, with brown hair and blue eyes and Allifaire's white skin.

They were comely children and it was a prideful thing to have four boys growing up. Take David now. At fourteen he could handle a team and plow as straight a furrow as any man. Mary Jo could weave a web of cloth, card wool and spin yarn, and all of them knew how to hackle and scutch flax. The older girls could set up a piece of linen on the loom as handy as you please.

As though in answer to his thoughts, Mary Jo came across the yard and sat down on a log near him. "Admiring your wheat, pa?"

He laughed, feeling better. "Might be. Sure is a pretty sight as ever a man flashed his eyes on. Just look at 'er!"

"It's pretty, all right." She leaned forward. "Pa, you going to the settlement soon, to do winter trading?"

John looked at her fondly. "Maybe so. And what would you be wanting, puss?"

She laughed. "Pa, you know me so well. You see right through me."

He shook his head. "I just know young 'uns. Dave now, he came sidling up to me the other day and hinted that he was old enough to have a saddle of his own. I was just pondering what you have your mind set on—a music box or maybe a locket?"

"Pa, I want me a silk dress. When we were in the settlement last spring, I saw the goods. It's blue, one way you look at it, but when it catches the light the other way, there's a greenish sheen. Changeable, you might say. I want a dress off that stuff."

"You're a mite young for such fancy fixings, seems to me. What would you be wanting with a silk dress?"

She gave him a coquettish glance. "I'm almost sixteen," she said. Her glowing look told him that to be almost sixteen was a goodly thing. "I'll soon be as old as mamma was when she was wed," she added, and quick color surged from throat to brow.

Worry nibbled at his mind as he recalled talk of fur trading on Snake River, but he tried to take comfort in the thought that Mary Jo was not thinking of running away. She wanted to be married at home, in a blue silk dress. He knew it as surely as though she had spoken the words. Still, his heart gave a lurch as he thought of this daughter up in that rough, unbroken country that was Oregon. Like Allifaire, he was selfish enough to want her safe—at home. At any rate, Allifaire would be relieved to know that Mary Jo was not planning to run away.

"We'll see about it," he said at last, and ended on a great sigh.

She jumped up, laughing. "Thank you, pa. Thank you kindly." She went toward the house, high-headed and proud.

"Little minx," he muttered, but a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. She knew she'd get her dress, all right.

It was almost chore time, but he sat on, his mind, like fingers, threading the years, sorting them out. The reaching fingers went further back, to the days when he had gone galloping around on a red-roan mare with little cash money in his buckskin breeches. A wild, adventurous young buck, until he met pretty Allifaire Converse, the sunny-haired girl whom he courted and stole away in the night.

The memory of that night came back with vividness. By daybreak he had put many miles between them and her irate father. Before nightfall he had trafficked the mare for a wagon and oxen, and they had joined a wagon train heading west. The long hard months of travel came back as clearly as though it had been yesterday. He remembered the night they landed in this rich valley, where they camped. The following morning, the remainder of the train moved on, seeking a place nearer the settlement. Allifaire and he stayed. There had been no time to lose, with a cabin to be built, land to be cleared for spring, and winter coming on. Here they had begun life together, with the forest behind them, unknown country around them. Here promises had been made, vows exchanged. "As soon as we can, we'll go to the settlement—as soon as we can."

Allifaire's voice, warm, trusting, "John, I'm your wife as surely —— John, I belong to you."

His Allifaire, young, undaunted, unafraid. He put his head down in his hands, trying to shut out the picture. A man could be blind sometimes. Now, after all the years, Allifaire was speaking strange words. Was this what she meant? But surely not. The Bible said, "—— and they shall be one flesh." That was the way of it. It had never been otherwise.

David and Clyde came down the path with the cedar milk buckets in their hands. John rose to join them. Time to chore.

The big kitchen was a cheerful place that evening, John thought. It was good to see the family gathered here, the table laid with the linen cloth that Allifaire had woven in honeycomb design from their own flax. The night had turned cool and a little fire crackled on the hearth. Childish talk and laughter made a lively background for its pleasant crackling. It gave him a feeling of well-being to sit in this room that bore the imprint of so many years of gentle living.

The fat hand-molded candles stood on the mantel, the yellow cat dozed in the corner. Dan'l and Lutie sat at one edge of the hearth, building a corncob house, while Thad, who was nine, squatted on the floor watching Clyde notch out an alder whistle and peel the bark from it. David was working on an ax handle, his first one. At last it was shaped to his liking, with a good heft to it, and now, with a piece of broken glass, he was polishing it down. David would make a good farmer, his father thought with satisfaction. He had knowledge in his head and in his fingers, and there was a lot of "git up and go" to him. A fine lad, for sure.

Cleora came in from the cook shed with a yellow (Continued on Page 115)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Bessie, in mortal terror of her estranged husband, jumped into a taxicab to escape him. She begged the driver not to let her husband in, but the driver did nothing. The cab drove off with the husband threatening to kill Bessie if she did not return to him. When she refused, he drew a pistol and wounded her. For all this, Bessie blamed and sued the cab company.

"It was the cab driver's duty to protect me as a passenger," she contended, "especially after I asked him not to let my husband get into the cab."

"I've been warned never to come between husbands and wives in their lovers' quarrels," the driver replied. "Besides, how was I to know that he was packing a gun?"

If you were the judge, would you make the cab company pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The company had to pay. The court said a transportation company is obligated "to protect its passengers from the misconduct of fellow passengers" whenever it knows of threatened injury or may reasonably anticipate violence.

Based upon a 1954 Kansas decision.

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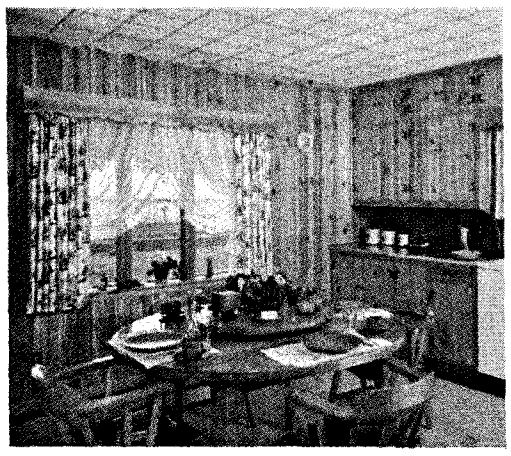

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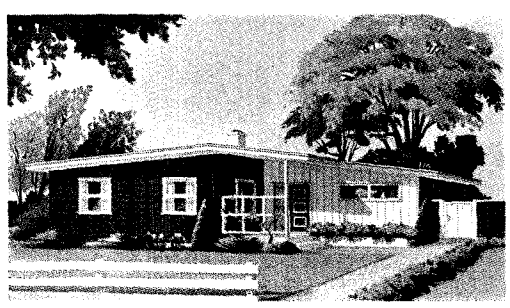

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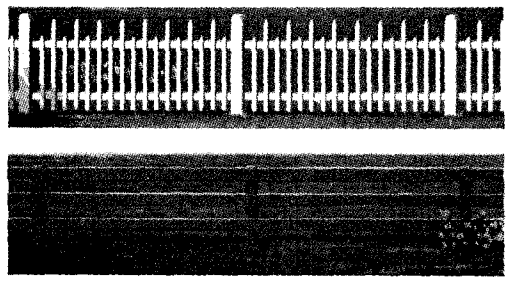

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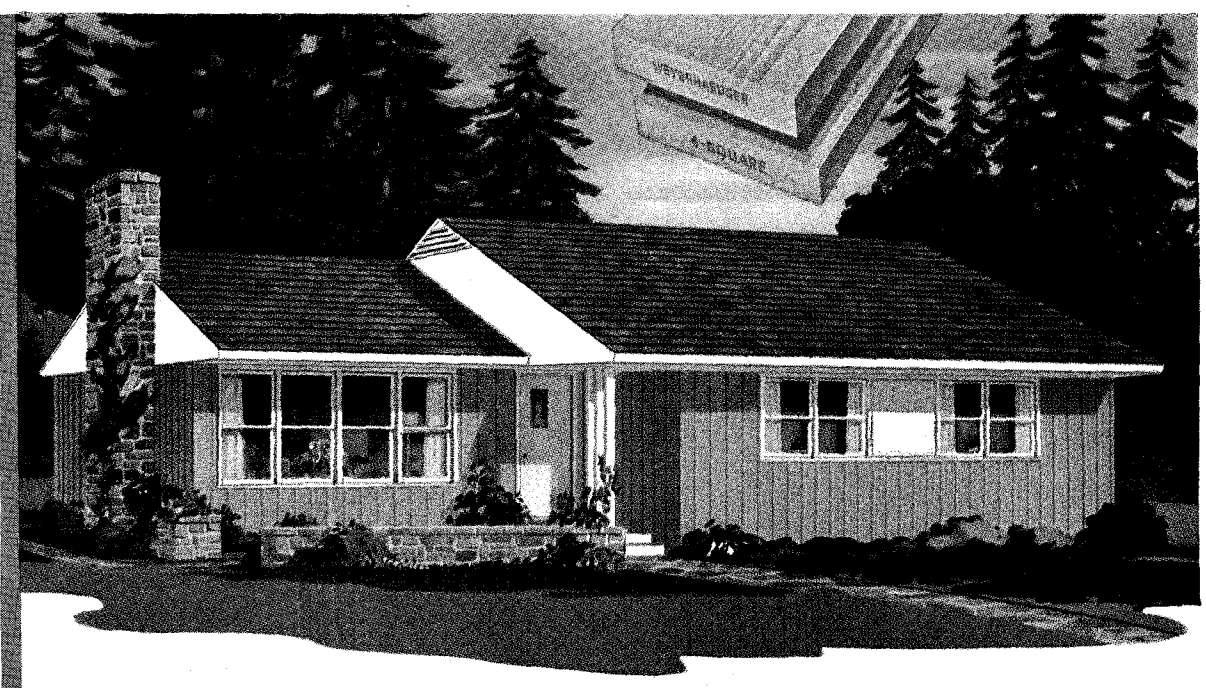

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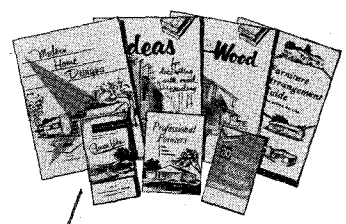

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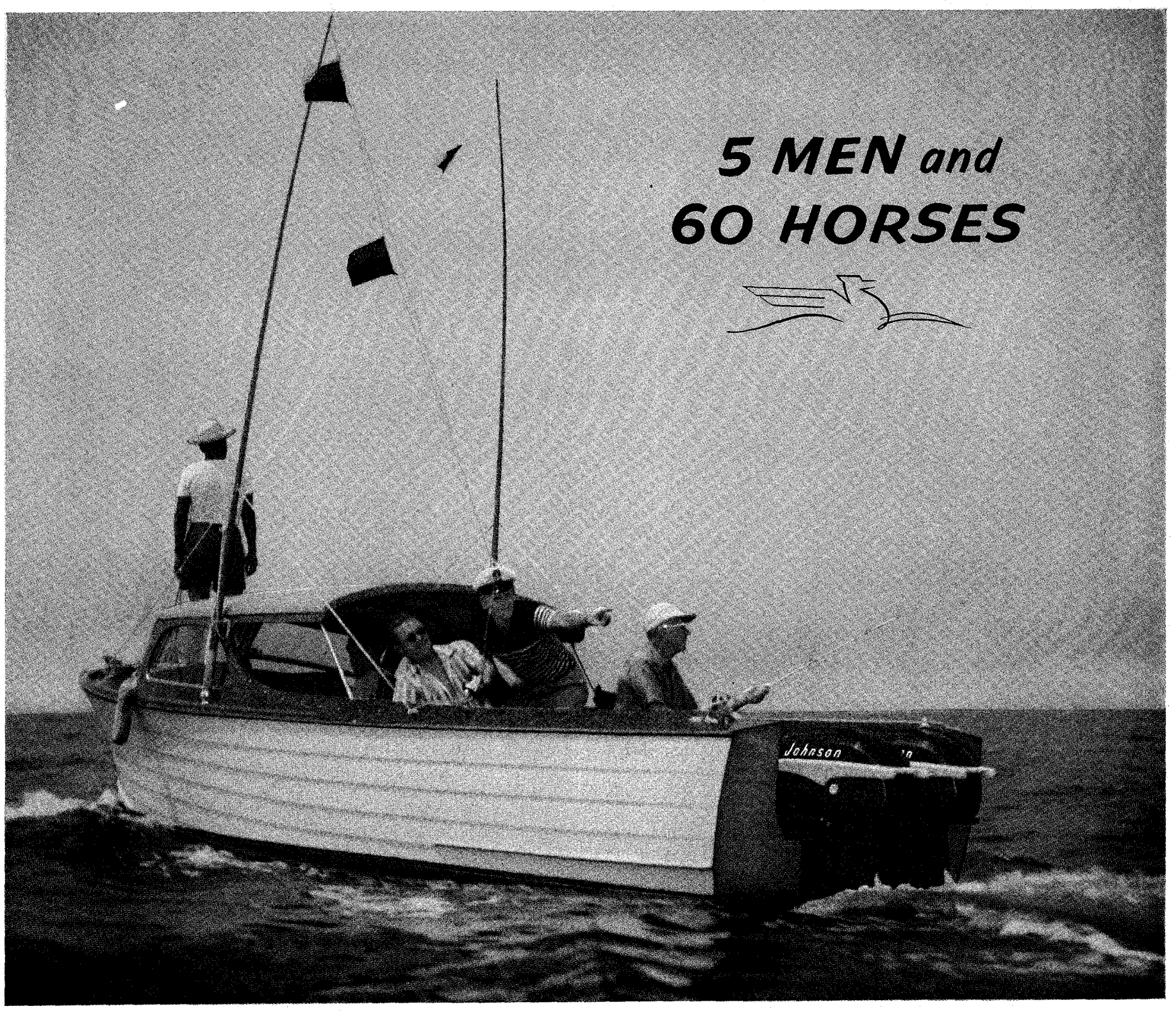

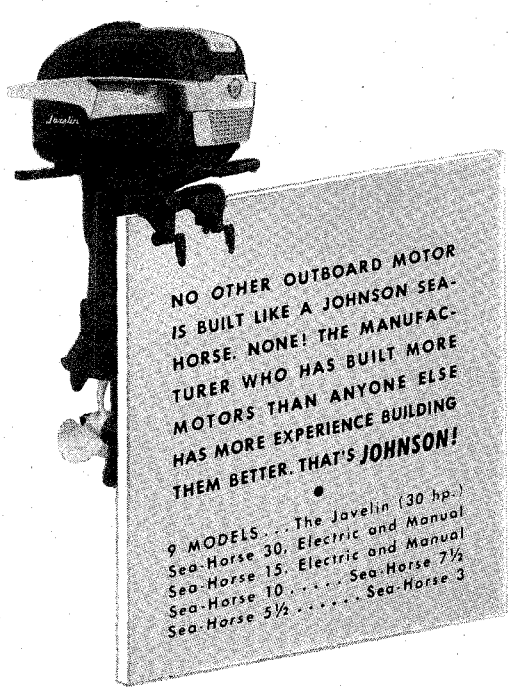
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(*Continued from Page 112*) bowl of potatoes, steaming hot. At twelve, Cleora was a little on the plump side, but she would be pretty when she was older, for she had glossy hair and fair skin, and her eyes were as blue as her mother's. Mary Jo brought in a long platter of ham meat swimming in red gravy, and Allifaire followed with a plate of hot biscuits.

"Supper's on," she said, and there was a scraping of chairs as the family drew up and filled places. Every head bowed while John asked the blessing, "Dear Lord, make us thankful for these victuals, amen."

Plates, that had been placed on the table bottom sides up when the dishes were washed, were turned and filled. Talk spun out like yarn—gentle family talk of pigs, wheat and corn.

"We've a bumper crop this year," John said. "We've been mightily blessed. I reckon we can buy some of the things we've done without."

Allifaire looked up. "There's some things that can't be bought—important things. A man can get so satisfied with himself and his work and all, he forgets."

John paused with his fork halfway to his mouth and stared at her. Though she spoke in her usual mild tone of voice, her words carried a force that hit him like a blow. He bent his head and went on eating, but food no longer tasted good. Cleora fetched a bowl of warm egg butter for dessert, and though the aroma of molasses cooked with beaten egg enticed him, he did not taste it.

Mary Jo went to the cookshed for more biscuits, and when she came back she was singing, as she often did, an old ballad, The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, "*And the bailiff's daughter she stayed at home and so cunningly she stole a-wa-a-ay, and so cunningly she stole away.*"

Across the table he met Allifaire's startled eyes, and they seemed to be accusing him, condemning him. He rose and went out into the cool night. The sky was a big black pincushion stuck full of stars, with the moon for a brooch right in the middle of it. A little wind tiptoed across the field, bringing a faint fragrance of clover in its fist. Night sounds were all around him—hogs stirring and grunting in the hog lot, birds chirping sleepily in the cedars. Now and then the faint tinkle of cow bells came to him from the pasture under the hickory trees, where the cows were bedded down.

A night like any other, and yet, for John, everything was changed. His mind kept going back over the past like a dog on a remembered trail, and he could not bring it to heel. He was bewildered and confused by strange contradictions. And by the complex thing called conscience, that now began to make certain demands upon him. Here was a case where logic and reason didn't seem to apply.

For almost seventeen years he had lived with the woman of his choice and they had been happy, fruitful years. There had been no flaw in their relationship, no lack. Suddenly Allifaire had turned upon him and started talking about signs and tokens. What had not been a problem since the very beginning now became one, not only in Allifaire's mind but in his own as well. He admitted it to himself, while he wondered how a man went about making up for an omission that had not been an omission at all, but merely an inconvenience.

He remembered the first year after they came and settled in Missouri, the hard winter when he hunted to supply their meat, and worked from dawn to dusk to get ready for a crop. By the time the circuit rider came to the settlement, Allifaire was expecting Mary Jo, and he had been too busy to make the long trek, even if she had been able.

The following autumn, neighbors had settled nine miles away and they had needed assistance in getting a house up before cold weather. Together they had organized church meetings, riding horseback on Sundays to hold services in a grove, where they sang hymns, read from God's word and prayed. Time slipped by, another neighbor moving near, another baby born, seasons following seasons, until the thought of admitting a lack or an omission in their lives to either a visiting preacher or to their neighbors would have been painfully embarrassing, almost sacrilegious.

The Lord had blessed their union. He had given them increase and they had known happiness in great measure. Now his daughter, his beloved Mary Jo, was desirable in a young man's eyes, and her mother had said ". . . not be thick-settled . . ." and John understood. Now, when something she had never seemed to mind for herself threatened Mary Jo, she minded terribly, not only for Mary Jo but, in some strange way, for herself too.

After a time, he went back to the kitchen, where the dishes had been washed and the plates turned bottom side up on the table, ready for breakfast. The children had gone to bed and Allifaire was moving about the living room, putting things to rights.

He stood in the doorway and said, "Allifaire, I ——"

But she turned to him, interrupting: "Mr. Killane, you go to bed if you've a mind to. I'm going to do a little mending before I retire."

Mr. Killane! It sounded almost like an insult. He clamped his jaw tight and swallowed. "I just wanted to say that I've decided to go to the settlement day after tomorrow, for the winter trading. You might be making a list of your needs."

She did not answer and he strode into the bed chamber. He had been starting to tell her about Mary Jo and the blue silk, hoping to ease her fears of an elopement and so pave the way to dissolving this thing that lay between them like a tangible wall. But now, calming down as he lay alone in the big bed, he decided that it was as well he had not made the attempt—not yet. There was too much more to it than Mary Jo; and as he remembered the tight stillness of Allifaire's face and the coldness of her voice, it seemed to him as though she was putting the dare on him to be the one to give words to her grievance. But though he knew at last what it was, he did not want to bring it into the open until he could offer the remedy.

After a while, as his plan took shape, he knew what he had to do. It would embarrass them both, but they would have to face it. He felt a thread of anger stir in him again. She was the one who had brought them to this pass, with her sulking and her talk of signs and tokens. Such injury as he had done her had never been deliberate; she was unfair to act as though it had.

The following morning at breakfast he asked the blessing, then turned to Mary Jo. "Daughter, can you and Dave take care of things while your mother and I go to the settlement?"

Mary Jo's face was bright with anticipation. "Of course, we can, pa. Are you going to do the winter trading?"

"Yes, we are. We'll leave at first bird whistle in the morning, spend the night and be back Saturday."

Allifaire spoke. "I do not deem it wise to go away and leave the children and all the things to be done."

"Go ahead, mamma," David said quickly. "Mary Jo and I can hold the fort here. We'll make out first rate."

"I'll not be needed," Allifaire said. "I'll stay at home where I belong."

John had never made a habit of giving Allifaire orders, but she had to go, and he was in no mood to prolong the argument. "I've a mind to make one trip do for winter trading. I want you to be ready to leave early in the morning." Her mouth tightened and she said nothing, but the silence hummed with things she did not say.

Later that day, John saw her freshening her green cashmere dress by sponging it, and steaming the long black plume on her gray hat by holding it over the boiling teakettle. She glazed her kid shoes with egg white until they looked like new. She had nothing to say to John. Perhaps her yesterday's anger would have melted by now if he had been less severe with her this morning; he didn't know, but it was

"That takes care of Beethoven—who shall we polish off next?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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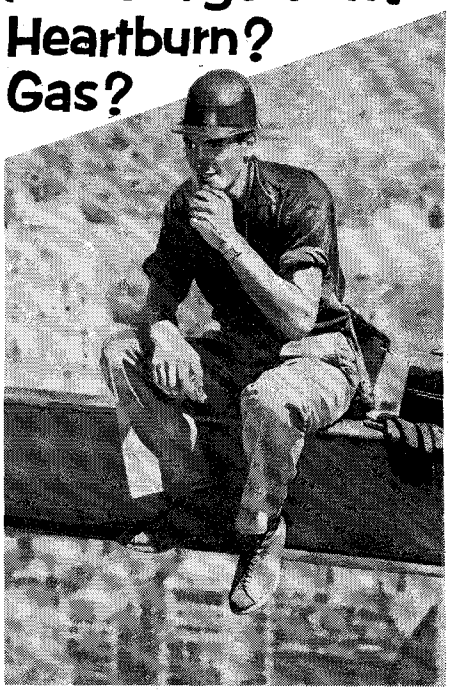

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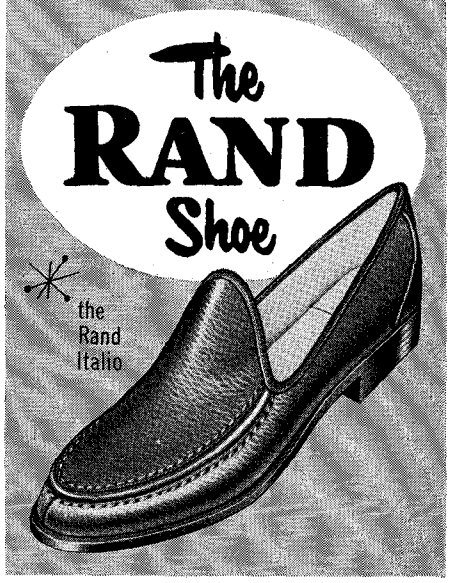

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not today that mattered; it was tomorrow. Nursing his own complex emotions, he made no overtures.

The children's sense of responsibility pleased John mightily. He instructed them on feeding and tending the stock, while Allifaire reminded them to pen up the late chicks at night, lest varmints carry them away. She told them to be careful of fire, and to be sure and wash their feet before going to bed.

The children said, "Yes, pa," and "Yes, mamma," solemnly, but with their eyes dancing.

That night stiffly starched petticoats hung over the back of a chair in the bed chamber and John found his black suit brushed and pressed. In bed, he lay well over on his own side, wakeful and wondering how the next day would go. It still bothered him just how he was going to bring about what had to be done. The only way he could think of was to go directly to Brother Harper, when he reached the settlement, and tell him the whole story. He was a good man and a good friend. He would understand.

They were ready before dawn the next morning. The rig stood at the gate, with David holding the lines. He had brushed and curried the bays until their coats glistened. They were in fine fettle, tossing their heads and stamping, eager to be off.

Allifaire, looking very handsome in a black fringed shawl, seemed nervous, which was unusual for her. She said pointedly that it was foolhardy for her to go off to the settlement at this time. Mr. Killane could have gone alone just as well. She hoped he realized that something could happen to the children while they were away.

David, who had assumed the role of protector, scoffed at the idea. "If the young 'uns was to get sick, we could doctor 'em," he said largely. "We'd look in Doctor King's book and fix up some remedies the way you do, mamma. We've watched you do it lots of times. We know how."

"Of course, you do," John agreed. "You can take care of things."

The children kissed their mother, and Mary Jo said, "Now have a right good time and don't worry about us. We'll be cozy as can be."

John took his seat beside Allifaire, tucked the lap robe around their knees, flapped the lines over the backs of the bays, and they were away in a fine clatter of wheels, leaving the children waving from the porch.

As they drove through the green countryside between low-lying hills, Allifaire was quiet. She usually enjoyed a journey and commented on everything she saw. John, too, remained silent, impatient with what he deemed her childish attitude in blaming him for something that was not wholly his fault. However, when he glanced at her face and saw tears on her cheeks, his anger melted like ice before the sun.

He put an arm around her, drew her to his side. "Allie, what's the matter? Why are you acting like this? If you ——"

"How can you be so calm?" she cried out, and fumbled in her reticule for a kerchief. "Can't you see that Tom Hazelrig's fixing to steal Mary Jo and light out for Oregon? How do you know he won't take her while we're gone? And they may never find a preacher in that awful ——"

"Now wait a minute." John drew the team to the side of the trail and wrapped the reins around the whip socket. He put both hands on Allifaire's arms and turned her to face him. Seeing her tear-wet eyes and trembling mouth, a great tenderness welled up in him and he was ashamed that he had let her worry, when he could have told her about his talk with Mary Jo. With his own kerchief he wiped her eyes, then tilted her chin until she was forced to look at him. "Tom's not going to steal Mary Jo. She has her mind set on being married at home, or I miss my guess."

"How do you know?" Allifaire demanded, searching his face. "What makes you think that?"

"She commissioned me to buy blue silk, and she just as good as told me it was for a wedding dress. She said she was as old as you were when you were wed, or something of the sort. So, when young Tom asks for her hand, we're not going to stand in the way of our daughter's happiness. We're going to give them our blessing and let her be married at home, right and proper, as a girl should."

Allifaire's face was averted and she waited a long while, not moving. When at last she turned her head, though her lashes were still wet and clung together in little groups, a smile began in her eyes and blossomed on her tremulous mouth. One hand smoothed the lap robe over her knee.

"Blue silk," she said softly.

They reached their destination in mid-afternoon. John drove to the Kellam House, which was the best inn the town afforded, and instructed the boy who came to wait upon them to leave the team at the livery stable until they called for it. Inside he signed the dingy, fly-specked register, then took Allifaire to the hotel dining room for a belated dinner.

After the meal, he passed a heavy chamois bag across the table to her. "Do what trading you can," he told her, "and we'll finish in the morning. I'll buy Dave a saddle and the dress goods for Mary Jo, but you buy presents for the other kids. And meet me here at a quarter to six, sharp."

"I'll be here." She started away, then turned back. "The silk—get plenty."

John watched her go, rubbing his chin with his knuckle; then remembering that the afternoon was far spent, he hurried across the street to the leather shop. He purchased a saddle for David, and a bridle with a braided rein, then went down the street to the dry-goods store.

The proprietor brought down several bolts of silk, but John, recalling Mary Jo's description of what she wanted, explained that it had to have two colors. Mr. Mills rummaged under the counter and came up with two bolts, one blue and green changeable, the other showing pink and brown tones. John chose the blue, with a half-sad feeling. When Allifaire left Kentucky she had brought along a sky-blue worsted trimmed with ribbon to be married in. She had saved it for a long time. It hurt to remember that.

There had been a great torment in his mind when he thought of going to Brother Harper with his trouble, but some news that he picked up while doing his trading made this unnecessary. Much relieved, he paid a visit to the jeweler shop, then went to the hotel barbershop for a haircut and shave. He came out later, smelling, he thought, like a patch of clover. To his surprise, Allifaire was waiting.

Her hair was tidy and she looked fresh and pretty. "I bought all of the presents, and some of the things we need for winter," she said, "but I want you to go along to trade for boots and such. We might have time before the store closes, if we hurry."

"No, ma'am, that can wait until morning," John said firmly. "We've other things to tend to."

It was after sundown when they stepped outside and John led the way down to the Enterprise Hotel. At the desk he told the clerk he had an appointment with Mr. Nichols.

"Go right up, sir," the clerk said politely. "First door on your right, at the head of the stairs."

"Where are we going?" Allifaire asked as they climbed the steps.

"You'll see," John told her, and rapped on the door.

A man opened the door. He was past middle age, with a quiet, gentle face. His eyes looked as though they had seen far vistas. "Come right in, brother and sister." He held the door wide. "Come right in."

John said, "Brother Nichols, I want you to meet my wife, Allifaire. Allifaire, this is the Reverend Mr. Joel Nichols, from Ohio. He and his family are traveling to California."

John felt rather than saw her quick, questing glance at him; then she shook hands with the old man, who said, "I'm right proud and honored to meet you, ma'am. Your man spoke very highly of you when I talked with him earlier today." He indicated chairs. "Won't you please be seated?" He went to an inner door and called, "Amelia, will you and Jenny come here, please?"

They came—a small, pretty woman with a friendly smile, and a young woman whose pallor and frailness indicated a recent illness. The old man introduced his family, explaining that they were on their way west in the hope that a change of climate would improve the daughter's health.

"Now," said the old man, "if you two will kindly stand here and join hands ——"

John drew Allifaire to her feet, and when he took her hand in his, he could feel a small pulse beating in her palm. The old man drew a book from his pocket, adjusted his spectacles and began to read.

John lost some of the words, but some of them he caught and held on to, such words as "love . . . honor . . . cherish . . . until death." Then the kindly old voice said, "I now pronounce you man and wife. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. Amen."

The little old lady kissed Allifaire and said, "I hope you'll be very happy together." John pressed some money upon the old preacher; they shook hands all around; then John took his wife's arm and led her down the stairs, out into the gathering twilight.

They had walked a few steps when John said, "I forgot something."

He drew her to a window from which light streamed in a golden square, fumbled in his pocket and brought out a wide gold ring. With passers-by walking around them, he took her hand and slipped the ring on her finger. As they walked on, he thought she might be crying again. Her head was bent and her hat brim shadowed her face.

He searched his mind for words, choosing them carefully. "Allie, I'm a rough jasper and I'm slow to think, but ——"

Her hand touched his arm, and when she lifted her face he saw in the dim light that it looked calm and serene. "Don't say any more, John," she said softly. "There's no need for words. Nothing's changed."

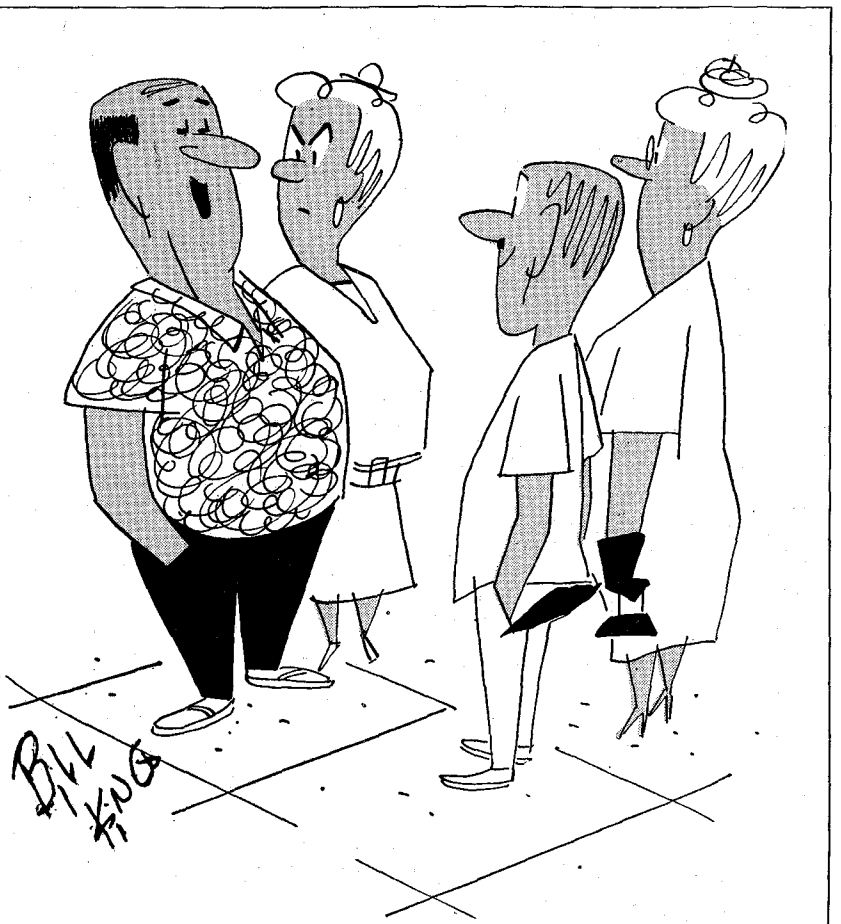
He drew her hand beneath his arm, pressed it to his side. "You're right," he said, "nothing's changed. You've always been—mine."

Later, when they went into the hotel dining room for supper, he thought that Allifaire was the handsomest woman in the room. There was a sparkle in her eyes and soft color glowed in her cheeks.

Suddenly she leaned across the table. "John, Mary Jo's dress—you had me in such a whirl I never did get around to look at it. First thing in the morning, I want to get some lace to trim it—cream-colored silk lace, I think. And some plush to make her a cape, with something pretty and soft for lining. That would be nice for traveling."

John watched her fondly, smiling a little. Give a woman a wedding to plan, he thought, and your troubles were over.

THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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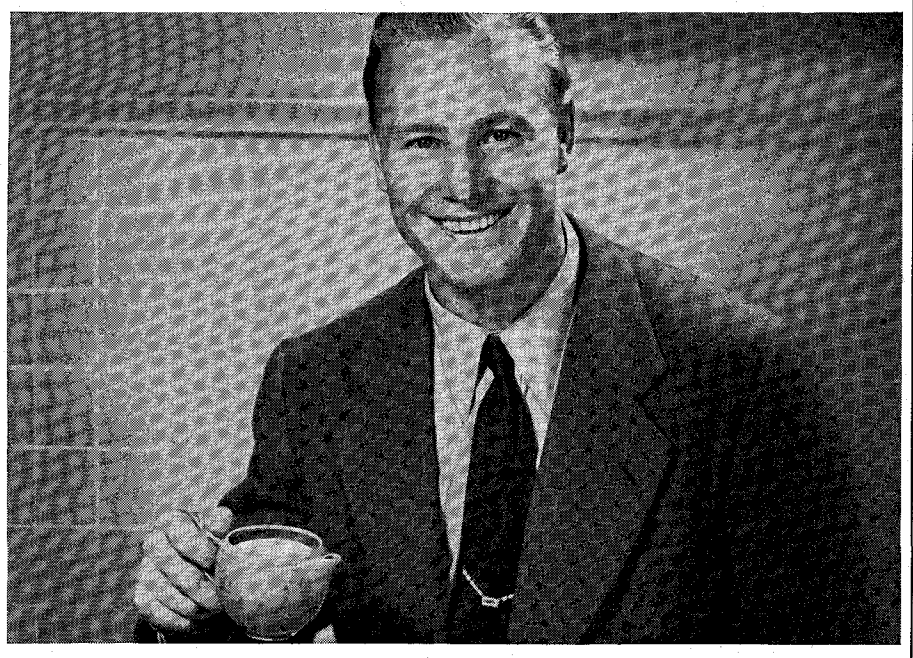

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The Hunter and the Hunted

(Continued from Page 37)

the old Desolado plantation, neglected for years and a perfect hiding place for such a man, was owned by a prominent family in the capital, long suspected of being revolutionists.

Captain Cuneo interrupted my thinking. "I would advise the cautious approach, lieutenant; our man is elusive. You will leave your uniform here, of course. If the stranger at Desolado is indeed El Vago, arrest him quietly without arousing the people. He will have friends."

"These are my people," I said with a smile.

"El Vago makes friends everywhere," he retorted.

For three days I sat behind the wheel of a jeep, bumping happily over the road to the south. I anticipated no trouble, you understand. This El Vago, from what I had heard, was no real revolutionist—certainly no strong man with an armed following of fanatics, such as the government had dealt with in the past. He was, in fact, only a schoolteacher who had some idiotic notion that he could become president of San Nicolas by strolling about and talking to the peasants.

My thoughts—I confess it—were less on El Vago than on a certain dark-haired girl whom I had not seen in six years. I tingled with anticipation.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the fourth day I arrived at Pozo del Sur. There the coast road ends, the map will tell you. The trail up the valley to Desolado is not on a map. I left the jeep in the town and walked.

The river was high and the trail muddy. Presently, hearing the familiar clappety-slap of laundry paddles around a bend in the stream, I halted with a grin, feeling like a boy again. It was good to be home.

Suddenly, just ahead, a man's voice sang out in the patois of my people, "Pigeon! Come out of there!"

I heard a peal of childish laughter like the little lizard bells in our mountaintop pine forests, and then a furious splashing and an outburst of merriment from the washerwomen. On the path before me appeared a tiny flying figure, naked as Eve and giggling so hard she did not see me until it was too late to stop.

I caught her as she ran against me. Swinging her from her feet, I sat her in the bend of my arm. "A fine thing," I said. "Trying to knock people over!"

She had the eyes the size of avocados, that little four-year-old, and for a second they looked at me with the solemnity of a senator. Not frightened, you understand, but full of shrewd appraisal. Then she smiled—not only with her face but with a happy little wriggle that reached all the way to her toes. Flinging her arms around my neck, she kissed me.

Ah, these women! Even at that age they know all the sly tricks. For an instant I thought I had charmed her—after all, I am neither old nor ugly. Then I saw the stranger. He had come silently along the path through the bamboos and halted at sight of us. My little armful of coyness was teasing him.

I put the child down. "Good day, sir," I said.

He answered politely, advanced a step and stopped again. He was taller than I had expected—a handsome man, bamboo slender, with good eyes and a firm mouth.

"I am Fidel Ojeda," I said, extending my hand.

His grip was neither limp nor firm. "Luis Escalon." Obviously the name by which he was living here. And he smiled, but I had been a policeman too long to miss the wariness in his fine dark eyes.

"The pigeon has found a new friend, I see," he declared. "Well, so be it. I am an old ogre myself, forbidding small children to play in the river when it is high. You will be more lenient, no doubt." With a sigh, he turned away.

She let him get to the bend of the path and then her wail soared to the forest top. "Papa! Wait for me!" In a flash she was after him.

He turned his head to wink at me. "One never knows with a woman, eh?" His strong hands lifted her to his shoulders and off he went—this man whose good dark eyes, if I was successful in my mission, would soon be staring at the muzzles of a firing squad.

In the thatch-roofed house of my parents that afternoon, after all the relatives had been discussed, I asked about this man, not naming his real name. My father took time to light his homemade pipe.

"As you know, we are not usually fond of strangers."

I nodded. "Then he has made no friends here?"

"On the contrary, he has made many. Obviously he is a man of education, yet he is not afraid to work with his hands. He has taught us tricks of house building and farming—especially irrigation—that we never knew."

Obviously my father, who knows everything, did not know that Señor Escalon was in reality the schoolteacher, El Vago, in hiding with a handsome price on his head.

Remembering Captain Cuneo's advice, I did not enlighten him. Nor, of course, did I inform him I was a police officer; for if El Vago got wind of that he would fly the coop. When asked how things went with me in the capital, I shrugged and talked of the sugar mill, where I had worked before acquiring a uniform and gun.

"This Señor Escalon is living in the old plantation house?" I asked.

"With Elena, the witch woman, and a little girl he has taken in."

"Ah. The one he calls Pigeon. Who is she?"

"A child without parents," my father said, and my mother clucked her tongue in sympathy. "Had you not gone away to the capital when you did, she might have been your child. Her mother was Luisa Santana."

"Was?" I felt the skin crawl on my ribs.

"Luisa and her husband were drowned when his raft overturned in the river, in a flood we had. The child clung to the raft and was saved by Señor Escalon."

I closed my eyes and thought of quiet evenings by the pool where the underground stream called Rio Perdido comes surging out of the mountain. I thought of a soft-eyed girl and an unkept promise.

"Why have not Luisa's people taken the child?" I asked in my emptiness.

My father shrugged. "Her husband was a man from Los Cacaos, not much liked here. She angered her people when she married. They wished her to wait for you."

It is a strange, unhappy thing, this life, no?

Toward evening I strolled up through the village and took the path to the plantation house on the plateau overlooking the river. That path crossed the Rio Perdido, and with my heart full of sadness I stopped there at the pool.

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We had come here often, Luisa and I, to watch the phantom fireflies and talk of the time we would be married by the priest at Pozo, and have a little house of our own. The people of Perdido shunned the place, not because the stream was deep enough to drown a man where it rushed from the base of the mountain, but because the mountain folk of San Nicolas are superstitious about such things.

I, Fidel Ojeda, was never superstitious. I had even explored the mountainside caves above the pool and discovered in one of them a stream which I thought must be the same one, higher up, and proved it by setting little stick boats afloat in the cavern and finding them later in the pool. I was a boy with ambition—which is why, at seventeen, I went away to the capital.

This evening I lingered long at the pool before continuing my journey. Darkness smothered the plateau when I got there. A dog barked at me from the house, and I halted.

The front door opened, and El Vago came down the steps to greet me.

"What can I do for you?" he asked politely.

"I am sorry, *señor*. I did not know the old house was being used. When I was a boy, we used to pull the boards away from the windows and crawl inside to play at being rich." I tried a smile on him. "I was just a peasant in those days."

"And now you have escaped to the city?" He, too, smiled. "Please come in."

I was astonished when I followed him over the threshold. That house had been falling in ruins, you understand. Now it was as good as any home in the capital.

"I have been patching things up," he said. "A man should keep busy."

We sat in comfortable chairs in a cheerful room, and as we finished the polite preliminaries to a conversation a woman came with glasses of sugared rum on a tray. Again my mouth dropped open.

El Vago chuckled. "You remember Elena?"

Remember her! Could I ever forget the wretched creature whose very name had been used by my parents to frighten me into obedience? Today, of course, I was no ignorant mountain boy; I knew that a woman was not necessarily a witch simply because she walked the wilderness trails alone, mumbling to herself. But witch or not, poor half-starved Elena had been a wild-eyed horror.

This woman serving me was clean and attractive, a creature reborn. I thought I was dreaming.

"How did you do it?" I demanded when she had left the room.

He shrugged. "How does the poem go? 'Be to her virtues very kind; be to her faults a little blind.'"

"But she was sick!"

"Then a little sympathy and understanding must be strong medicine."

When we had talked of this and that for a time, saying nothing, Elena appeared in the doorway again. This time the little girl was with her. El Vago held out his arms. "Bedtime?" he said.

In her tiny white nightgown she sped across the room and climbed to his knees, her face all aglow with adoration. He introduced me.

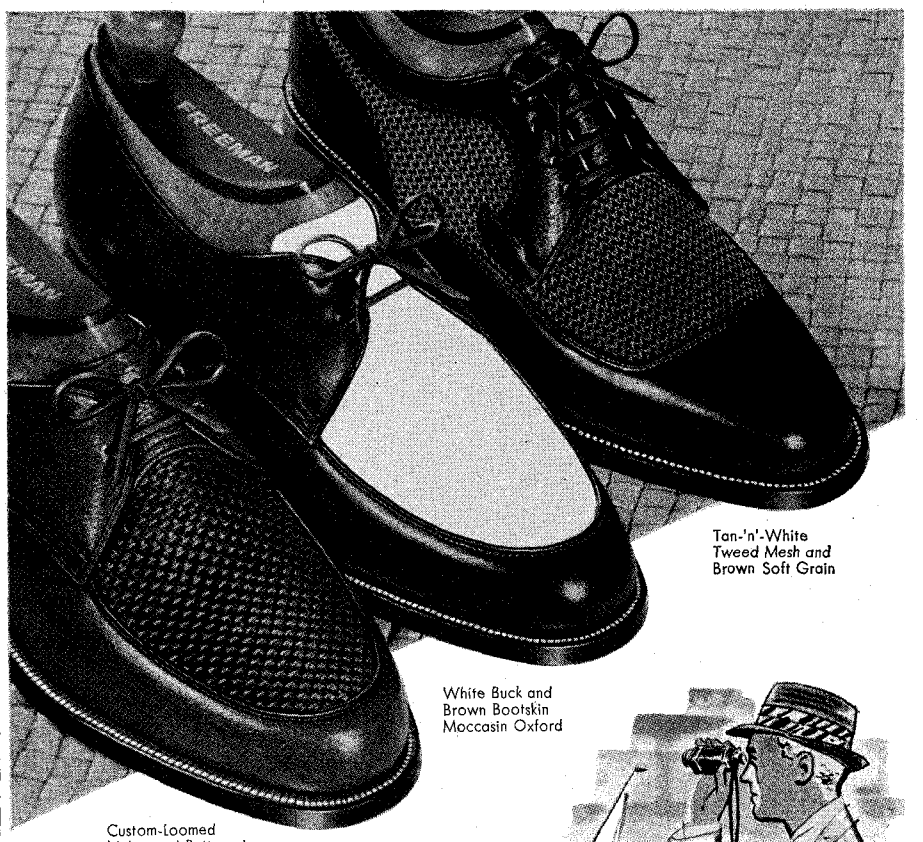
"And do you know your prayer tonight?" he demanded, leaning back to frown at her.

"*Sí*, papa. All by myself." The elfin bells tinkled again as she recited a simple little verse. Then breathlessly she added, "God bless my mamma and papa in heaven and my new papa and Elena and—and"—slyly the big brown eyes turned in my direction—"and Señor Ojeda and me."

"And you," El Vago said solemnly. "Good night, Pigeon."

She kissed him, slipped from his knee, ran to my chair and held her face up to me. To me! My hands ached as I reached for her, and for an instant I could not see through the mist on my eyes. Her lips against my cheek were too much like

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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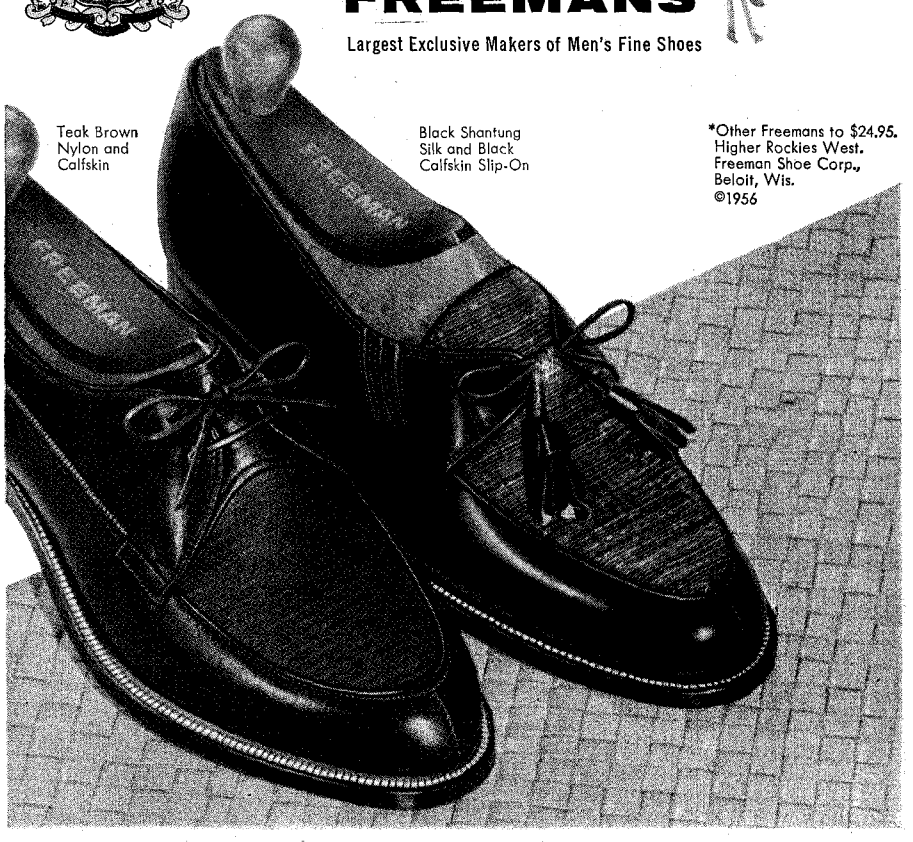
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other lips I had known. When she squirmed from my arms, I stood up.

"I must be going, *señor*. Good night."

He walked with me to the door. "Come again," he said. "My house is yours."

I was not happy. I tried to hate this man, El Vago, and could not. But I had my orders.

To prolong my visit in the valley where old memories held me fast, I talked to the people. They, too, liked the man. In only a few months he had made Desolado a better place to live in. They prayed he would stay.

I talked to El Vago himself—once in the village, once when I encountered him walking by the river with little Pigeon on his shoulders; once when he invited me to dine with him. The evening we dined together he asked me a thousand questions—about my boyhood in the valley, the valley itself, about the people. He had something on his mind, but what it was I never learned. The little gestures leading up to its release, the sudden leaning toward me, the nervous twitch of the hands, the frown line above the good dark eyes—these came to nothing.

Then one evening he discovered me at the pool, sitting on a slab of limestone which had tumbled down the mountain. Turning from the path, not knowing I was there, he abruptly halted. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to intrude."

"You are not intruding."

Now why should I have the feeling that this man, of all men, would understand? He was a stranger, an enemy of the state, a hunted man. He was an idiot three times over to think that without an army or weapons he could make himself president. Yet I made a place for him beside me.

For a time we sat in silence. Then he said, "Her name was Luisa, wasn't it?"

I nodded. Elena had told him, obviously. Why should I deny it?

"I knew her," he said. "Soon after I came here she brought little Pigeon to me. The child was ill. She thought I might know what to do."

In Desolado, you understand, any man who wears shoes is an educated man, and there is no doctor. If you have a sick child —— But never mind. Luisa had trusted him. Now my job would be even harder.

We were silent again. The river rushed from the mountain in the nearby darkness. Cicadas sang. Fireflies glowed among the slender bamboos. Then he said, "Why don't you stay here, my friend? Your heart is here."

"Here? In Desolado?" I looked at him in astonishment.

"We would not have so many Desolados if their men of vision did not always run away to the capital. This is a rich valley, or could be. These are good people. If they had a leader ——"

"They have my father."

"Your father is no longer young," he said.

The following day I made up my mind. To delay longer would only mean trouble for me in the capital. I would tell him the facts, arrest him and start back that afternoon.

I spent the morning saying farewells, lunched with my parents, and at one o'clock was in the village. Elena called to me as I passed through the marketplace. She and little Pigeon were doing the shopping, she said. Señor Escalon had gone to Pozo and would not return until three or four.

I went past the pool and climbed to the house. There, though the door was not locked, I hesitated. Something was wrong with the way I felt. It was the day, perhaps. There was no sun. The sky had been in mourning since daybreak, and the wind, all the time getting stronger, now pulled at my clothes. It occurred to me, as I stood there with a hand on El Vago's door, that I had not seen or heard a single bird on my way up from the river. Most unusual. Now I saw one—a solitary sea bird high in the dark sky, racing inland.

I closed the door behind me and went into the living room, where for a time I sat and waited. I explored the house, not admiring myself for taking such liberties in a home where I had been welcomed with such hospitality. Presently the rain came.

It filled the house with sound and made me nervous. I walked the floor. When the pacing afforded no relief, I went to a window.

Something was wrong. I was born in Desolado, you understand. I knew at once that this was no ordinary storm. When I saw trees leaning in the wind and felt the very earth under the house trembling, I, a grown man, was frightened. Something unnatural was happening.

I saw the onetime witch woman, Elena, struggling, head down, across the yard, battling the wind, and had the front door open when she reached it.

"*¡ Por Dios!* What is it!" she gasped, leaning, exhausted, against the wall with little Pigeon in her arms. "What is happening?"

I began to worry. Our river is not always a bad one, but a rain such as this would bring it up very quickly. With the werewolf howl of the wind causing fright and confusion, the people might not be aware of their peril until too late. Some, the old ones especially, would be reluctant to leave their homes in such weather. My Luisa had been drowned in a flood, I remembered.

I caught hold of Elena's arms. "I must look after my parents! Do you understand? You will be safe here! Don't leave the house!" I pulled the door shut behind me and ran.

It was not necessary. The people, too, had sensed that this was no common storm and had fled up the valley to high ground—all but a few stubborn men who remained to round up stray animals. Already the water licked at the lower houses.

I made certain that my parents had fled with the others, then turned to the plateau again. El Vago was in Pozo and would stay there. Elena was alone with the little girl. My place was with them.

At sight of me, Elena wept with relief, and she and Pigeon followed me from room to room while I made sure the shutters were tight. Then we could only wait. I sat with the child on my knee and told her stories.

"Is this a bad storm?" she asked.

"Very bad, little Pigeon." She would not have believed a lie.

"Is my papa safe?"

"In Pozo there is a big stone church. He will go there."

"I am not afraid then."

She was not. But I was. All afternoon the storm's violence increased. Night came and you could not speak in that house without shouting. The shutters at the windows were solid mahogany half an inch thick, secured with iron hooks that a strong man could not bend, but the wind found a way through them to tear a picture from the wall and hurl a lamp to the floor.

Toward midnight I heard a furious thumping and, in amazement, opened the front door. El Vago stumbled in and staggered to a chair.

"I didn't know you were here, Fidel. I thought they were alone." He could scarcely speak from exhaustion. From head to foot he was plastered with leaves and twigs, and his clothes were in shreds and his face was the color of raw beef. He had come from Pozo, he said. Never mind how. Every word, you understand, had to be shouted. The very house was shrieking.

An hour passed. The storm grew worse. Suddenly, with a great roaring sound, the roof was torn away and we were at the mercy of wind and rain. I leaped to my feet in panic, reaching for the little girl, but El Vago was before me. He had her in his arms instantly.

"The house will go next!" he shouted. "We must find shelter!"

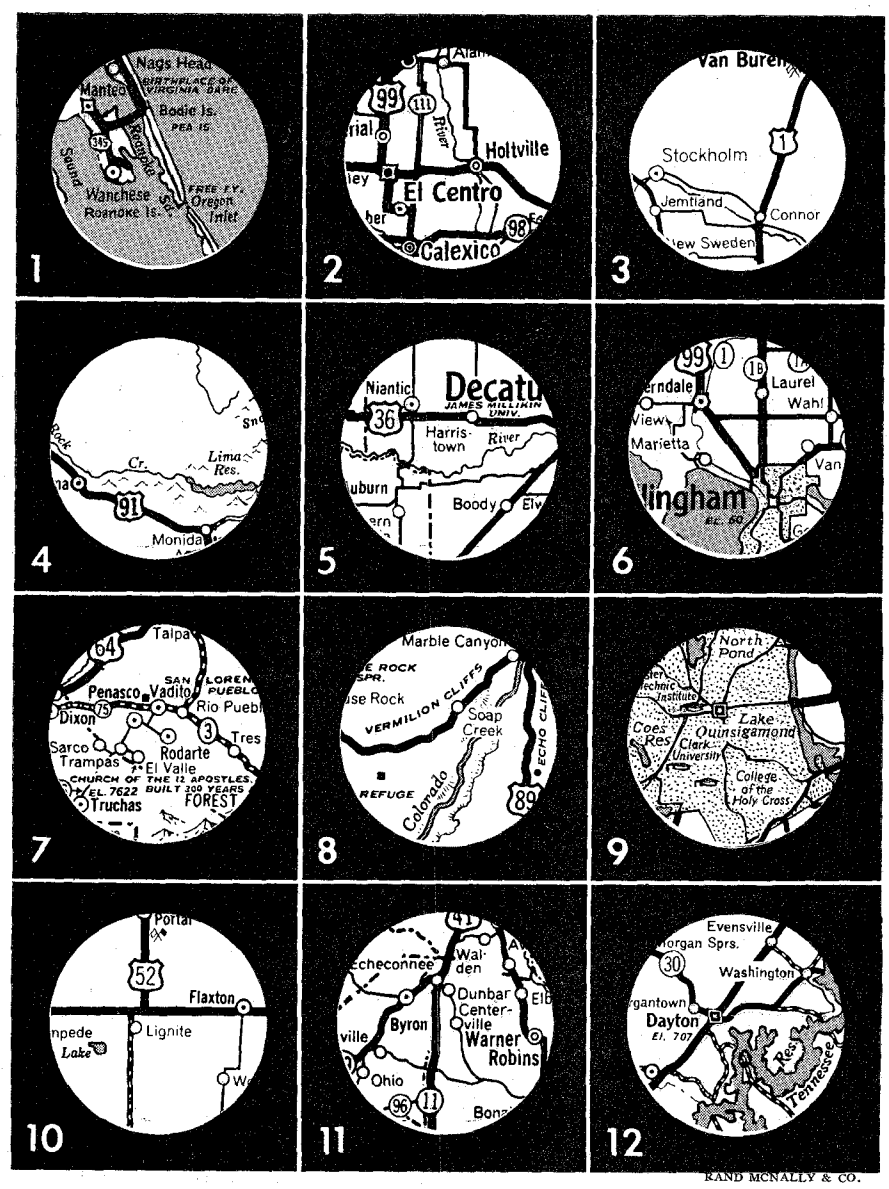
That man may have been only a schoolteacher with wild notions in his head, but in an emergency he was swift and efficient. We were out of the house and through the jungle of fallen trees in the yard before I knew what had happened. In less than a minute we were climbing the mountainside, he with the child in his arms and Elena between us so she would not be quite so frightened. Trees and broken branches choked the path. The wind tore at us like a huge angry bird. The rain sucked our breath away. But we climbed.

He had chosen for shelter a cave I knew well, a big one only a little distance above the plateau, but we were half an hour reaching its entrance and half dead when we got there. We stumbled down its gloomy corridor. Elena sat, sobbing. El Vago removed his jacket—what was left of it—and placed the little girl on it. He handed me a candle he had snatched up as we fled from the house. I lit it and set it upright in drippings of its own wax. We were far enough in so that the wind, shrieking past the entrance, could not reach the flame. Again we waited. How many hours? I do not know. Time meant nothing in that place. The storm raged on and on without a sign of subsiding. The very mountain trembled.

We did not talk much. We did not move around. The one remark I remember—will remember always—is the last El Vago made before the landslide. "Nothing lasts forever," he said with a smile of reassurance for little Pigeon. Then we heard the earth moving.

Was there ever a sound like that before, except when the earth was born? I think not. The mountain writhed in agony, bellowing its rage as the storm's teeth tore it apart. El Vago leaped to his feet and stood facing the entrance, tense and straight, his clenched hands trembling at his sides. Elena clutched at little Pigeon, both of them too terrified to utter a word. I was on hands and knees, struggling to rise.

The bellow of the wounded beast died away and the earth stopped shaking. I struggled for breath and heard a sound of coughing. Then very slowly the dust settled, and by the light of the candle, miraculously still burning, I saw what had happened. The mountain had fallen. Where the (*Continued on Page 122*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(Answers on Page 123)

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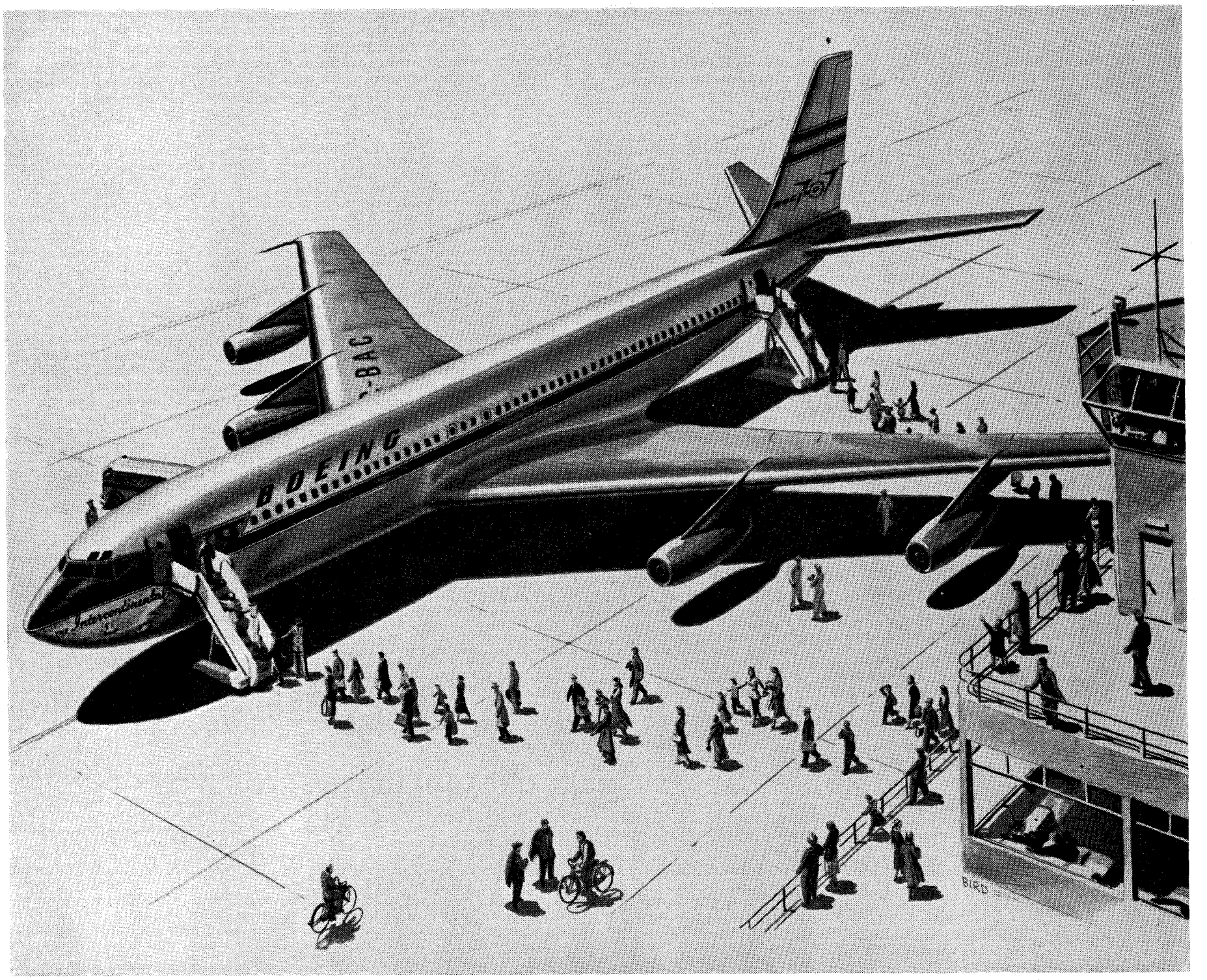

Big new member of Boeing's jet airliner team

The nation's first jet transport, the Boeing 707 Stratoliner, now has a teammate—the larger, newly announced Boeing Intercontinental.

This team of Boeing airliners will be the first to provide swift, vibration-free travel over the routes for which each was specifically designed: the Stratoliner, over domestic and international routes; the Intercontinental over longer-range nonstop transocean routes.

The new Intercontinental, largest jet transport offered by any manufacturer, will carry up to 124 passengers in the standard version, 145 in tourist. It will cruise at 575 mph. Its range, with full payload and full fuel reserves, will be more than 4,000 miles, enabling airlines to offer all-season, all-weather nonstop transocean service in both directions.

Already three airlines have ordered fleets of Intercontinentals: Pan American World Airways, Air France and Sabena. Stratoliner fleets, with deliveries beginning late in 1958, are going to Pan American, American Airlines, Braniff International Airways, Continental Air Lines and Trans World Airlines. The Boeing Intercontinental will cross from New York to London in 5 hours, 35 minutes; from New York to Brussels or Paris in 6½ hours or less. The 707 prototype has crossed the United States in 3 hours, 58 minutes.

Both Boeing Jets will be equipped with two new Boeing developments: a system of sound suppressors to quiet the engines while on the ground and in flight, and jet thrust reversers, which will permit the use of shorter runways than would otherwise be the case.

This great team of high-performance jet transports has behind it the benefits of Boeing's unique experience in building and thoroughly flight-testing a jet transport prototype, and producing more than 1,200 large, multi-jet B-47 and B-52 aircraft.

BOEING

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(*Continued from Page 120*) entrance to our cavern had been was a wall of boulder-filled earth, filling the tunnel almost to our feet.

El Vago went toward it like a man approaching the edge of a precipice. For a long moment he stood gazing at it. When he turned, his face was stiff and white.

"Do you know another way out of here, Fidel?"

I shook my head.

"Suppose we look." He broke the candle in two and lit the second half from the first. Halting before Elena, he rubbed his nose against little Pigeon's cheek and smiled. It cost him something, that smile. "You two had better stay here until we return," he said. "Don't be afraid."

Elena's mouth opened and I expected a wail of terror, but the schoolteacher's fingers gently covered her lips.

"Look after the child," he said.

She obeyed him.

He and I, with our candle halves, went deeper into the cave. I knew that cave, you understand; I had explored it as a boy. The thing we sought did not exist; I knew that. Yet to attack that wall of fallen rock without tools was unthinkable.

We crawled on hands and knees, feeling our way. There were three interior chambers in this underworld, connected by a long, winding tunnel with a low roof. The floor was soft and sticky with bat droppings. The walls dripped. I felt smothered.

We explored each chamber, and each was a prison. In the last, we looked down into the crevasse where the river flowed.

"I used to make little boats and set them afloat here," I said. "They came out at the base of the mountain."

"In just under two minutes," El Vago replied. "The current is swift. With Elena's help I timed it once."

We were silent. The crevasse was a great tube running under the floor of the chamber, revealed to us only because part of its ceiling had fallen in. We knelt at the edge of the break and our candles disclosed the water seven or eight feet below, black as night, silken-smooth in its rapid flow, making only a whisper of sound. El Vago moved back from the edge, handed me his candle and began to take off his shoes.

My mouth dried as I watched him. "You will be killed!"

"How do we know?" he said as he removed his clothes. "We do know there is no other way out of here. If the river carries me alive into the pool, I'll round up the valley people and dig out the entrance—if it can be done."

It was madness. "Between here and the pool the stream may twist like a snake!" I protested. "It may plunge over a precipice! It may pass through openings too small for you!"

He laid a hand on my shoulder. "We're wasting time, lieutenant."

I stared at him.

"You thought I didn't know, eh?" He was not smiling—no man could smile at such a time—but his voice was gentle and there was no anger in it. "I've known from the time you left the capital. El Vago has friends even there."

I said nothing.

"I think in time I might have won you over," he said. "You're a man with heart, Fidel. You belong on my side. Not as a policeman, you understand—the police are only a necessary evil. You belong here in Desolado. Men like you are needed in all the Desolados of San Nicolas. However ——"

I was staring now at the flowing water. "If you don't come back ——"

His gaze lifted to the tunnel along which we had crawled, and I knew he was thinking of the little girl and the woman in the room near the entrance. "Mine is the easier job," he said at last. "I won't have to wait."

He stepped to the edge of the crevasse. Twice he filled his lungs with air and slowly emptied them. When they were full a third time, he dropped swiftly to a sitting position and pushed himself off.

The black stream swept him out of sight instantly under a shelf of rock.

I stayed there for ten minutes—ten lifetimes, it seemed—peering into the depths, half convinced he would reappear at any moment to say it was not possible. Of course, he could not reappear; no man could return against such a current. At last I realized he was either trapped somewhere in the bowels of the mountain or on his way up the valley to find help, and, lonely as a lost child, I crept back through the passageway.

"Señor Escalon thinks he has found a way out. We must sit here and wait," I said.

We waited. If he came back, what would I do? I asked myself the question and answered it all in one thought, without hesitation. There was no El Vago at Desolado. Any rumor to the contrary was false. I, Fidel Ojeda, would swear to it.

But he would not come back.

I took Luisa's little girl in my arms and sat with my back against the wall of stone that imprisoned us, so as to hear the faintest sound that might come through it.

"Has Señor Escalon ever talked to you about your mother?" I asked.

He had, a little. Only a little. He had not known her mother well.

"I knew her very well," I said. "I wish I had known myself as well as I knew your mother, little Pigeon." And I told her. For an hour, two hours, three, I told her. My heart thought up the words and my lips spoke them while I listened for the sound.

There was no sound. Only the drip, drip, drip of moisture from the roof and walls of our tomb.

"I am thirsty," Pigeon said.

I showed her how to lick moisture from the wall, and she made a game of it and laughed a little. We could wait a long time without suffering. But was there anything to wait for?

In my arms, Pigeon was half asleep. "Say your prayers, little one," I whispered. "Pray for Señor Escalon."

She recited the prayer the schoolteacher had taught her. "And God bless my mamma and papa in heaven and my new papa and Elena and me. And Señor

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"For Pete's sake—he's only going down to the corner for the paper!"

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Ojeda." She slept. Elena, too, fell asleep. I shut my eyes and put my ear to the barrier. Hour after hour I listened.

I must have dozed. Otherwise the sound, when I heard it, would have been faint and far off. Instead, it was close. I could almost see the shovels biting into the earth!

I threw myself against the barrier and shouted. A voice answered.

Do you know how it feels to be condemned to death and then pardoned? I, Fidel Ojeda, wept like a child and then laughed like an idiot. I swept little Pigeon into my arms and danced around the cave with her. I was still dancing when they broke through to us.

My father thrust his head and arms through the opening. "Give me the child," he said. "You and Elena can crawl through by yourselves, but be careful."

He took the little girl and we crawled after him, toward a blessed slit of daylight, Elena first, I on her heels. Emerging, I looked about in amazement. The mountainside was boulders and naked earth, not a tree standing. The people of Desolado leaned on their tools and gazed at us in silence, exhausted by their efforts.

"Where is he?" I said. "Where is Señor Escalon?"

"Who?" my father said.

"Señor Escalon! Where has he gone?"

My father looked about him at the others, then returned his gaze to my face. Have I said that my father knows everything? He does. In Desolado he knows everything. The people love him and look to him for advice.

"We have not seen Señor Escalon," he said.

"But you must have seen him! How else could you have known where to find us?"

"Perhaps we heard you calling for help, my son."

"We didn't call!"

"Nevertheless, we heard you." My father turned to the others. "Is it not so?"

They nodded, watching me.

I seized my father's arms. "He was in the cave with us!" I shouted. "He threw himself into the underground stream in hope of reaching the pool."

"And since he is not here now," my father said, "he obviously is dead, and the police can stop hunting him. No doubt there will be much joy in the capital when you deliver the news."

You know about the revolution in my country, of course. A very quiet affair. No bloodshed, no violence. The president and his followers were escorted to the airport and put aboard a plane, a new man moved into the palace, and in a few hours all was normal again. It interested us in Desolado only very slightly.

I, for one, had much else to think about. Little Pigeon was riding about on my shoulders, calling me papa, and I had found a girl in the village—the sister of Luisa, in fact—who adored us both. There had been a wedding in the stone church at Mozo. I owned land, a gift from my father, and had built a house in which Elena looked after the three of us like a mother hen.

In short, the once ambitious Fidel Ojeda was just a farmer, uninterested in politics.

But one evening, returning home from my work, I halted by the pool and there he sat. Not a ghost. The schoolteacher himself.

He shook my hand. "How are you, Fidel?"

"I am content," I said. "And you?" I looked at him with a sad shake of my head. "Luck was bad for you, eh? Some other man sits in the palace."

"A good man, Fidel?" he asked.

"We think so, yes, a good man. The government takes an interest in us for a change, and we are not bled to death by unjust taxes. The peasant works hard again, knowing he can keep a fair share of what he earns. And you, my friend—you are hiding again? If so, the old plantation house was swept away by the hurricane, but my house is yours."

He placed a hand on my shoulder, smiling. "I am not hiding, Fidel. And did I ever say I wished to live in a palace? I came to visit for a day or two, to talk to old friends."

I found myself walking beside him in the direction of my house, proud that he had come first to me and would be my guest. "You should stay," I argued. "This Desolado is a fine place now. You could be happy here."

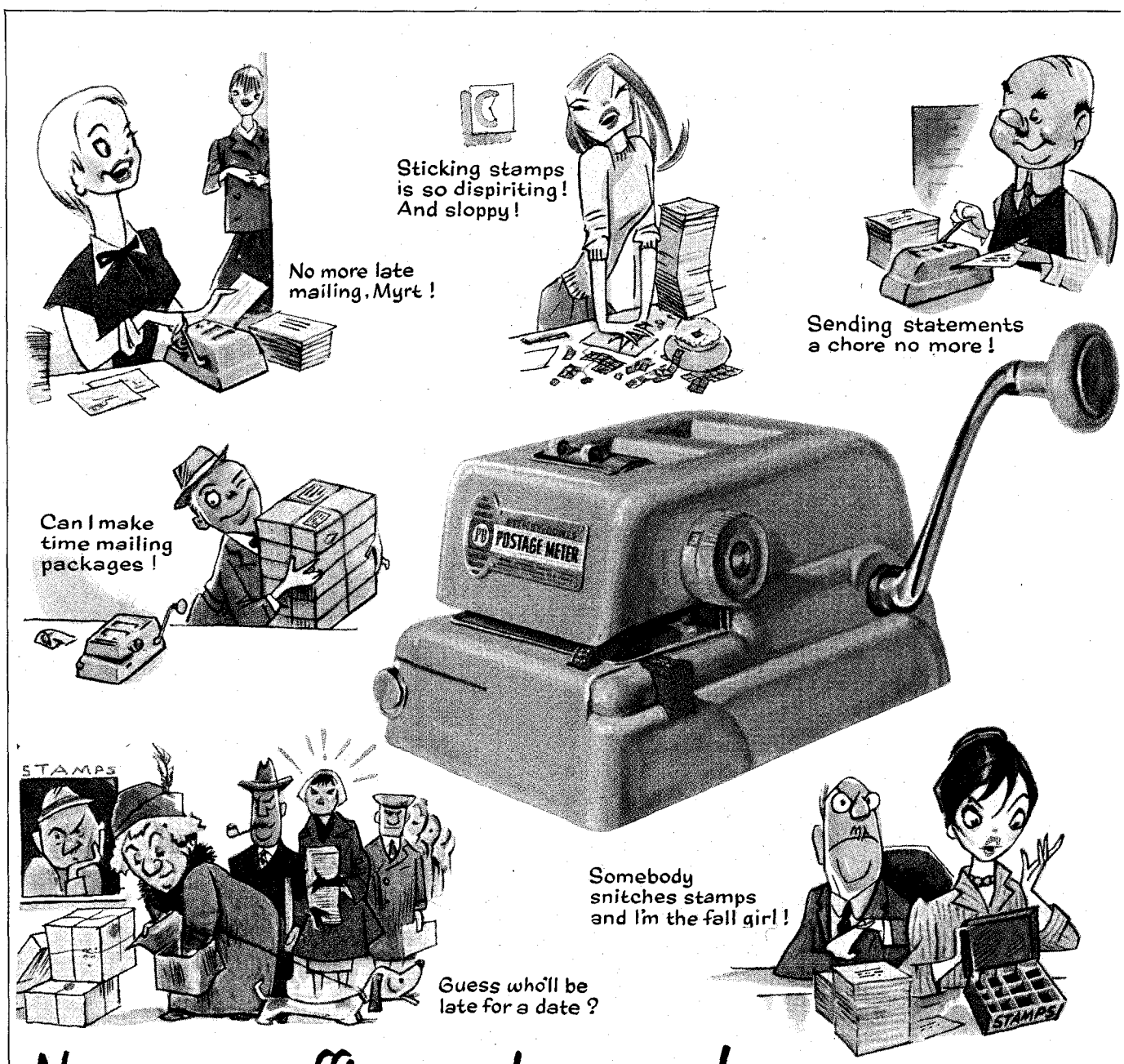
Again his hand lay on my shoulder and again he smiled. "Thank you, Fidel," he said. "But there are other Desolados in this country of ours. I still have work to do." THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 120

1. N. C.	2. Calif.	3. Me.
4. Mont.	5. Ill.	6. Wash.
7. N. M.	8. Ariz.	9. Mass.
10. N. D.	11. Ga.	12. Tenn.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The Lineman of Perilous Pass

(Continued from Page 43)

paralleled the route most of the way; there were wagon roads over the passes wherever the railroad dived into tunnels; and the most remote mountainsides were dotted with mines prospering on the demand for lead, zinc and silver. The railroad, hopefully projected as part of a transcontinental line, gave up the ghost in the 1920's and tore up most of the rails. The mines surrendered during the depression, and the wagon roads either slid off the mountainsides or clogged with snow during the long Colorado winter.

The Shoshone Line, once a reasonably civilized operation, by a paradox grew more isolated as Colorado grew more populous. Today, not a soul lives in winter along a twelve-and-one-half-mile span of wires crossing Hagerman Pass into Leadville or along nine and one half miles over Argentine Pass into Georgetown. This growing isolation lends force to an observation by Eldon C. (Ole) Larsen, general foreman of the company's transmission lines, "It takes a real man to measure up to the Shoshone Line, and an even bigger man to measure up to Argentine Pass." Ten men divide the Shoshone Line among them. In some places they travel along the paved highways, in some places by snow tractor, a tracked vehicle, with skis in front, for use off the roads. Hank Emore travels by snowshoes and will power.

Now in his fourth winter on the job, Hank can't recall a time when the wind wasn't howling on Argentine Pass, except for a few mysterious weeks of calm that develop every September. "The only good thing about it," he says with a wry grin, "is that the wind is generally at your back when you're climbing up." This is a help to Emore, who is a lanky five feet nine inches and weighs exactly 135 pounds with his rubber-bottomed boots on. "I took this job," he observes, "because I sort of like to be my own boss. Nobody can give me orders when I'm halfway up the mountain." Between these expeditions, he covers five other sections of the line, where autos or the tractors can be used.

In ninety-one patrols Hank never has had a major accident. Once he slipped on a patch of wind crust and started shooting toward the valley on his back. He managed to turn himself over and to slide off into a nest of boulders after traveling fifteen feet, escaping with some minor abrasions and contusions. He has been driven back only twice by storms.

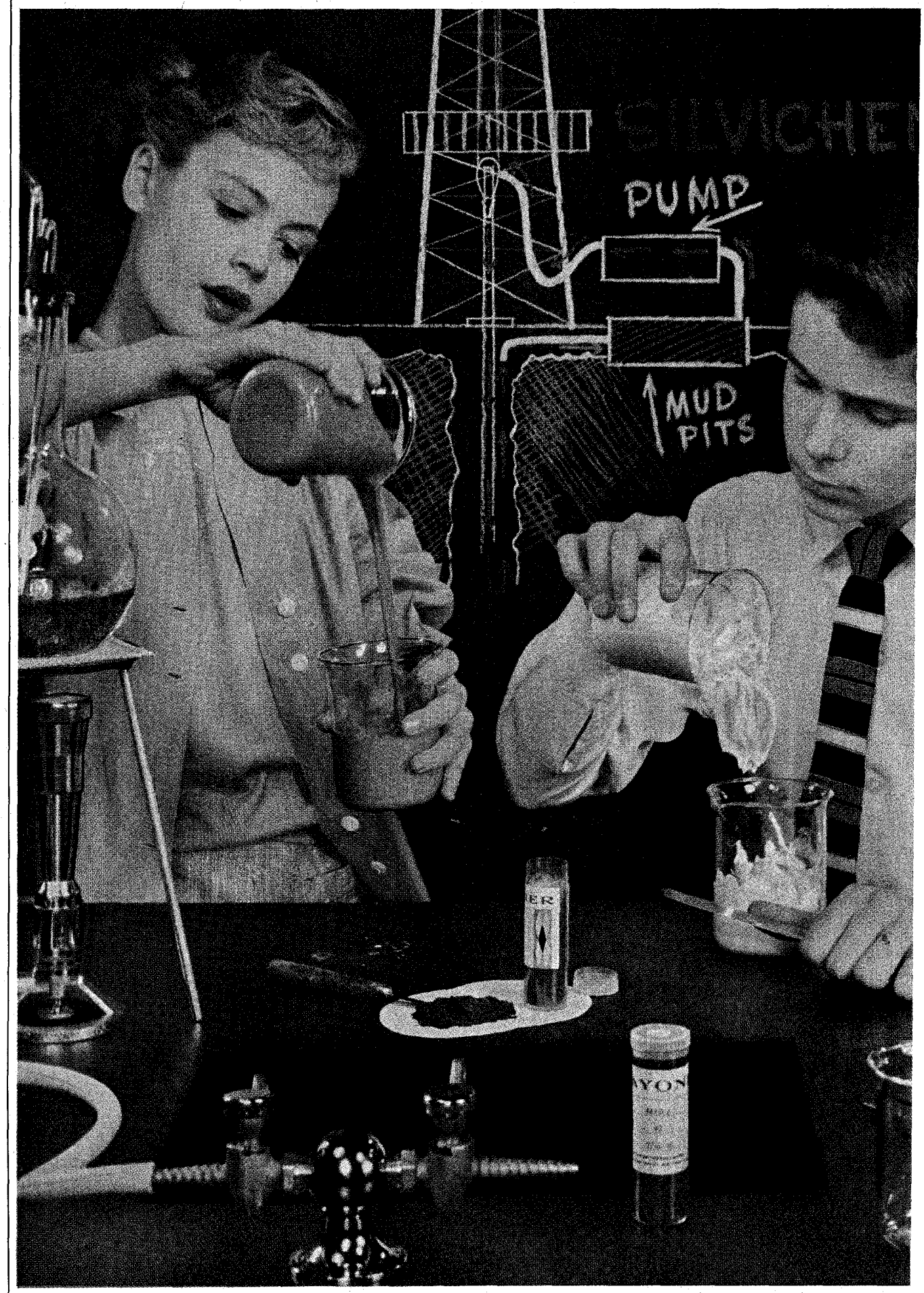
Three winters ago, one of the wildest of all Colorado blizzards blew in on him as he plodded up a thirty-degree slope above timber line. Snow in sheets, whipped by a gale, reduced his visibility to zero-zero. In such featureless country, without even a tree for a landmark, it is easy to lose your way. "I was headed straight for one of the steepest canyons in the neighborhood," he recalls, "and all the time I thought I was following along the line. Then, just by chance, the snow stopped for a second, the wind died down, and I could see a transmission tower half a mile off to the left. I turned around and bucked that west wind down the mountain to Argentine cabin. I waited out the storm there for two days before I could finish my patrol."

Argentine cabin lies at 11,000 feet in a bleak and wind-swept basin exactly at timber line. It has been a safe and snug shelter for Hank whenever loose snow or bone-chilling cold delayed his departure from the mountain.

A wiry and sage thirty-five, Hank has learned to evaluate all the hidden hazards of his job, among them a dozen slots in the timber, down which avalanches regularly pour into the valley of Peru Creek. He knows all these killers by name—the Rothschild Slide, which once took out three transmission towers; the Cashier Slide, which knocked out the Shoshone Line for two days; and the Cinnamon Gulch Slide, among others. In twenty-seven years the power company has lost seven towers along this portion of the patrol. By careful observation of avalanche tracks and a patient relocation of towers, the company has suffered no losses since 1939.

Ordinarily, Hank does not go up on the towers except to tighten a loose bolt or to check on the steelwork. As an apprentice lineman—one in training—he is not permitted to tinker with 115,000 volts of power. Sometimes an insulator will pull loose or a wire will sag dangerously under a burden of ice. In such cases, he phones for a qualified crew, which arrives cursing its fate, to be led to the spot and often roped to the tower to keep from being blown off. However, as maintenance man for the telephone line, he has his own special problems. Now and then, by the process known as induction, electric current will jump through the air to the phone wires, fifteen feet away. Twice, while tapping in his portable phone to make an emergency call, he has been knocked from the pole because the wires were carrying a strong electrical charge.

When all these possibilities are lumped together, it can be seen that the risk to



Our junior miss added Rayflo to drilling mud. This silvichemical makes thick drilling mud (white, above) flow like wat

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a solitary patrolman is great. When Hank is on patrol, the substation three miles west of Dillon expects to hear from him, at Tower No. 746, by two o'clock in the afternoon. Should he fail to call by three P.M., a rescue party would be on the way. But, in the fierce, lonely and wind-swept country above last timber, desolate as the face of the moon, an injured man could freeze to death before help ever reached him. Hank's wife, Helen, can't be blamed for worrying a little every now and then. There are four children in the family, aged six to thirteen. About two o'clock Helen Emore cocks an ear for the ring of a telephone in the kitchen. The Emores are hooked into the Shoshone phone line.

"Hank ordinarily leaves here at eight-thirty in the morning," Helen Emore says. "About eleven-thirty he rings in from Argentine cabin before eating his lunch. At noon he leaves for the top. That's when I begin to think about him. Ordinarily, it takes him only two hours to climb those twenty-six hundred vertical feet from the cabin to the summit tower. He knows the country up there like the back of his own hand, but so many things can happen, and it's so far away."

The past record of Argentine justifies its evil reputation. At the top of the pass, five desolate canyons unite their blasts to produce almost unbelievable wind velocities. The Colorado Power Company in 1911 installed a wind gauge on the top-most tower, capable of registering speeds up to 165 miles an hour. Though anchored and guyed to withstand the strongest anticipated gusts, it was ripped loose and blown away within two weeks. The evidence is presumptive, but not positive, that at least one gust reached a higher velocity than 165. A specially prepared board, twelve inches square, suspended by a fifty-pound spring balance, was next hung from the tower. This held firm, but the pointer swept far past the end of the scale and then jammed. A thermometer withstood the wind for a month, registering fifty-nine below. Between patrols, it was cracked and ruined by a blast of wind. The Public Service Company has not bothered to undertake any further experiments. In the words of Ole Larsen, "There isn't a thing I've lost on Argentine I'd ever go back for."

The records of the Colorado Power Company, which are long on anecdotes, though short on names and dates, tell the story of the vanishing dog. Accompanying an unidentified patrolman, in the winter of 1911, he was, to quote, "picked up like a leaf by the blast and blown far out over the side of the mountain, never to be seen again." The breed of dog was not specified, but in a 165-mile wind even a great Dane would have trouble keeping his feet. In those same days disasters were frequent. On one occasion the patrolmen at Argentine cabin heard the sound of a falling avalanche nearby. They rushed up to the nearby Shoebasin Mine to find the bunkhouse swept away. Digging down through ten feet of snow, they found two miners, who had been asleep when the avalanche fell. Both had broken bones; both were unconscious, but recovered.

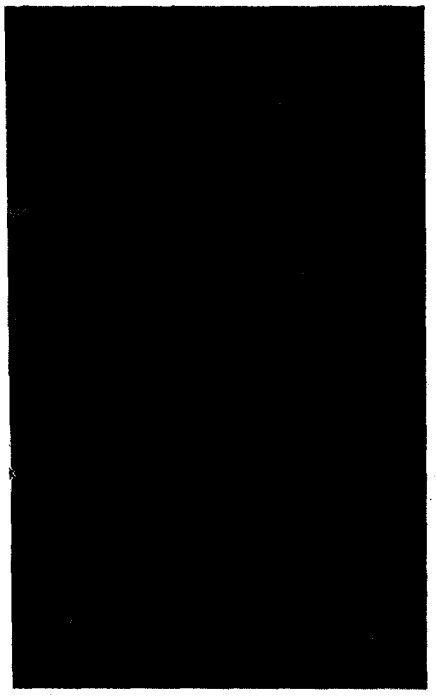
A few years later, when the Argentine country was still somewhat populated, a call came in for a hunter, missing in a storm while he tried to cross the pass. He was found, after five hours, frozen to death behind a rock with his arms folded over his knees and his head resting on his arms. Seven years ago, Orrin Rising, then the Argentine patrolman, passed the foot of the Rothschild Slide on his way up the mountain. When he returned an avalanche had fallen on three miners. One of them was killed and the two others were critically injured. Stories such as these have made Argentine a place of ill repute, even in the comparatively balmy summer months. One patrolman so disliked his job that he developed the habit of phoning in from Argentine cabin without bothering to go any farther. It was his ill luck that, one day in July, E. V. Stuart, superintendent of transmission lines, decided to climb to the top from the other side.

Stuart was taking a rest in the shelter cabin when the phone rang. Out of force of habit, he picked up the receiver. "This

The New Houses

By Bessie F. Collins

She said, half sighing, "Where these houses stand,
Last year the golden wheat stood tall and bright."
I smiled and pointed out that houses grow,
And sink deep roots and bear a fruit as right
As grain; a house alive has gifts to hallow
Earth; the wind has children's hair to blow;
Where there is love and warmth, fields are not fallow.



WHAT MAKES A "GROWTH COMPANY" GROW?

sil'vi·chem'i·cal (sĭl'vĭ·kĕm'ĭ·kăl)

worth millions in 1955 yet so new you can't find it in your dictionary!

rightest of new "wonder" chemicals
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cked in trees, cellulose excepted.

Until recently silvichemicals were
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dispersants. Rayflo is such a hit in
S.A. and Venezuelan oil fields we're
ıilding a big new plant in Canada to
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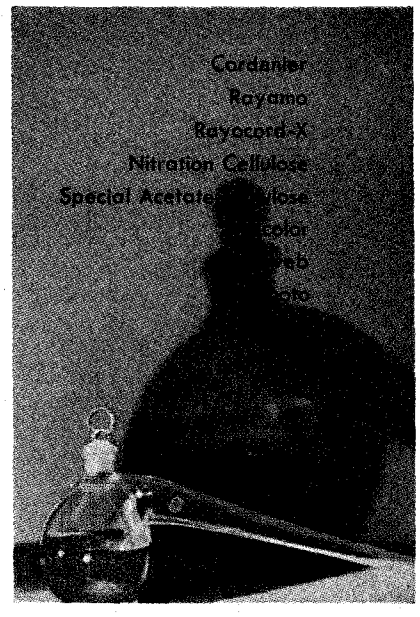
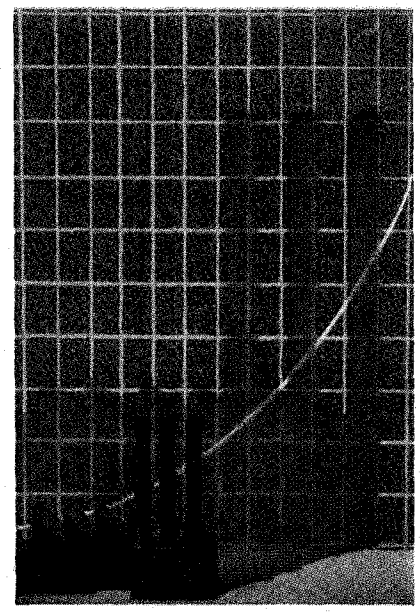
Other Rayonier silvichemicals
ıen market-ripe should provide us
ditional growth with new, sizable
ırkets. In fact, they appear so
omising they could even approach
r chemical cellulose business now
aring $125,000,000 annually. Given
ne, silvichemicals may be to trees
ıat petrochemicals today are to oil
an important co-product.

This dynamic development is yet
other way Rayonier assures its
owth and keeps growing.

FOR THE BUSINESS-MINDED:
SOME PROOF OF RAYONIER'S GROWTH



One way to recognize the "growth company" is by its record of new or improved products at lower costs. Rayonier's record is just that. In the last 10 years we've introduced nine new types of chemical cellulose. Each has helped our customers reduce costs, make better finished products so the consumer reaps bigger benefits.



Growth of assets, too, distinguishes the "growth company". Since 1945, Rayonier has invested $108,000,000 in plants, lands, other facilities. Plants total seven in the U. S. A. and Canada, with an 8th now under way. This has meant more jobs, enhanced stockholder equity. Importantly, it promises us continued growth and leadership.

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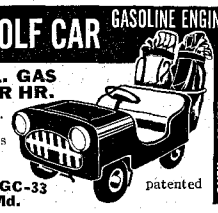

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is Joe," said the voice on the phone. "I'm at Tower Seven-four-six."

"The hell you are!" exploded Stuart. "I'm there, and you're fired."

When there is trouble on Argentine, Denver knows it. The lights dim, and some hasty switching has to be done in the substations to readjust the power load. The Shoshone Line and other hydro installations of the Public Service Company actually account for only 34,000 kilowatts of the total supply. Steam plants provide 569,000 kilowatts, but to lose power from Shoshone means that the rest of the system must pick up the overload. Once the Shoshone Line goes out, there is a rapid check to establish the location of the break. Along the line every ten miles are circuit breakers. A surge of power is sent through the transmission wires, and linemen check each ten-mile point, finally narrowing down the area so that crews may be sent in.

The biggest break on Argentine occurred in 1939, when an unexpected avalanche roared down on a tower just below timber line. "It was one hellish mess," Larsen recalls. "The slide took that big steel tower and simply wadded it up like a piece of wastepaper. We had to pack all the materials in from the highway—crates of insulators weighing five hundred pounds, new wire and everything else. Fortunately, we had left a couple of wooden poles down the valley a little way. One crew dug a trench twelve feet deep through the snow so that we could get to bare ground and dig a hole.

"Originally, we tried to manhandle those fifty-five-foot poles with twelve men, each pulling on a rope. It was just physically impossible, even for those husky linemen. Fortunately, it wasn't storming. Then we got twenty men on each pole and finally hauled them up to the break. It still was the devil's own chore. One man would step on the snowshoes of the man in front of him, and then they'd all tumble down in that deep snow like jackstraws or dominoes. We got the poles up, and we were tightening the wires, and then we nearly had a tragedy. Marvin Green, of Boulder, a lineman, was sitting on the wire tightener to hold it down. The thing slipped, the wires flipped up and threw him twenty feet in the air. They cut right through his thick sheepskin coat, like knives cutting butter, and came within a fraction of an inch of his skin. If it hadn't been for that coat, he'd have been a dead man." The break was repaired within two days.

Evil though Argentine may be, the worst trouble on the Shoshone Line came on Hagerman Pass, usually a much less stormy place. Repairing this break took eight days and won the Claude L. Matthews Valor Award of the Edison Electric Institute for Stuart, Larsen and ten other men.

On December 31, 1946, the circuit breakers let loose with a clatter at the Shoshone hydro plant, warning of trouble somewhere up the line. By ten A.M. the trouble had been localized on Hagerman Pass. By nightfall, in the middle of a blizzard, patrolmen Sam Phillips and Harry Lumsden called from a cabin near the top of the pass. "She's really fouled up," they reported. "There's a ton of ice on the line, the wind is blowing a mile a minute and the tops of three towers have buckled. The only thing that's holding those towers together is the tension on the line. If that goes, the towers go with it."

In the middle of New Year's Eve, Stuart, Larsen and the line crew set out on a 216-mile drive from Denver over the Rockies into Glenwood Springs, and on to the end of plowed roads at the village of Meredith, on Fryingpan Creek. The next morning, on snowshoes and by snow tractor, they started up the abandoned roadbed of the old Colorado Midland Railway, which snakes along the cliffs high above a canyon. They spent that night at Ivanhoe shelter cabin, about a mile below the damaged towers.

"She was some job to fix," Larsen recalls. "It was below zero all the time we were up there, and it snowed all the time. There was ten to fifteen inches of ice on the three transmission wires, and our engineers figured out that it weighed four tons per span. That weight had simply ripped apart the insulators as if they were made of cardboard, and it looked as if the whole line would fall in on us any minute.

"Fortunately, there were some old wooden crossarms near the cabin, and under one of the towers we found a tangle of abandoned steel cable. We used everything we had to patch up those towers. The boys had to tie themselves on with ropes and belts up there, forty-five feet above the ground, the wind shook those towers so. There were plenty of times when they'd have to come down and snowshoe back to the cabin, either to rest or because the wind, snow and sleet were too much for a man to take any length of time.

"We were up there eight days before we had things back in order. We had used up all the food supplies, as well as the emergency caches we keep in all our cabins. Half the boys were suffering from wind scald or frostbite—but, by golly, we kept the power flowing over Hagerman."

The Matthews Award, highest made by the electrical industry, is more complimentary in its statement of facts. "The party," it said, "conquered 12 miles of extremely perilous patrol paths and shelf road in reaching the pass. For 8 days and nights they maintained themselves in emergency cabins while temporary repairs were made to three badly buckled steel towers. Winds of cyclonic velocity, 30-degrees-below-zero weather, extreme ice loads on the conductors (the transmission wires) and a minimum of equipment to work with, all combined to make this job one calling for the ultimate in human courage, stamina and resourcefulness. It was a task far beyond the reasonable demands of duty."

On a sunny day, with only a breath of wind blowing, Hagerman Pass belies its history. Early in January, I rode up to Ivanhoe cabin as passenger on a snow tractor piloted by Coy Ford, who patrols the western side of the pass. It was a spectacularly beautiful trip through the Engelmann's spruce and over ten feet of snow as far as Hell Gate. There the old right of way has been hacked from a cliff, and the canyon walls fall sheer, 500 feet to the valley. On this nick in the rocks, the snow slanted outward. As we moved forward we slid slowly toward the edge of the road.

"Sure makes you feel spooky when you start sliding," said Ford nonchalantly. It sure did. But I felt spookier still when the tractor bellied up on a knife edge of snow in the center of the road and proceeded to batter its way along while leaning from side to side. Again we were 500 feet above the canyon.

From Ivanhoe cabin, after strapping on snowshoes, we worked our way up gentle slopes and past the three towers mentioned above. These have long since been replaced by sturdier ones. The wind was still mild as we moved over the top and slid down an almost vertical basin, filled with snow, to another tractor waiting on the Leadville side of the pass.

"This isn't too bad," I said to Ole Larsen, who accompanied me.

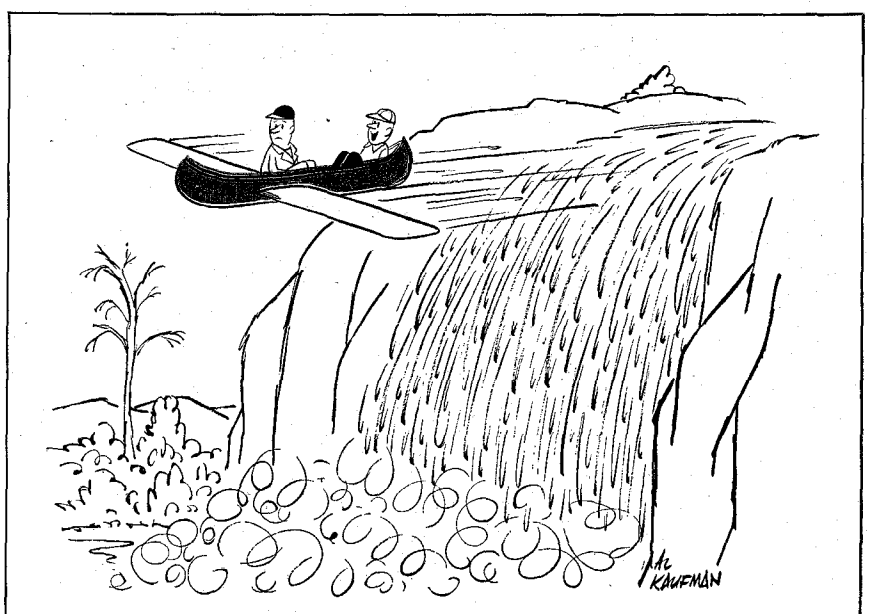
"No," he grinned, "but wait till you get to Argentine!"

Two days later, again by tractor, we wallowed up through the drifts to a point 500 feet from Argentine cabin. It was dusk; on Argentine Mountain, the slopes were blown bare except for occasional patches of snow. By eight P.M., with the wind whining around the door and a fine sift of driven snow coming through at the edge of the window frames, we were asleep. We would need all our strength for the morning.

At seven A.M., Hank Emore awoke, slipped on dungarees and a cowboy belt, and shook the fire in the coal stove to life. It was eight A.M. before the sun came over the mountains, and with it a high, numbing wind. We would need all the clothes we carried.

I wore wool underwear, wool pants, with a pair of light wind pants as an outer covering, a flannel shirt, a wool sweater, a parka and a ski cap pulled tightly around my ears. On my hands were wool mittens covered by a pair of windproof "shells," a protective covering of canvas and tightly woven cloth. That was barely enough, I was soon to discover.

Up on Argentine, as we started on snowshoes, the snow devils were blowing—wild whirlpools spiraling off the rocks. The wind was at our back, almost seeming to push us along, and the snow on which we walked was so hard that it boomed like a drum as we slapped down our snowshoes. By ten in the morning we had climbed to 11,700 feet, and the wall of the (*Continued on Page 128*)



"Well, what do you think of my crazy canoe now?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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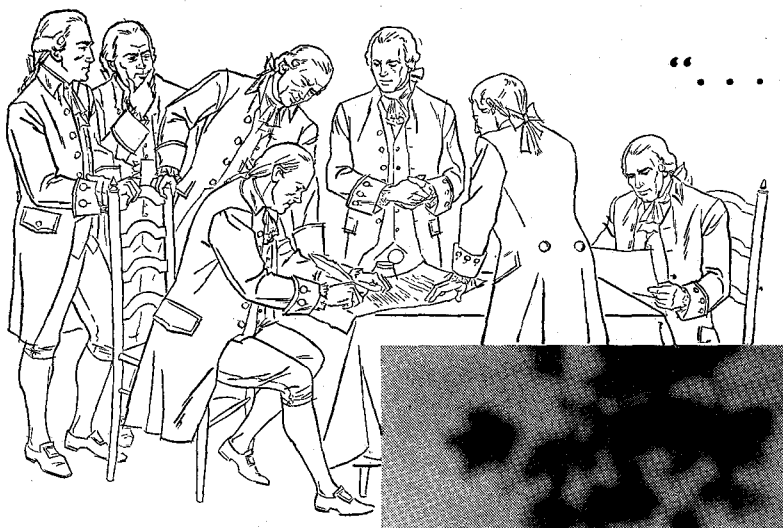

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A Product of ARMOUR

(*Continued from Page 126*) mountain was ahead of us. Beyond, we could walk on bare ground, with snowshoes strapped on our packs.

The face of Argentine Mountain is far less steep than the Matterhorn, one of the highest mountains in Switzerland, but it is steep enough to make it a marvel that horses and men could have dragged steel and wire up such slopes. Even on foot, with little or nothing in my pack, it was a matter of ten steps and a rest, ten steps and another rest. Slowly we gained altitude, and slowly the wind increased. Over the last rise, and Tower 746 shimmered in the cold sun, with the shelter cabin off to the right. It had taken us four hours to accomplish what Hank Emore does on patrol in half the time.

Here the wind was a shrieking fury, and the last of my physical reserves were gone. I managed to fumble my way to the cabin door, but the wind tore the knob from my hands and slammed it shut three times in succession. Finally, with a tug from me and a push from Emore, I managed to slip inside into a cubicle half filled with drifted snow. Shivering and stamping, Ole was cranking the handle on the telephone, trying vainly to reach Waldorf cabin, the first shelter on the other side of the pass. It was a numbing cold we felt. To stand still for more than a minute was to sense the chill creeping into your bones.

"Hell with it," Ole finally said, slamming down the receiver. "We'll go on down anyway. If the tractor driver isn't there, at least we can build a fire and keep warm until he gets in." We pushed our way outdoors as the wind rose to a new crescendo. One gust sent me sprawling on the rocks. Another, as we edged toward the rim of the pass, threw Ole off balance, and he executed a more agile *pas seul* than any ballet dancer.

We had hoped to go directly down into the valley on the other side, but one look proved this to be impossible. Across the top of the slope there hung a huge snow cornice, built up by the wind and projecting far into space. To break through this cornice would start an avalanche. The slope below was the dull gray color that denotes a wind slab, the most treacherous of surfaces, that can shatter under the weight of a passing man into dozens of huge and sharp-edged blocks.

Out in the wind we struggled around the peak of Argentine Mountain, a mass of shattered rubble, and down a ridge on the leeward side. Still the wind blew. It blew in fierce gusts as we felt our way down to a grassy plateau; it blew as we scrambled down a slope of loose gravel, and it was still blowing at tornado strength as we edged into an old farmhouse high up in the basin above Waldorf cabin. It was late day by now, and the trip was an endless one. Even the craters of the moon must look less desolate than this basin high up at the headwaters of Leavenworth Creek. The bare mountains are a uniform and monotonous shade of tan. There is not a blade of grass or a tree to be seen. Only the tips of the willows stick up through the snow.

But as we breasted one last rise there was consolation aplenty for the trip. Down at the foot of the hill was the tractor. We reached it at four P.M. It had taken us eight hours to make the crossing of Argentine Pass—eight hours of wild wind, biting cold and the sheer effort of putting one foot ahead of the other. Down through the willows, to the valley floor we rode. Our trip was over.

The top of Argentine Pass is no place for a man to go, but the Shoshone patrol has been going there for forty-five years. Some winter night, when the lights in Denver flicker for a moment before blazing brightly again, that will be trouble on Argentine. Out in the storm, on the roughest and toughest power line in the world, there will be men working night and day. For the power has got to come through from Shoshone. THE END

The Perfect Squelch

The three women at the restaurant table were no longer young, but two of them were trying hard to ignore the fact. Their clothes and make-up suggested youth, and when the menu came, they took their glasses from their handbags with obvious reluctance.

"I don't really need glasses," the first woman explained, "except when I have to read fine print like this."

"The only time I need mine," the second woman hurriedly agreed, "is when the light is poor."

The third woman, whose hair was frankly gray and whose clothes looked comfortable, said nothing until she had her glasses on. Then, with a faint smile, she said, "I never use my glasses either—except when I want to see."

Larry Flint

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Well, It Was This Way (Continued from Page 36)

Tanganyika, I was just able to flop into a veranda hammock. Around the first of December my jaundice began to fade. Preston had imported some beautiful horses, and one of his Arabians seemed to be just what the doctor had ordered. With a horse under me, I began touring the property, and this led to the discovery that Preston's ranch supported more varmints than the Bronx Zoo. I was in no mood to go rampaging among them with gun and spear. Instead, I would ride out a short distance, and sit by the hour and watch. In just one day I checked off twelve species of antelope, and saw a lion charge out of nowhere and bowl over a nyala.

After some weeks the Jerome Prestons returned from Nairobi, bringing with them the Countess di Frasso and her entourage. Then more guests arrived, and we had the makings of a safari. With Preston acting as chief organizer, we assembled enough cars, trucks, camping gear and luxury items to support a regiment. Believe me, when we moved north for big-game hunting on the slopes of Mount Kenya, our passage did not go unnoticed. The Sunday supplements, reporting the presence in the safari of New York society, international society and even a star from Hollywood, were at first inclined to praise our hardihood. But when a report reached New York that we were dressing for dinner, the conclusion was that Africa had gone soft, and that we were a symptom of its decline.

> This is an era of electrical living—nearly everything is charged.
>
> WALTER J. BARTOZEK

We managed to bag a few near-record specimens of assorted antelope, but what Preston really wanted was a record rhino. Finally we came upon fresh tracks that looked as though they had been made by a pile driver. The tracks led into an enormous thorn thicket through which a rhino-sized tunnel had been driven. Stooping a little, we entered the tunnel single file, Preston in front. As you dodged the thorns on one side of the tunnel, the thorns on the other side snagged you. I was soon running out of clothes and red corpuscles.

We came abruptly to a clearing about thirty feet across. And directly opposite, filling the entire next tunnel, was the back end of our rhino. I never knew anything could get that big.

We were not strategically placed to shoot the rhino. From where we stood, it would be like trying to wing the engineer of a freight train by firing at the caboose. We couldn't detour through the thorns to head him off, and if he whirled around, we had only thirty feet in which to drop him—possible but unlikely. If we didn't drop him and tried to flee back through the tunnel, we'd be like something in a rifle barrel trying to race the bullet to the muzzle.

I think the rhino was dozing. We didn't dare move. Maybe half an hour went by before he began taking up slack, and finally his caboose disappeared into the tunnel. Some strength returned to our legs, and we disappeared into the tunnel in the opposite direction, gathering speed. Neither Preston nor I ever discussed what we expected to get out of entering the tunnel in the first place.

Then I pulled a fool stunt that brought my African interlude to an end. While swimming one afternoon, I picked up an earful of water that refused to be dislodged. Later I found Preston sighting in a new elephant gun, and when he handed it to me, I fired it. When that thing went off beside my waterlogged ear, it was like being stabbed in the brain.

That night the pain was pretty bad, so we knew it was time to head for Nairobi and a good doctor. But otherwise, man, was I healthy! Heading home, on a boat from Alexandria to Rome, I was cutting acrobatic capers that Burt Lancaster might envy. In a fit of extra exuberance I made an enormous swing from an iron rod supporting the deck awning, soared into space and came down so hard I sprained my arches. When I reached Italy I was on crutches, with feet swollen to the size of footballs.

The news I heard was not reassuring. A friend from Hollywood brought word that Paramount had found their new Gary Cooper and were quite happy with him. My informant said his name had been Archibald Leach when he was discovered in London, but Paramount had him billed as Cary Grant. Cary, huh, instead of Gary, and with my initials reversed. An impostor!

"I wouldn't say so," said my friend. "He's a swell fellow, and a terrific actor."

That was something else again. Not only was he taking my place but he had to handicap me by being able to act.

My friend comforted me. "Don't think you've been forgotten, Gary. That safari has brought in some of the wildest publicity since Stanley met Livingstone."

Wild or not, I figured a lot of publicity was better than none. When the reporters began to come around for stories on my explorations of Africa, I am afraid I exaggerated my exploits.

The Countess di Frasso, having created a stir with the African safari, came up with another suggestion. She told her guests, "Spring has come to the Riviera. What we need is a little caravan to tour the Mediterranean coast and visit a few of the watering places."

If this struck us all as a good idea, the time had something to do with it. Italian and French resorts in the spring of 1932 catered to people who wanted to be wild and gay. There was an International Set, and a Literary Set, and an Intellectual-Artistic Set. The successful party was the one that got the most publicity.

For the tour I duded myself up as I never have before or since, and the legend still persists that it was the Countess di Frasso who taught me how to wear clothes. I bought everything the Continental gentleman was supposed to wear, balking only at a monocle. Like her friend, Elsa Maxwell, the countess was a gifted party thrower who made headlines. No matter where we stopped—Monte Carlo, Cannes, Nice, Antibes—it was a ball that was reported in Paris, New York and Hollywood papers.

The end came for me on the way back through Monte Carlo. I discovered I was broke. I didn't go flat, playing roulette. I went broke the old-fashioned way, by living high, wide and handsome on no income at all. In a painful return of common sense, I saw this was not the time to announce my poverty. When my checkbook showed I had just enough money left for my return fare, I remembered some important business in New York, and left while the leaving was still good.

Outwardly, I was playing my new role, a poised man of the world. Inwardly, I was a scared young man. Paramount had shown no signs of wanting me back, and

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they were firing the stars they had or cutting their salaries. The box office was dropping as much as 40 per cent. Free dishes, bank nights and all the other give-away nights weren't helping much. A fine time to be coming home!

To my amazement, I was welcomed back. Either my overdone publicity campaign had got results or the studio heads had not been so sore at me as I'd thought, or something. It was the something. The pictures in which I had appeared, with fine leading ladies, excellent supporting casts and good stories, had all made money in spite of the depression. The studio had some hope that my future pictures would pay off too.

I had resolved in Africa that if I ever got a second chance in the movies, I would really work. As the new and serious Cooper I began getting better and better parts—The Devil and the Deep, A Farewell to Arms, Today We Live, If I Had a Million, One Sunday Afternoon, Design for Living.

We made Design for Living during the summer of 1933, when the depression was beginning to lift a bit. It was a Noel Coward play dealing with a woman in love with two men at the same time, and it had to be acted as high, fast comedy. Ernst Lubitsch was the director, Miriam Hopkins was the lady, and Fredric March and I were the men she loved. Playing in a high-pressure league like that, I found myself pressing too hard to make good, rushing my lines. At last Lubitsch called me aside.

"Look, Gary," he said. "Stop trying to save film. I have lots of film. You don't have to charge through a scene in one second, like a bull. Take two seconds. Do like Freddie. He pauses. His pauses are valuable to me. They use up film, but they make a subtle point, and that's what film is for—to make a point. Now, you are just as big a star as Freddie. Your pauses are just as valuable to me——"

"But they aren't!" I exclaimed, suddenly struck by a bright new light. I saw that in my intense desire to get back into acting I had overlooked something. "Freddie is making three times as much as I am."

At the first opportunity I went to the front office to see about a raise. Quite a conference developed, but the figures mentioned were not increasing my pulse rate. Finally a decision was reached and a salary named that was supposed to stun me. "And what do you think of that, Mr. Cooper?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't hear—I just bought a new rifle, and I was trying to figure out, if I got telescopic sights, what allowance I would have to make for elevation——"

The conference was resumed, and the figures mounted. As I remember it, I sold out for around $6000 a week. At last I had star billing where it counted—on the pay check.

Having won what I wanted, I didn't know what to do with it. I bought a Duesenberg so lengthy I had to start turning corners in the middle of the block. Then I tried to see what speed I could hit on the empty highways leading to Mexico.

One day I was invited to a party being thrown by Cedric Gibbons and his wife, Dolores Del Rio. As a movie art director, Gibbons ranks among the best in the world, with plenty of Oscars to his credit. He had made the sets for Today We Live, and we had had a lot of talks about art and whether I could have made the riffle as a scene painter. I would have gone to the party just to win the argument.

As it happened, the party was for a niece of his from New York by the name of Veronica Balfe. Miss Balfe, I gathered, was Society with a capital S, stepdaughter of Paul Shields, of the board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange, debutante of Park Avenue, Palm Beach and Southampton. That sort of thing. High society had been snubbing movie actors, but I figured I could defend myself with sparkling chatter like, "Well, as I was saying to the Duke of York in Rome ——" Why I was all braced like that in advance, I don't know.

The minute I was presented to Miss Balfe, all my prepared chitchat went out the window. She was a very pretty girl, and she had a mind of her own that was occupied with a lot more than the latest Paris fashions. I fumbled a gallant opening remark, something original like "pretty enough to be in pictures," and ran out of conversation.

Well, that was a poor start. I hunted up Gibbons to arm myself with more words. Miss Balfe, he informed me, had come out to visit him shortly after her graduation from the Bennett School for Girls. "She's got a good head on her shoulders," he said. "She wanted to find out if she was the actress her dramatics teacher said she was. I thought she wanted me to help her break in, but no, she took the name of Sandra Shaw and went out on her own. First thing I knew, she had a small part in which she did so well she landed a featured role in Blood Money. You know the one—starring George Bancroft and Frances Dee."

So she was an actress. I had more or less decided that one actor in the family was enough. Why was I feeling let-down, and thinking about only one actor to the family? And what family? I hadn't even really met the girl yet.

I was turning away when Gibbons added, "She saw herself in a preview the other night, and you know what she said? 'I know I'm able to do something, but acting isn't it.' I told you she had a good head on her shoulders."

I felt better, but I still didn't know what to talk about. Miss Balfe helped me out. She said she had seen me with Marlene Dietrich in Morocco, "And I thought you were just great." Now I had something to talk about. So I told her about me.

Seeing her after that was not easy. Gibbons, who I thought was a friend of mine, had so many chaperons around his sister's daughter that talking to her was like addressing a public rally. But we could go for short drives as long as we were back by six P.M. One thing I'll always remember about those drives is the houses we saw for rent. "How would you like to live in that one?" I'd ask.

"It's just another one of those awful Hollywood houses," she'd reply. "Why do they always have to combine Spanish, Moorish and Gothic architecture with early Colonial?" It was true. They did.

Then one day we went as far as Van Nuys, and saw a house for rent that had really simple lines. Early Iowa Barn, I guess it could be called. Ten acres of land went with it.

"How about that one?" I asked.

"That's more like it," she replied.

And there we were, at the house-renting stage.

Fuses blew in the East when Mr. and Mrs. Shields learned that their daughter was serious about a movie actor. That would have been bad enough in itself, but did the movie actor have to be that Gary Cooper? That philanderer, in love with a new leading lady every time a new picture of his came out?

At last, after a number of frantic calls from his sister, Cedric Gibbons came to my rescue in our presence. "Now wait a minute!" he shouted into the phone. "This Gary Cooper is a Western boy, but he's just as good as any boy in the East! Why, he's just as good as a Yale man or a Harvard man."

We were married in New York on December 15, 1933. It was a simple ceremony with just six people present. There was no publicity. There had been no publicity. We were just two people getting married. We had no motion picture to release.

Rocky and I moved into the huge house in Van Nuys, and you never saw a more quiet couple. Between pictures, I took up farming, riding my own tractor to work the land. Rocky had her hands full with interior decorating. Our landlord sure had good tenants. Rocky left him with a house all done over, and I left him with a young orange and lemon orchard, that would be mighty prosperous now if the acreage hadn't been subdivided.

Now and then we would go out to parties, but except for having a few friends in like the Joel McCreas, we did little entertaining. The Hollywood conception of a big party meant 300 to 500 guests, and the mere thought of such a shindig frightened Rocky and me.

In 1935, while I was working day and night on Lives of a Bengal Lancer, it became clear that we had too much house and land to take care of. Acting is always that way. Between pictures you may have time to work a ranch, but once the shooting schedule starts, you haven't time to water a potted cactus. The Lives of a Bengal Lancer was like that. It was a big picture with lavish sets, but it was the little things that kept running up the overtime and expenses.

Director Henry Hathaway wanted realism. When bullets were to be zinging overhead, he wanted to hear them zing. But bullets flying past the microphone merely whispered, and the sound-effects men couldn't find a substitute. If parents will forgive me, I was the one who hit upon the trick of placing a microphone by a rock, and then ricocheting a high-velocity bullet off the rock and past the mike. The resulting sound has had the small fry shouting "pee-yow" ever since.

The minor difficulty I remember most, however, concerned my acting. In one scene Franchot Tone and I were supposed to be disguised as natives, and to get across some hostile territory we had attached ourselves to a caravan. The script called for us to play it straight, with death awaiting us if our disguise failed. I couldn't play it straight for the life of me. I had put myself so deeply into the character I was playing and studied his background so thoroughly, that I knew he would clown it. After two days of trying to follow the script, I told Hathaway that I felt out of character trying to be serious in a situation that I felt should be comic.

"Let's try it my way for just one take," I urged.

We did nothing earth-shaking in the way of comedy, but the one take wrapped it up. After that I was always conscious of the influence of the character I was playing. Whether the character was real or fictional, I would read everything I could find about his life and times. To prepare myself for such Westerns as The Plainsman, The Westerner, High Noon and some dozen others, I have read just about everything on the West that's worth reading, fact or fiction. I make the same preparation if I am given a military role, or a scientific role, or the role of a Quaker farmer caught up in the Civil War. By the time I get before the camera, Cooper has less to say about the way he acts than the character he has become.

By way of illustration, during the shooting of The Real Glory, in 1939, I had just completed a tense scene dealing with the Moro rebellion in the Philippines. A man happening to pass the jalousie of my office window cast a shadow, and, seeing it, the director suddenly felt an urge to add the shadow effect to the scene. (*Continued on Page 132*)

"I don't care if he is your rich uncle, I think we're going to too much trouble for his visit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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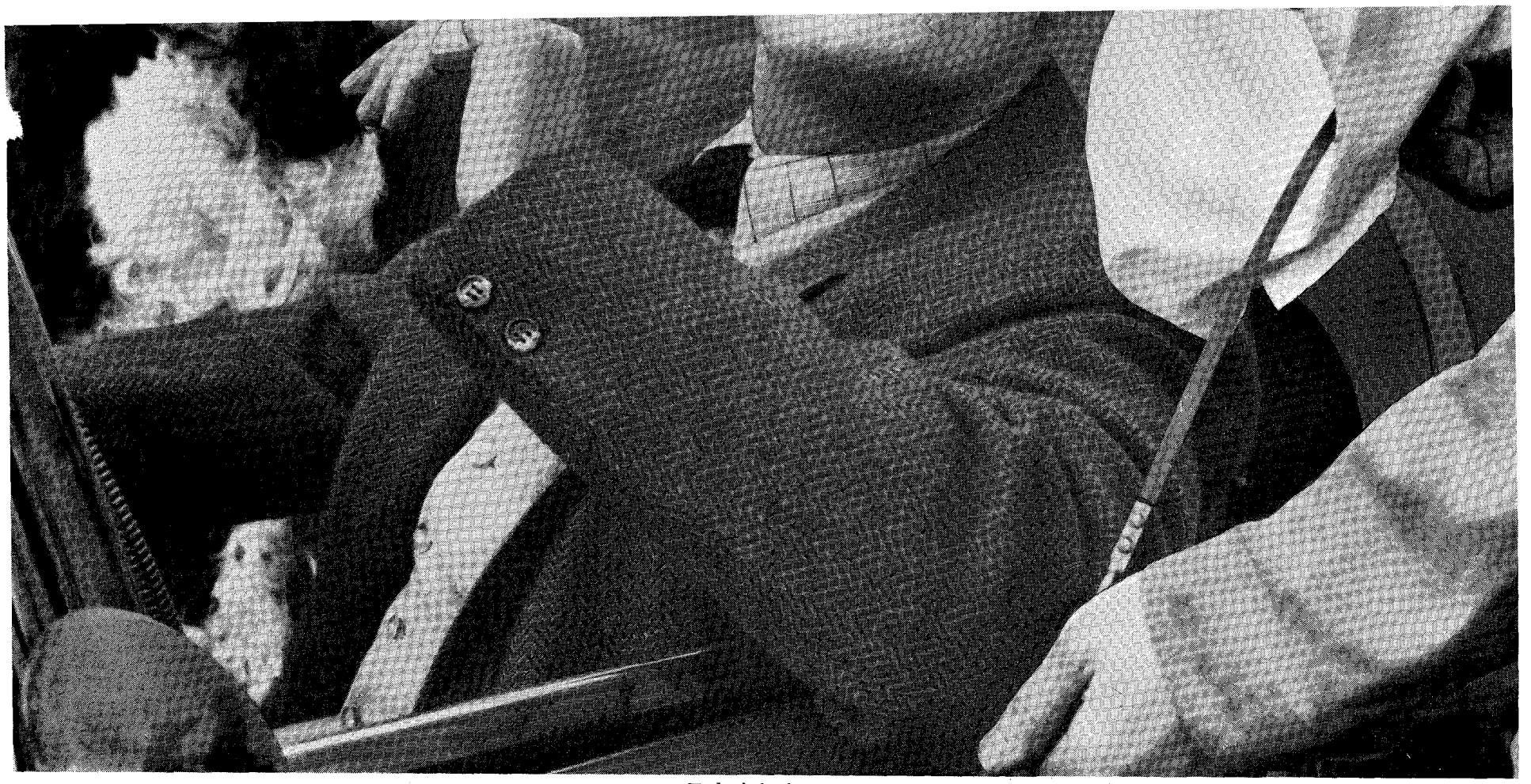

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(*Continued from Page 130*) "Quick, Gary!" he said. "Get in back of your desk. I want a shot of you as you look up and see that shadow pass your window."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"I don't know, but it looks good. Let's go, before the sun moves around and spoils the effect." He was calling the extra back while I was trying to figure out what he wanted. I like camera effects as well as the next man, but——

"I have to know who he is," I said. "Is he a friend? An enemy? A spy?"

"We can figure that out later," he said, lining up the camera. "Now let's get the shot before they tear down the set."

But I couldn't get the character I had become to react to a situation that had not yet been created. I'd have had to substitute acting for characterization, and I found I could no longer play that way.

As an actor, however, I could enjoy the big success of the Bengal Lancers, and the fact that I was being offered a lot of leeway in my selection of scripts. It was lucky, too, that Rocky had a talent for putting up with her husband during his "acting moods." All I needed to be perfectly happy was time enough to tend my budding orange and lemon groves. We could have hired someone to take care of the property for us, but I was against that. My idea, in renting a big place, was to give vent to the ranchboy in me by taking care of it myself.

Rocky and I figured it out. I was due to report immediately for the filming of Her Wedding Night. On the schedule beyond that was Peter Ibbetson, Desire, and The General Died at Dawn. So we gave up the "farm" in Van Nuys and rented a house in Beverly Hills. After our first house, this one seemed too small. I could tour the property by turning on my heel in the back yard. By this time we had been entertained all over Hollywood without returning the favors. Our social debts were piling up.

"We've got to stop renting, and own a house," Rocky said. "With some land around it for you."

We wound up in Brentwood, with a bigger house and three acres of agricultural problems. That clay soil! I must have worked in tons of manure, peat, sand, sawdust and shavings before I could dent the ground with a pick after a heavy rain. What baffled me was that the same rain would dissolve a concrete wall supporting the terrace and float my avocados into the ravine.

In Brentwood we outdid ourselves with a late-fall party. We had the yard all dolled up with Japanese lanterns and suchlike, but we didn't know whether to expect a warm evening or a cool one. As a compromise, the caterer enclosed the terrace with a tent, with one end of clear plastic. If the evening was warm, he would roll up all four sides of the tent. If it was cool, he would leave the walls down, but the plastic wall would give a view of the lawn. I could see nothing wrong with that.

All right, here's the party. The guests, comfortably warm in the tent, and seeing the lawn brightly lighted, would start to step outside. The lights inside blended so well with the lights outside that the plastic wall was invisible. So many people encountered the mysterious obstacle, and so many drinks were spilled, that my Martinis got a remarkable reputation. The problem was solved when a couple went through the invisible barrier like Alice through the Looking Glass.

About three years ago, when the Brentwood place was getting to be too much for us, Rocky decided the time had come to have her dream house. She has always liked modern architecture. From start to finish our new house on the edge of Holmby Hills is almost all her own idea. One story high, with Palos Verde stone walls, and so advanced in outline that we sometimes wonder if we're in the year 2000. But it sure is designed for living.

For the most part, Rocky and I spend our spare time swimming, golfing and playing tennis. She is a natural athlete, and with her as a coach, I began catching up on some of the sports I had missed all my life. When she found I was a gun crank, she began opening fire on some tin cans herself. I guess I am a better coach than she is. By 1939 she won the California Women's Championship in skeet shooting, and a year later she shot 184 clay pigeons during a four-day match without missing a one.

"Yes?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Our daughter, who wears the full name of Maria Veronica Balfe Cooper, was born on September 15, 1937. Having a daughter is the thing I'm proudest of. There are few sports that girls can't play as well as boys, and if they aren't better in athletics, they are a lot prettier. As soon as Maria became old enough to ski, we would take her up to Sun Valley.

For a while we were so hepped on winter sports that we bought a house at Aspen, Colorado, to spend more time on skis. Skiing turned out to be good for my injured hip, strengthening the leg muscles tremendously. But the muscles I built were the very ones I didn't want for horseback riding. After six weeks of skiing I had to ride a horse for a picture and wound up so sore I couldn't walk. I decided right then that I'd never let skiing interfere with the picture business again. But sure enough, I had been skiing when Burt Lancaster wired me to join him in Mexico to make Vera Cruz. My thigh muscles were so stiff I could hardly spread my feet, so I had to wire back, "O.K., but get me a thin horse."

I can't leave Sun Valley without mention of a safari we had up there, conducted by Ernest Hemingway. The party included Hemingway, Martha Gellhorn, Bob Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Rocky and me. Pheasant was our objective, and Hemingway so impressed Bob and me with his knowledge of pheasant hunting that we didn't have a word to say. He deployed us like a general directing maneuvers. Bob and Barbara down the slope about a quarter of a mile to a patch of likely-looking cover. Rocky and me to a blackberry patch straight across the field.

"And Martha and I will take the upper corner," Hemingway said. "I know this field, and it's real good. Don't shoot if you flush a bird or two. In fact, don't shoot until you hear me holler. Is that clear?"

We started out. Bob and Barbara got to their patch of brush just as Rocky and I reached ours. As I looked at Bob to see how he was coming, the air around him exploded with birds. If he hadn't been holding his gun, he could have caught a dozen in his bare hands. Rocky made a move, and there was another explosion of pheasant all around us. They nearly blew my hat off. I held my gun poised, waiting for Hemingway.

He knew his pheasant, all right. Far beyond Bob's or my range, the two flocks joined and swung right over his head.

"Fire!" he yelled, and let go with both barrels. It took a minute for the air to clear of feathers.

I looked down at Bob and he looked back at me. The Nebraska boy and the Montana boy, raised in pheasant country, had been took.

At that moment a lone bird went by, and Bob brought him down. Barbara and Rocky looked at the dead bird, and gulped.

"I think I'll stick to clay pigeons," announced Rocky.

"I hate hunting," wailed Barbara.

Then, two years ago, Barbara Stanwyck and I were down in Mexico working on a picture called Blowing Wild. I was playing the part of a tough oil driller and Miss Stanwyck was playing an even tougher oil promoter. She'd double-crossed me, the script said, and I proceed to throttle her. I got myself into character; this female oil promoter was scheming to get me murdered, and she needed choking. At which point I'd see Barbara Stanwyck shuddering away from a dead pheasant, and I'd fumble the scene.

"You're cheating me," Barbara said. "If you fake this choking, my face and neck will look smooth. I want the veins to swell. I want my eyes to pop. You've really got to choke me."

I could see her logic, but she was still Barbara Stanwyck, too nice to be strangled. So she stopped using logic and got into character. She began goading me. Called me the stupid, oil-drilling sucker. She kept at me, and kept at me, until we were both seething. The director called "Action" and I throttled her. Her veins swelled, her mouth was contorted. The director yelled "Cut!" and she slumped. We got some help around, and pretty soon we were all right, but it was two days before Barbara could talk, and three days before I could eat properly.

There are times when acting takes the lot of starch out of you.

On the other hand, some scenes are made to order for you. One picture I recall with pleasure was Mr. Deeds Goes to Town. It was comedy all the way, and by the time it was released, in 1936, I was shaping up among the top ten stars at the box office. If I didn't like what one studio had to offer, I could go to another. And I had a series of good ones in a row—The Plainsman, Souls at Sea, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Cowboy and the Lady, Beau Geste, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, The Real Glory, Meet John Doe, The Westerner.

The Westerner. I had signed with Sam Goldwyn to make a couple of pictures and this one, I thought, was not for me. It was the story of Judge Roy Bean and his conception of law west of the Pecos. Walter Brennan was cast as Bean, and from me it looked like his picture. A cowboy ultimately rode in and exchanged a few shots to the detriment of the judge, but that struck me as being incidental. I couldn't see that it needed Gary Cooper for the part. Any cowboy would do.

Neither Sam Goldwyn nor William Wyler, the director, saw it my way. Wyler said, "Your part is not the great one in the picture, but that's not the point. The point is, will you look the greatest in your part? The answer to that is yes."

But I was stubborn. I held out until the morning I was due on location, outside Tucson. Then I showed up, did what I was told, and that was about all. Wyler shook his head. "You would never make a good back in France where I come from," he told me. "European stars don't want the whole picture. They're big enough to play any part, but they play it for all it's worth."

I thought about it for hours, and began to feel pretty small. They were wrong in thinking I wanted to hog the picture. But they were right in this: I had thought the part was unimportant, requiring no special effort. I went around and apologized, and from Sam got one of the few Goldwynisms I've ever heard.

"Glad to hear you feel that way, Gary," he said. "It wasn't much fun the other way. Relations were getting pretty strained." They sure were.

Editors' Note—This is the seventh of eight articles by Mr. Cooper. The concluding article will appear next week.

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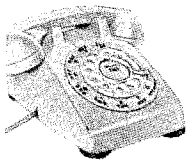
Private Line for a Guided Missile



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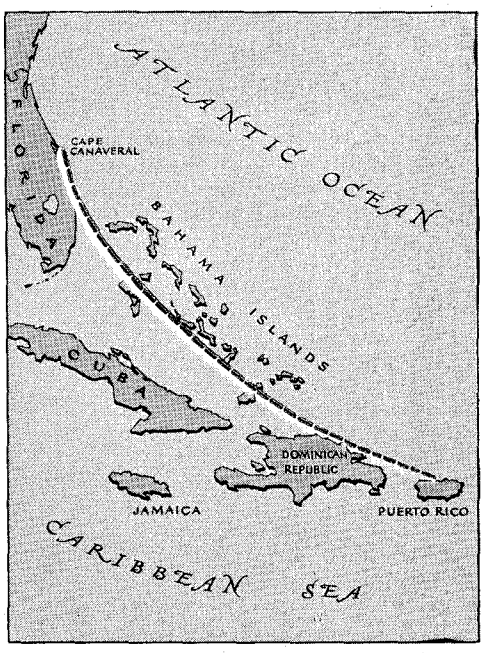

Route of the undersea cable for the Air Force's new guided missile testing range. It comes ashore at 23 points to have its current "boosted".

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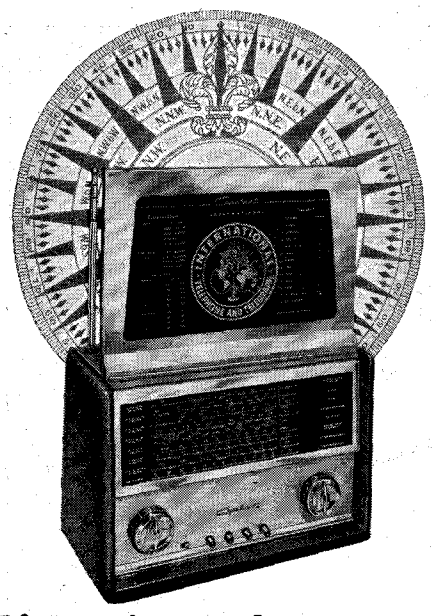

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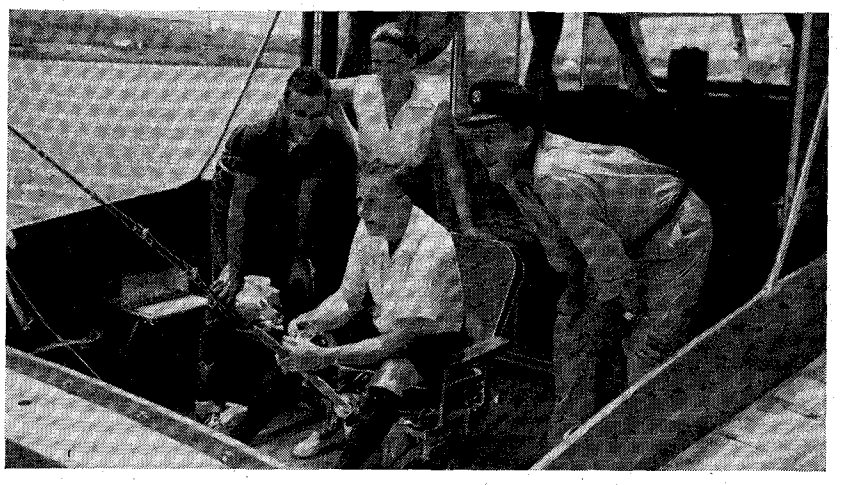
Keeping Posted

Crunch and Des Cruise Off the Printed Page

It may confuse you momentarily to see in that photo not only author Phil Wylie, page 49, but, in person, his long-famed fictional characters—Des, Sari and Crunch—with whom Post readers have been adventuring for fifteen years in the safe depths of living-room armchairs. Also, see the good fishing boat Poseidon, in person, from whose back seat Wylie has just hooked a fearsome sailfish or is planning to, anyway.



Rare photo of an author: Phil Wylie goes fishing with his brain children.

To blow away confusion, Wylie's associates are screen and NBC-TV stars Sandy Kenyon, Joanne Bays and Forrest Tucker. They are appearing in a series of forty Crunch and Des stories on television, but if Wylie is playing any of the parts, no report has been made of that. He is a very good writer. These enticing half-hour shows are being or will be issued regionally from some eighty-five outputs; the millions of Crunch and Des fans will have to consult their local newspapers to find out what time they go to sea.

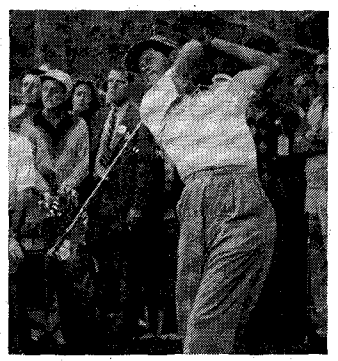
To produce the TV films, all the involved people, including Wylie and his wife, Ricky, and all the paraphernalia, were conveyed to Bermuda—except a number of lead actors, the fish, which were already in those waters awaiting screen tests. On Darrel's Island a former seaplane base has been presto-changoed into perhaps the finest cinema production studio between Hollywood and Europe. The producing went fine under Director Perry Lafferty, save that to have a 150-pound hooked tarpon miscalculate a leap and land in the boat amid distraught anglers is perfectly easy on the printed page, but rather sticky on the bounding billows. When a friend of Wylie's once had his arm broken thus by a bemused tarpon, no movie people were in sight.

This and other wild-and-woolly episodes were conquered by weaving in excerpts from RKO-Pathe's sports-fishing film library, records of some of the fiercest man-fish battles ever fought. But when scripts called for man-man battles, the actors obliged in person; after one of these tiffs, actor Kenyon had to walk around Bermuda tipped over sidewise, with an uprooted back.

Wylie postscripts that Al Buell, who illustrates the current serial, flew all over the regions he painted, "and I found out what a nice guy he is when he dropped in on Ricky and me in Miami and took a dip in our Saturday Evening Post Memorial Pool."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"He Hates to Lose"



No golfer has won the Masters Tournament two times in a row. Dr. Cary Middlecoff won it in 1955. Next week, will the hot-tempered star do it again?

Authors Meet With Gun in Hand

Associate Editor Ashley Halsey, Jr., who is coauthoring a piece about how the Spencer carbine influenced the outcome of the Civil War, is a Southerner, but not a Confederate Army veteran. Actually, he once wore a blue uniform ("With mental reservations," says he) as a United States Navy officer in World War II. However, when Halsey was a small boy he used to fire an old Spencer carbine across the Ashley River in Charleston and watch the big .52-caliber bullets rip into a rice mill, which fortunately had been abandoned some time earlier. Halsey grew up, pursuing his yen for collecting and firing vintage weapons, and presently became, among other assets to the Post, what might be termed a firearms editor.

Meanwhile, a Mr. J. O. Buckeridge was operating a one-man advertising agency in Birmingham, Michigan, unbeknownst to Halsey, and vice versa. Incidentally, this may be the world's only such agency that runs on two shifts a day; its boss rises at five A.M., works till noon, sleeps till three, and knocks off at nine. Well, some time ago Buckeridge started,

Gunners Halsey and Buckeridge.

for a client, some routine research on tl automatic-screw-making machine i vented by Christopher Spencer, and su denly he got so excited about discoveri the historical significance of Spence carbine that he spent three years r searching that invention for himse Then he wrote a 150,000-word book it—Lincoln's Choice, to be publish soon by the Stackpole Company—a mailed it to the Post as a long shot for article condensation. A bull's-eye; fetched Firearmer Halsey right betwe the eyes. And that's how the two mu keteers arrived on page 44 and got th pictures taken for page 134.

The Temptation of the Interviewer

When Alice Lake, page 38, research the current drive to relieve teacher sho ages by recruiting college-educat housewives with older children, h task would have been simpler if she h been an elderly man with just a gra mar-school education and no proge Instead, she was a college-educat housewife, Vassar '36, with one daug ter, Ellen, eleven, who is growing up fast that she nearly blotted her mot out of that snapshot. Thus, during ea interview with counselors of educati departments, housewife Lake divid her time between taking notes and yar ing herself back from the verge of signi

teaching-application blanks that were serted deftly into her hands. Well, a la who is doing right by both her home Harrison, New York) and her typewri (third-timer in the Post) ought to ya back; hope she doesn't weaken.

Mrs. Leonard Lake interviewed b housewife-teachers under some sprigh conditions. She was surprised to have teacher make a date to meet her a school at a dentist's office. While dentist bored the teeth of the teach small son, the ladies had a medium-c talkfest in the waiting room. Anot teacher seemed upset because a little-l pupil of hers had just punched a li girl. When two other boys, believ knighthood still in flower, punched assassin, he bit them both. Biter and ten were reported recovering in the p cipal's office, and the teacher, after a of psychotherapeutic session with the thor, seemed convalescent too.

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TV STAR PHIL SILVERS KNOWS: **PLEASURE HELPS YOUR DISPOSITION**

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YOU BET I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL!

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